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BUSINESS THE CIVILIZER

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I

WHEN I entered college forty years ago the chief purpose in acquiring an education was to fit one's self to enter a profession. The three more obvious ones were law, medicine, and divinity, sometimes called the Three Black Graces, no doubt because of the long Prince Albert coat which was the professional and professorial costume. I never saw a professor in a business suit in all my college course. Our president went even further in this setting off of the professional from the business life by wearing a coat that buttoned up to his chin, which picturesque and distinguished dress made him look like the steel portraits in the front of old books of memoirs. Thus the superior vocations were separated from the sordid ones by dress as well as in other ways.

A boy without enough brains or enough money to get through college was destined for business. If he tried college and failed to absorb the small amount of Greek, Latin, and mathematics which constituted a college education in those days, he dropped out and went into papa's store, or the factory, and became a business man. Or he went back to the farm. A college education was considered superfluous in either case. Young men did not elect

careers. They began by sweeping out and running errands and let nature take its course. The college was looked upon as a device for training professional men, chiefly ministers. The one I attended was founded, so its charter stated, to prepare young men for the ministry; but in my time divinity had begun to feel the competition of law. Out of a class of fifty-two, and half of them women, we produced twelve lawyers. Law was the recognized stepping-stone to politics. Out of those annual crops of young lawyers we were manufacturing our state legislators and congressmen, and as a result have been governed by lawyers ever since. The congressional district in which I was born is still represented by one of my classmates.

The lure of the professions as occupations may be loosely ascribed to the popular belief that they were more respectable, as well as more interesting, than business. Making and selling goods was deemed a humdrum life, not to be endured by free spirits and aspiring minds. Clerks were counterjumpers. Traveling salesmen were drummers. Both expressions carried a stigma. The jobber and wholesaler ranked a step higher than the retailer, but they all

had the shopkeeping mind. Most of them held the popular view of their social and intellectual status. The plodding storekeeper, ambitious for his son, hoped to make a doctor or a lawyer of him. In business you made money, but it had few other compensations. A great gulf yawned between business and the professions.

The condescending attitude of the educated classes toward trade is noticed by the Beards in their candid and admirable history of American civilization. The system of our early colleges was taken over from that of the English universities, which was in its turn an inheritance from the Greek academe where were taught the 'liberal arts,' contrasted with the 'vulgar arts' of trade and industry. Thomas Jefferson sincerely believed that 'the operation of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market inevitably led to chicanery and accumulation of great wealth by speculation, intrigue, and exploitation.' Thus business as we know it was first forced to work itself out from under a social cloud. In the eyes of the cultivated and refined it was vulgar, or, as Emerson characterized it, 'selfish, huckstering trade.'

But there was something more than mere snobbishness in this superior attitude toward business, and it was found in the low standard of morality that characterized it, and was believed to be essential to its conduct. Business was no place for a man with scruples or ideals. Apparently its cardinal virtue was to get the better of someone. Buying and selling retained the character of bartering, with all that the word implied of haggling, misrepresentation, deceit, trickery, short weight. *Caveat emptor* was the unofficial slogan. The only discreditable failure was the failure to make the sale. Anything that accomplished the desired end was not only allowable but commendable. Sharp

practice was taken for granted and even applauded. A brief glance at the history of American business shows that these conditions not only existed, but were in a way inevitable.

The foundations of our interstate commerce, now the concern of so much legislation, were laid by the peddlers, those insinuating scamps who followed the road with packs on their backs from colonial times down to the Civil War. The tin peddler, who traded bright new kitchen utensils for old rags, survived into my own boyhood. These peddlers make a picturesque chapter in our industrial history, which has been graphically described by Richardson Wright in his *Hawkers and Walkers*. Their sharp and unscrupulous methods influenced buying and selling long after the peddler had disappeared and business had begun to settle down into the channels of trade where we find it now. The articles which filled their packs came to be known as Yankee notions, and the peculiar tactics by which they overcame sales resistance were described as Yankee tricks. English visitors of that time often allude to them, and their reports gave us an unenviable reputation abroad, which we have not yet lived down. Probably no spice peddler ever carried wooden nutmegs in his pack, but the term became a symbol, so apposite was it of the peddlers' methods. One hears of shoe-peg oats, oak-leaf cigars, and basswood hams. Of all this tribe Sam Slick was the prophet.

Sam Slick was an imaginary character, a peddler whose adventures were part of the humorous literature of that time. He expounded the use of 'soft sawder' in disposing of six-dollar clocks for forty dollars. One incident told by Mr. Wright gives the character of these Yankee tricks. The peddler started with a dozen clocks. At each sale he guaranteed the clock would run or he

would replace it on his return trip. When he had sold eleven clocks he retraced his steps, using his remaining clock to replace the one sold at the last place, — which, of course, had not run long, — and the clock taken back there to replace the next one, and so on, until each purchaser had been visited and temporarily satisfied with a new clock. Of course he did not canvass the same territory twice.

A large crop of anecdotes was the fruit of these mean and unlovely methods, which afford an amusing but thought-provoking commentary on the business ethics of the times. The famous anecdote of Lincoln is an instance. Lincoln once agreed with a neighbor to swap horses sight unseen. A horse trade was always a challenge to outwit one another. The neighbor arrived leading a disreputable, flea-bitten, pot-bellied, sway-backed old crow-bait, and the assembled spectators awarded the palm to him, until Honest Abe arrived carrying a sawhorse. Such stories were told with unction. In a book of *Wit and Humor*, published before I was born, were many such. One I recall ran something like this: A hard-fisted old deacon who lives over his general store calls down the stairway to the overworked assistant who has been on the job since daybreak: —

'John.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Have you sanded the sugar?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Have you watered the rum?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Have you dampened the tobacco?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then come up to prayers.'

In the same old book was another example of parsimonious meanness. Because of the scarcity of ready money, farmers brought their produce to the village store and exchanged it for what they needed, and after the deal was

completed the storekeeper would draw a glass of something from one of the barrels in the back of the store as a libation to the gods of commerce. A farmer came in with an egg which he swapped for a darning needle. The trade completed, he hesitated a moment, and at length inquired: —

'Ain't you goin' to treat?'

'On that trade?'

'A trade's a trade, even if it is small.'

'Well, what'll you hev?'

'Sherry an' egg.'

The merchant, willing to humor so mean a customer, drew the sherry and broke into it the very egg he had just received. It proved to be a double one.

'Hey,' exclaimed the farmer, 'that egg's got two yolks. Ain't you goin' to give me another darning needle?'

Such humor carries an element of exaggeration, but there must have been something behind it to give it point, as with the prohibition jokes of our day.

The storekeepers and drummers who took over and carried on the work of the peddlers inherited the tradition that in trade, as in love and war, any trick was fair. Goods in shops were never marked with plain figures. Price tickets were unknown. The price was whatever the seller could get, all depending on the shrewdness and knowledge of the buyer. The drummer worked off damaged goods on the dealer, and the dealer worked them off on the consumer, and everybody entered into the spirit of the game, and the outcome furnished conversation and anecdotes. Of course there were honest merchants, but even the most punctilious contented himself with rendering one hundred cents to the dollar. He refrained from cheating his customer, but if the customer insisted on cheating himself, that was his own lookout. Nothing so quixotic

as protecting the customer from his own folly and shortsightedness had yet been dreamed.

Big business, which was just beginning to organize itself, was as mean and tricky as petty business. It was believed that no business could become large honestly, and the newly formed corporations seemed determined to justify that belief. They gave little attention to the ultimate consumer. Their concern was with each other. The object in forming a combination was to crush competition. Miss Tarbell, in her history of Standard Oil, has told how it was done. At the best it merely stayed inside the technical limits of the law. At its worst it was ruthless and nefarious commercial piracy.

The whole business of buying and selling was honeycombed with graft. It ranged from entertainment of buyers — even this mild corruption is frowned on by the best concerns to-day — to out-and-out bribery and even worse. I remember my own dismay at my first offer of a rake-off. Thirty-five years ago my then employer had need of a small printing press, what was known as a 'jobber,' and I, having some knowledge of printing, was commissioned to buy it. I saw representatives of the two large firms in the field. One of them explained that the price of his press was three hundred and fifty, but that he would bill it at four hundred. I would O. K. the bill, and his firm would send me a check for fifty dollars. It was done every day, he added, seeing my perturbation. I cannot draw an impressive picture of myself sternly refusing temptation. In fact, I was scared, and ran as fast as I could to the other man and bought his press without more ado. I learned soon enough that the salesman was right, and the practice only too common, and that many business men had

contempt for one who refused to profit by the system.

A young purchasing agent came to his chief with a check for five thousand dollars, drawn to his order by a large company from which he bought supplies.

'What am I to do with this?' he asked.

His chief regarded him steadily for a moment, and then said, 'Write your name on the back of it,' after which the chief pocketed it and sent the purchasing agent back to his desk.

The liveliest and most picturesque chronicle of this buccaneering period of American industry is the story of the National Cash Register Company. Its methods were no more ruthless than those of its contemporaries, but they were given the glamour of romance by the genius and originality of John Patterson, its founder and president. He determined to make the Dayton concern not only the biggest, but the only cash-register business, and for a long time he successfully checked the advent of rivals in the field. He strangled them at birth if possible. He bought every invention he could buy. He filed patents for every improvement he could think of, holding them in check for infringement suits when the time came. He bought each new machine that appeared and had it analyzed for ways of beating it, and these ways he made public to the employees of saloons using it, and then informed the proprietors of the dangerous knowledge possessed by their barkeepers. Merchants were persuaded to throw out competing machines, which the National people took back on liberal terms if their registers were installed. The machines thus secured were dumped in what was known as the 'Graveyard,' where they rusted pathetically, and were shown to visitors, and became a legend, and no doubt discouraged many would-be inventors.

Salesmen with mechanical training were sent out on the road to show merchants the defects of rival devices, and even to tamper with them if necessary. Patterson finally fell afoul of the Sherman Act, and would have gone to jail, but at the psychological moment occurred the great Dayton flood. He organized the relief work in so prompt and efficient a manner and rendered so valuable a public service that the indictment against him was quashed.

In all these practices Patterson was but the product of his times. On the other hand he contributed to business many of its most cherished practices,—the sales manual, the hundred-point club, the scientific approach, the quota system,—devices of high-powered salesmanship which are in constant use to-day. I for one do not judge him harshly. I have no great admiration for the Sherman Act. Its attitude toward a man who creates new industry is unfair. The competitors who sought to profit by the new business field that Patterson had originated and developed were, after all, parasites. The Government has just served notice on Gillette, the safety-razor man, that the industry he created must be shared with others. Nothing is allowed for the fact that such a business would not exist if it had not been for Gillette, and that all other safety-razor companies owe their business to a market, a state of mind, that he made possible. It is an easy matter, once a new basic idea is discovered, for competitors to make slight changes in the original idea and secure a patent. The patent office does not recognize basic patents. I see no reason why a man should not enjoy a monopoly of a market which would not have existed but for him, and which is concerned only with an acquired habit satisfied with a device which mankind has hitherto done very well without.

These are merely some of the more striking and obvious happenings that stick out in memory and go to show that if the young man of the last quarter of the last century hesitated to go into business because of a belief that success meant the adoption of standards and practices repugnant to honesty and decency he was not entirely wrong in that belief. Business was, on the whole, on a lower moral plane than the professions, and business men honestly believed that anything they could get away with was not only allowable, but good business. But the heritage of trickery and guile acted as a deterrent to high-minded men, whose training and education had given them ideals incompatible with the pursuit of trade. Business and the higher walks of life pursued independent courses and continued to reproduce, each after its own kind.

II

Even the most jaundiced observer must admit that business is ethically better than it used to be. The millennium has not arrived. Human nature has not changed. Men are just as selfish and self-seeking as they ever were. But business has learned the priceless truth, laid down by Benjamin Franklin, and scores of philosophers before him, that honesty is really the best policy. It has learned that the only source of prosperity is the public, which buys and pays, that on its treatment of that public depends, in the long run, its success, and that a permanent customer who comes back is a greater asset than the profit on the first sale.

The old idea of a bargain was that one of the parties must lose. The modern idea is that both parties must be satisfied, and that the exchange of goods or service for money can be carried on successfully and profitably with

clear consciences on both sides. The golden rule is not only good ethics, but a workable business axiom.

The beginning of this new dispensation might be set at the time when the public sharply served notice on big business that enterprises so necessary to its welfare and which depended so greatly on its good will could no longer be administered as the private concerns of their conductors. One of these outbursts was the Hughes Commission, which disciplined the insurance companies and set them on the right path. Another was the antitrust crusades which came to a head in the Roosevelt administration. The insurance companies and the Standard Oil and tobacco companies should bless these prosecutions. Through them they found the road to greater profits. The legal results from these flare-ups may not have been always conclusive, but as an expression of public opinion they were tremendous. They pointed the way for business to become rich beyond the dreams of avarice. This same public which demanded that business should be conducted with some consideration for its comfort and well-being rewarded business with the greatest response in industrial history when its demands were granted. There is no moral principle involved. The change from 'the public be damned' to 'the public be served' was shrewd business strategy, more profitable than any ruthless, rule-or-ruin policy of the past. With few exceptions no monopoly is possible to-day, even if the paternal influence of the Sherman Act were withdrawn. Monopolies develop their own competition. The only important factor is the public good will, and that is open to all. The way to win it is to deserve it.

As business men began to realize these things and to trim their sails to the new winds of destiny, the character

of business changed. In no respect was this so striking as in its personnel. That educated young man, whom we have seen with standards so high that he could not take up a business career and retain his self-respect, has been both cause and effect in the change. As business improved its ethics under the influence of public opinion and its own enlightened outlook, his repugnance to soiling his hands with trade began to disappear, and he entered it in increasing numbers, and furthered the change already under way. Business began to offer two appeals to such a mind. It became more adventurous, more glamorous, as the rapidly developing resources of the country opened up new realms of exploration and adventure. It lost that cut-and-dried character symbolized by the bookkeeper bending over his tall desk. Moreover, business was turning to specialists to help it out, trained minds, chemists, engineers, economists, the products of colleges and professional schools. The two worlds were being brought together. The gap was being bridged. A new type of business man appeared who changed the social as well as the intellectual character of the class. Nowadays the big corporations send scouts to the principal colleges at commencement time to spy out the land and appraise the human material coming through, offering openings in their industries to promising young men who are well spoken of by the college authorities. As Mr. Owen D. Young said at the dedication of the new plant of the Harvard Business School, 'not only will scholars go into our factories and exchanges, but men trained in business will go back into the halls of learning.'

In this realignment of business standards, advertising has played an important rôle. It is interesting to note that advertising itself began its career in infamy. It was once the mainstay of

nearly every disreputable and crooked enterprise. It had shamefully abused public confidence. So bad a name had it that legitimate businesses hesitated to employ it. Advertising had to clean house, correct its own abuses, and show itself worthy of confidence before it could offer to guide the new business that was emerging from the welter of the old. And here again, let it be said, no moral principle was involved, no uplift intended. Advertising realized that if it would continue to exist it must win and hold public confidence, and must hinder as far as possible the exploitation of a credulous public. In this it has succeeded to a commendable degree, for while the public is still credulous, and is still exploited, and by advertising at that, there exists a large body of believable advertising, and much to which even the most meticulous can take no exception. The grosser forms of swindling and deceit have been reduced and circumscribed. The bulk of national advertising — that is, advertising of manufacturers as compared with retailers — is placed by agents who are members of an association which has its code of ethics, equal in enlightened selfishness to that of any other professional body, and lived up to at least as fully as the codes of the other professions. There is yet much to be done, but advertising men realize that the confidence of the public is their greatest asset, and a goodly number of them would refuse to betray that confidence, even at the request of a client.

One of the opportunities which appealed to the new generation of business men was advertising. To mobilize public opinion in its favor added a new zest to business, gave it expression, and widened its horizon. But the amazing thing about advertising in connection with business was its reflex action. Advertising improved the business that employed it. Its

immediate effect was to set up standards of quality or service which the business must comply with, or belie its advertising. Advertising brings a business out in the open where it can be observed of all. In the limelight of publicity questionable practices must fade away. Advertising is competition. Each advertiser must tell his best story, to be compared with the best story of his competitors, so he must have a story to tell. George Eastman bought the autographic register for cameras from the inventor not only to add it to the Kodak, but to add it to his advertising, to improve his story. The advertising made the camera better. Ivy Lee has said many times that the main office of the public-relations counsel is not so much to tell the client's story as to advise a course of conduct which will result in having a favorable story to tell. That is even more true of paid publicity. A manufacturer cannot go on year after year telling lies about his product without being found out. Excessive claims tend to right themselves, or be righted, by the sturdy competition of truth.

Study the soap and dentifrice advertising in the magazines and newspapers of recent years. The claims made about both have been the rallying ground of that group that finds all advertising undesirable. Toilet soaps that wash away all facial blemishes and leave the washer fair as Rosamond; dentifrices that remove film from the teeth, and prevent or even cure pyorrhea. But there was at least one manufacturer ready to do battle with each. When the advertised claims of the complexion soaps began to exceed the bounds of all reasonableness, Kenneth Fraser took the train to Ivorydale and interviewed Colonel Procter. 'What is Ivory Soap going to do in face of advertising like that?' he asked. Colonel Procter said, 'I'll be the goat.

What *is* it going to do?' Fraser told him and came back from Cincinnati with a new advertising account. And straightway the Ivory Soap advertising began to tell just what a toilet soap could do and all it could do, and set up limits and gave the public facts by which it could judge all toilet soaps. The result was a restraining effect on the Palmolive advertising. The same thing is happening in dentifrices. Dr. Lyons' Tooth Powder and Colgate's Dental Cream are both using their advertising space to offset undue claims, instead of stretching them further. That is one of the values of advertising. It will correct itself. The lying advertisements will find themselves surrounded by truth and will be forced back in line by the weight of public opinion.

A noteworthy influence in lifting the conduct of business to a little higher plane was the growth of coöperative movements. Associations were formed by men in the same line of trade and manufacture, and thus competitors had an opportunity of getting acquainted with one another, with gratifying results. Each learned to his surprise that the hated competitor was just another man like himself, with the same hopes and fears, and that they had more in common than they had points of disagreement.

'I hate that man!' cried Charles Lamb in vigorous condemnation.

'Hate him?' said his friend. 'Why, you don't even know him!'

'Of course I don't. How could I hate him if I knew him?'

By getting together and working together for the common good of their industry, men found each other out, and the traditional enmity of competition withered up. A man was still a competitor, but no longer an enemy. The old competition meant disposing of competitors, by fair means or foul, and then letting the consuming public pay

the bill to the survivor. The new competition recognizes that all who make and sell are competitors, that dining-room furniture competes with trips to Europe, flivvers with radio, or perfumes with groceries, and that it is far wiser to combine to enlarge the existing market for a product — for oranges, or paints, or cement — than to fight each other for the smaller market that exists. Coöperation means sharing with competitors ideas that will benefit all. There are few business secrets to-day. Prices or processes, patents or patterns, formulas or sales methods — all the cards are laid on the table by advertising or round-table discussions. Thus business has in a way adopted one of the cardinal principles of the professions in considering the common good before the interests of its individual members. This collectivism says to its customer, which is all of us, that not this or that product, or even this or that industry, but the whole of business, the making and selling of goods, the supplying of all service, is attempting to render itself acceptable and satisfactory to all.

III

Not only is there a change in the business man's attitude toward his competitors, but there is a new point of view when he regards himself, his own business, his employees, and his customers. It is recognized that it is possible to make money and pay high wages at the same time; and, more, that the high wages create new customers for more goods, which helps to keep up production. If a manufacturer insists on too large a margin of profit at the expense of his employees, this automatically reduces the number of purchasers of goods, his own or other's, which in the end works around to his business. The employees are part of the public, the consuming public, on

which all business depends. It should be one purpose of the advertising that the employees of a business shall feel the same good will toward the business that the rest of the public does.

When Howard Heinz, president of the H. J. Heinz Company, returned from Europe, where he had been helping Herbert Hoover distribute relief to nations suffering from the after effects of the war, he brought back a conception of his business which was not new to him, but which had undoubtedly been crystallized by the contact with humanity from an uncommercial standpoint. He said to me: 'I learned from my father to look upon our business not merely as a source of profit or revenue. I was taught that a certain responsibility goes with it, and with any large business affecting many people. I feel that, with due consideration to the owners who make the business possible, I am responsible to three groups of people affected by the Heinz business, and that it should be administered so that it is profitable, or satisfactory, or helpful, to them — the three groups being the people who work for it, the grocers who distribute its products, and the customers who consume them.'

Some such idea is in the minds of most enlightened manufacturers today. Some may regard it complacently, others realize that it is nothing but common sense, many do not express it; but it all grows out of the participation of the public in whatever prosperity any business enjoys.

There is hardly a man at the head of our great corporations who needs to work in the economic sense. It came out in the news the other day that Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company, had been offered \$250,000 a year to take charge of the Goodyear Rubber Company and had refused. It is likely that a quarter-of-a-million salary was more than he was

getting. That is a large salary even in these days. But what of it? Men like Swope work for something besides money. He had found his work where he was, and pursued it with something of the disinterestedness with which a scientist follows a line of research. The interest of creating an entity out of a great corporation, — something more than a mere money-making machine, — guiding it in making industrial history with chemists and engineers as pilots, invoking advertising to make the public a sharer in its triumph, actually adding to the sum total of human comfort and even of human happiness, as happiness goes in these days, offers more real thrills than any of the old-fashioned professions can offer.

Colonel Du Pont, with wealth and corporations to satisfy any mere money-grubber, buys an old but run-down paint factory, and, in a time so short it sounds like an Arabian Nights story, is doing one third of the paint business of the country. Cyrus Curtis developed three enormous magazines, each a leader in its field, and then moved out and into the offices of the moribund *Public Ledger* and began his business life all over again. And when the *Ledger* showed signs of making good he moved over into New York and started to do the same thing with the *New York Evening Post*. It would be absurd to suggest that Curtis needs more money. This all means that business as it is now conducted is the supreme field of endeavor, calling for every quality of mind that success in the most idealized profession demands, — brains, energy, and imagination, — and that, as such, it draws men to it for the sheer love of doing it. Business may not be the noblest pursuit, but it is true that men are bringing to it some of the qualities which actuate the explorer, scientist, artist: the zest, the open-mindedness, even the disinterestedness, with which

the scientific investigator explores some field of pure research. It is no mere figure of speech to call business a profession. It is getting into the hands of professionally trained men. Its ethical standards are higher, its knowledge broader, and its problems appeal to the professional mind. Its routine, once the sole concern of business men, is now no more to it than the routine of a hospital to a surgeon, or the routine of a law court to a lawyer. And its profits, after a comfortable living is assured, are merely the counters that register the success of the effort.

Business is the new profession, as so many of the newspapers justly observed in their editorial comment on the exercises at the Harvard Business School. It is attracting the men who once gravitated to the old professions, because it now offers not only the interest appeal of the older professions, but also the higher ethical standards. To quote Mr. Young again:—

To-day and here business formally assumes the obligations of a profession, which means responsible action as a group, devotion to its own ideals, the creation of its own codes, the capacity for its own discipline, the awards of its own honors, and the responsibility for its own service.

Mr. Young, as the *World* remarks, is no rhapsodist, but he is after all a business man, and might be inclined to look with a favoring eye on his own field of endeavor, especially on such an auspicious occasion; the more that the General Electric Company, which is one of his numerous interests, is a shining example of what a modern enlightened corporation can be. But we have another and certainly impartial observer in André Siegfried, whose book, *America Comes of Age*, has excited wide and approving comment. In discussing our industrial system, he makes the following significant statement:—

On the other hand, general culture based not only on experience but on education is becoming more indispensable at the top of the ladder. As a business grows, the problems that must be confronted become broader and require minds that are more alert, keen, and highly trained. The time is past when a youth is initiated into business by sweeping out the office. For the directors, the general secretaries, and the assistants that surround them, America sincerely believes in economic education. This does not mean simply a business-college course in bookkeeping, commercial correspondence, economic geography, etc., but an education that will turn out young men of broad culture. This may seem singular when applied to the Americans, whom we usually consider deliberately practical; yet the demand for such culture is to-day nowhere more insistent than in the executive circles of New York, Boston, or Chicago.

More than that, the *New Republic*, which may without disparagement be assigned to the extreme left wing of the opponents of business, in discussing Siegfried's book, admits:—

The conduct of big business tends to be increasingly a matter of expert administration, and, as such, it is leavened by professional standards and by the results of scientific research.

A bird's-eye view of new activities of business undreamed of in the old bad days, all directed toward improving relations with competitors, employees, or customers, is given by Haley Fiske, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in an address before the United States Chamber of Commerce. From the reports of some sixty coöperative associations he learns that systematic effort is being made to arbitrate disputes between member and member, and even between member and non-member. Especially heartening is the aid extended to weaker members to help them keep up and stay in

business in face of new competitions, by making available to them information they could not otherwise afford, including legal opinions of value to all members on trade difficulties; putting a stop to unfair competition, especially graft; raising standards of products to meet competition from inferior substitutes; sending inspectors to factories to suggest improvements; and establishing ethical codes governing competition.

The problem of waste is being met and to some extent solved by eliminating duplication, in coöperation with the suggestions of the Department of Commerce, which has scaled the number of styles of hotel china from 700 down to 160, milk bottles from 49 to 9, blankets from 78 to 12, paving brick from 66 to 4, asphalt from 88 to 9, and files and rasps from 1351 to 496.

Research maintained by associations is benefiting not only member manufacturers, but retailers who distribute their products and customers who consume them. A study of retailing has been made to determine the best location for a store, arrangement of the stock, and the proper ratio between assets, liabilities, income, and expenditures. Vocational training in store-keeping is afforded, and assistance offered, to enable independents to meet the competition of the chains. Research is also directed to improving the quality of the goods and to lowering prices to the consumer. Employees are impressed with their responsibility to the public in the products they make, and steps are taken against misbranding. Some associations guarantee products bearing a standardized label. Trade abuses, such as short weight, short measure, misbranding, and misrepresentation, are being corrected, with the weight of a whole industry behind the movement.

A few of the contributions that organized business is making to the

welfare of the workers are suggested by the following brief catalogue: —

Coöperation in shop management, even in some cases including wage adjustments; suggestion systems with prize awards, not on wages, but in the promotion of efficiency, in improvement of apparatus and conditions under which it is used, and in saving of time, money, labor, or material; single company unions; accident prevention; hygienic attention to workrooms; medical and surgical attention, dental work, nursing, cafeteria service, milk supply; profit sharing; stock purchasing by employees helped by contributions from employers; mutual benefit associations with corporate assistance; pensions; efforts in seasonal employments to cut down lay-offs, and even giving allowances in cases of unemployment; intensive health work.

Group insurance has enabled employers to extend wonderful opportunities to their workmen. Says Mr. Fiske: —

The contract may provide for life insurance, accident insurance, insurance against sickness, pensions, insured savings, insured thrift, and some day, we hope, unemployment. Incident to it in some companies are free nursing, the distribution of health and safety literature, surveys of places of employment, free advice on sanitation, healthful conditions as to light, air, pure water, safety, humidity, heat, elimination of dust, occupational-disease control, accident prevention, even on machinery, manufactory methods, cost fixing, distribution and allocation of factory divisions, on personnel, the creation of good morale, recreation, housing, draining, diet, restrooms, rest periods, assistance to building loan associations, mutual benefit societies, social organizations. A long catalogue, is it not?

And yet every one of these items is on the actual programme of one or more of employers. The number of insured is rapidly increasing and is now over five millions and has more than tripled in the last six years. These activities of employers are coöperative in the same way as your trade associations are coöperative.

And it may be added here that, despite all agitation about the wages of labor, the average pay has advanced more than the average cost of living.

These are a few of the meliorations that might be set up against Stuart Chase's pessimistic picture of the selfishness and wastefulness of business. While many of his strictures are just and true, they are conditions that are on their way out. The important thing is that they are recognized by the men who have the most at stake and the power to change them, and their elimination or betterment is the avowed object of the majority in many industries. The purpose is to remove abuses and cure evils without abolishing industry itself, which latter seems to be the drastic method preferred by Stuart Chase and his little group of serious thinkers. Such books as *Your Money's Worth* (Chase and Schlink) and *The Distribution Age* (Borsodi) are thought-provoking but one-sided. They ignore the alleviations, the signs that business realized these conditions before the writers did and took steps to make itself more worthy of public confidence. Against every instance of the public being fooled by advertising, high-pressure selling, misrepresentation, or extortion, can be placed a bigger, further-reaching instance of a successful effort to make the manufacture and selling of goods as near a public service to the ultimate consumer as is humanly possible. Business is exhibiting that quality of a profession which Mr. Young described as the capacity for its own discipline.

IV

'The history of business likewise remains obscure,' say the Beards, 'because those who followed in the footsteps of Gibbon and Carlyle are prone to give more attention to the

titled ruler of a little principality or the petty politician of Buncombe county than to the great captain of industry who takes the whole world for his realm.' It is time for the politicians and soldiers to step aside and give a place in literature to the business men commensurate to that they are taking in producing civilization. After all, the captains of industry are as admirable by any ethical standard as the men who have been celebrated all these years in song and story. They have been and are self-seeking, but so are priests and kings. They have done their particular job better, on the average, than those other leaders of mankind. But the business man has suffered from the popular idea that his work at its best is discreditable. He has had none of the éclat that attaches to potentates and primates and grand marshals and premiers — even the basest. That is why the world is so slow to recognize that the most admirable and efficient piece of work being done to-day is the work business is doing. No king, or general, or priest, is accomplishing as much, even in the terms of his own métier, as the captains of industry — the Vails, Swopes, Youngs, Fords, Altmans, Wanamakers, Filenes, Hoovers, Schwabs, and Lamonts. Business is doing its job, and as much cannot be said of the traditional and historic leaders of mankind.

The next step is to draft this intensive training to the solution of the problems of the world. They would be helped by a little real executive experience. The work of governing is given, not to the man trained to govern, but to the man experienced in politics. The ability to be elected to an office is very different from the ability to fill that office. In fact, politics is a disqualification for the businesslike job of governing. We read in the newspapers

that Hoover is popular with the people, but the politicians are afraid of him. They are afraid of him because he is not a politician and has a business man's contempt for politics and all its works. Politicians will never conspire to put business men into office. The contrast of results would be too great. But it is time the people did. The world needs the training that these men have been getting. Government is becoming more and more a matter of commerce, of business; and the attempts of the professional lawmakers to grapple with business, or even understand it, are laughable. And not only domestic government, but world politics needs some of the direct, informed, and practical ways that characterize the conduct of a business. Says an editorial in the *Nation's Business*: —

If the war has taught us anything, it has lessoned us in the economic solidarity of the world. We have learned that no man liveth to himself nor dieth to himself. What is true of individuals is true of nations. When the British Government released its accumulated war stocks of wool in 1921, the market collapsed, and there was not a shepherd on the lonely plains of Australia or the slopes of Judea who did not feel the pinch of hard times. When the Russians withdrew from

the Paris perfumery market, rose gardens in the secluded valleys of the mountains of Bulgaria, which had been producing attar of roses for fifty years, were left untended.

We have learned that trade, whether national or international, is based upon the exchange of the peculiar products of the industry and genius of one man for the fruits of another man's industry and genius.

Both may profit by the exchange. Before the war we regarded the British as our principal trade rivals. We are coming to regard them as customers rather than rivals. As international traders we have more to gain from Britain prosperous than from Britain depressed.

That eternal job of administering this planet must be turned over to the despised business man. The work that religion, government, and war have failed in must be done by business. There is no country in the world as efficiently governed as the American Telephone and Telegraph Company or the General Electric Company. Business has become the world's greatest benefactor.

As Emerson, with prophetic vision, observed some seventy years ago: 'After all, the greatest meliorator of the world is selfish, huckstering trade.'

THE HERESY OF THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL

[It may aid the understanding of this paper if we quote the opening paragraphs of the writer's first article in the January *Atlantic*: —

'The series of papers of which this is the first is designed to constitute constructive criticism. In preparing them I have not been animated by any sense of bitterness or resentment. Contrariwise, I am prompted by love for the dear old Church to which I owe allegiance. She has been a tender Mother, not only to me, but to my ancestors; to them in a land where fealty to her often entailed the throes of persecution. Had I loved the Church less, my pen might have remained listless.

'In fact, I have written not one word against my Church. The abuses which I attempt to delineate refer no more to the Church than they do to Christ. They are the barnacles which have grown on the bark of Peter through long centuries. I am writing, therefore, in the hope that those constituted in authority may come to see the necessity of dry-docking.

'For obvious reasons I am constrained to take shelter behind the screen of anonymity. To reveal my identity would not aid the cause which I have at heart. With no name attached, the articles will necessarily be judged by their content alone. The issue will not be confused by the intrusion of a personality.'

I

HER private schools are probably the most destructive influence the Catholic Church has ever experienced. If the Ku-Kluxers and other enemies of Rome knew the truth, they would begin to spend their surplus energies in the construction of parochial schools. It is not generally known that the church school is, par excellence, an American invention. Nowhere else in the whole world is ecclesiastical education pursued so relentlessly. Zeal for religious education in this country is unbounded. The fiery young archbishop of a venerable see declared in his inaugural sermon, 'The Catholic school is the salvation of the Church in America. The policy in this diocese will be *school first, church second*.' Though the expression of our 'fighting' prelate is typically exaggerated, it reveals the attitude of most bishops.

Eagerness for more schools, bigger schools, better schools, has become a veritable craze in the American hierarchy. Since the third plenary council

of Baltimore, in 1884, parochial-school building has proceeded at an amazing pace. At that synod, as at the two preceding, the bishops were urged to establish a school in every parish. The faithful were obliged to send their children to these religious schools. In some dioceses parents are still not admitted to Communion if they refuse to send their children to the parochial school. Nevertheless, a learned bishop could write: 'By natural law, the obligation lies primarily with the parents of a child to provide for his education, as well as for his physical support. This is part of the purpose and aim of the family as an institution. If no provision is made by any other institution, the parents must provide education either by their own effort or that of others whom they employ.' This would seem to recognize the right of parents to provide for the education of their offspring.

It is assumed, then, that the Church by her educational programme is

responding to the will of parents. It is impossible to estimate how widespread this demand might be. Certain it is that many serious clashes occur between the authorities and the people over the question of establishing a parochial school. But a campaign of fifty years' preaching has done much to train the faithful in the idea of ecclesiastical education. No other pulpit topic is more trite than the godlessness of the public schools. Parents are often threatened with eternal perdition if they fail to send their children to God's schools.

God demands, through His representatives, that they support the parish school. They are urged to make sacrifices, monetary sacrifices, for this holy cause. God alone knows how abjectly they have responded to the insistent demands of priests and bishops. Appeal is made to that which is lowest in them and that which is highest. Pride, vanity, religion, love of God, love of their children, are the usual arguments.

'We shall build a magnificent school,' says the zealous pastor. 'It will cost a hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, mayhap. Show them what you can do. Manifest your love for education to the world. God wills it. It is for His honor and glory.'

'We shall now take up a subscription for the new school,' he proceeds. 'You will be expected to cover the whole cost by your assessments. Each of you will be informed by the committee how much you are to give. The list of subscriptions will be published so that all may see and know who are doing their part and who are slackers.'

It is an effective system, the system of intense money-collecting. The people are caught in a net of human respect. They are not morally free. They must give what is required of them or be stigmatized publicly.

Yet the multiplication of schools and the collection of millions annually are proudly designated to mark the marvelous faith of our people. The country at large is led to believe that their giving is spontaneous. But the outside world knows little of this story. The truth is, the Church in America has become commercialized. The school is a financial sea anchor chained to the bark of Peter. The good priest of the people is not to blame. He must get the money or get out. He is in the treadmill of commercial rivalry. He is rated, primarily, by his ability to build and to collect.

To be successful, the priest must be a 'go-getter,' a campaign manager, a veritable clerical Babbitt. For the financial projects of the Church grow increasingly heavy. The parochial school itself is almost an unbearable burden to many. Yet in these later years bishops are rivaling one another in the construction and maintenance of high schools. A million dollars is now considered a conservative sum for the establishment of an up-to-date high school. But these too, they tell us, are necessary for the preservation of the faith. Eight years of daily catechism in the parochial school do not suffice to make our youth safe from the seductions of modern life. They might be contaminated if allowed to attend public high schools. It is a confession of weakness.

How intricate, how complex, how unconvincing, must be the faith that cannot be instilled by eight years of intensive teaching! Now the high school is necessary. After the Catholic high school come the Catholic college and university. If some fifty or sixty thousand recreant youths insist upon attending the materialistic state schools, we must follow them. There we must have our Newman clubs or other such safeguards. There lectures,

instructions, and devotions will be given as an antidote to the poisonous teaching of the non-Catholic professors.

All this costs money. But it costs more. It costs the best energies of those who were sent to preach the Gospel. The truth is, the activities of the Catholic Church in America have been diverted from their proper aim. Education has supplanted religion in its own sphere. The Church has become so institutionalized that it has been commercialized. It is already top-heavy. The financial burden is becoming almost unbearable to many. To support the ever-increasing number of institutions the martyr spirit is developed in the people. Poor souls, who must pay the public-school tax and at the same time meet the private-school assessment!

It is unjust, they are told, yet they must bear it manfully. The excellence of the Catholic school is dinned into their ears continually. Nevertheless, many are growing skeptical. They are beginning to apply Christ's test: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' They are beginning to ask wherein these children who are nursed in the lap of Mother Church excel. None can maintain that they are more pious, more religious, than the children of generations which attended the public schools. There are just as many criminals, pro rata, emanating from the Catholic schools as from the public schools. There is as much per capita illicit drink consumed by Catholic alumni as by the unorthodoxly educated. There are proportionately as many moral scandals among those piously reared as among others.

It is altogether probable that the American Catholic is paying double for an inferior result. In the old régime, religious training belonged preëminently to the home. Parents felt that

they were responsible for the upbringing of their children. The children attended Catholic Sunday school, where they received some solid instruction from a man priest. They were taught their prayers at home and there they studied their catechism. Now, however, all is changed. The training has passed from the home and the instruction from the Church. The good sisters now fulfill the twofold function of parent and pastor to the little ones in the matter of religious training.

II

The passing of religious training from the Catholic home has been gradual. Busy mothers found it easy to let the sisters teach the little ones to pray. In their devotion, too, they sometimes assumed that these pious religious were better fitted to teach their children morality.

Indeed the sisters, who are ninety per cent of the Catholic teachers, are devoted and zealous in their work. There is nothing else but goodness and virtue in their penitential lives. Freely and gladly they expend themselves for the little ones of Christ. The more the pity, since they are unfitted for the work.

The tenor of their lives incapacitates them for the mission to which they dedicate themselves. They have renounced the world to live in the seclusion of a convent. They would prepare the children for a life which, because of their profession, is unknown to themselves. Those who have renounced all family ties would teach the young to become the fathers and mothers of future generations. These good souls spend their lives in following the routine of a rule, bound by blind obedience to the will of a superior. It is not strange, then, that the Catholic school is conducted on the routine system. All is

drill. This is particularly true of the religious training.

School opens with singsong prayers. The pupils have already been to their daily Mass. There, perhaps, they had their group prayers and their hymns. The first and most important lesson is catechism — the dogmas of the Church done in ready-made questions and answers. Word for word the poor little memory must repeat the unintelligible words that correspond to the set question. 'What is a venial sin?' asks the pious woman. 'Venial sin is a slight offense, committed against the law of God, in matters of less importance or in matters of great importance; it is an offense committed without due reflection or full consent of the will.' 'What do you mean by Transubstantiation?' 'By Transubstantiation,' says the youthful theologian, 'I mean that by the words of the Consecration of the Mass the substance of the bread and wine is changed into the substance of our Lord's body and blood.'

Thus the lesson proceeds. Tender little minds are confused by sin and theological terminology. Over and over again, for eight years, they learn the dry formularies of their religious text. Their religious practice is of the same type. They are marched in procession to church, under the supervision of their teachers. Obedient to the same watchful eyes, they genuflect, fold the hands piously, and kneel devoutly. They are led out after the services under the same strict surveillance. Their confession days are appointed for them. Here, too, their good guides lead them in and watch over them.

All is group training — the suppression of individuality. During the school term there is full attendance at Mass and reception of the Sacraments. But during the vacation months all is changed. The per cent of attendance often drops to a low ebb. During this

time the children have not to fear that they will be called out before the class to answer for missing Mass or for failing to go to Communion. The reaction comes with freedom. They are surfeited with overmuch piety, thrust upon them. Their pious teachers spend two or three hours daily at their devotions. Surely, then, an hour each day is not too much for the children.

The system is pathetically inefficient. It tends to depersonize the pupils — to create revulsion for religion within them. Many are the heartaches of the devoted souls who strive to mould them after their own ideal. They are in good faith and cannot understand the failures that follow their efforts. They do not realize that in their imprudent zeal they are doing violence to young lives. They are attempting to apply an old, discarded philosophy. They think that frequent repetition of an external act will engender a mental habit.

These devout teachers sin by excess. The children present an outlet for their own repressed lives. In their overzeal they become intellect and will to their pupils. They tell them what to do and what not to do, thinking that, by some miracle, the pupils will eventually learn to decide for themselves. Fine, overgrown boys must submit to this pious mothering. In fact, we are on the road to an American Catholic Church composed entirely of female-trained members.

Female piety is too sweet for manly youths. We are already reaping the whirlwind of our schools. Many thoughtful priests are disturbed by the evident failure of the system, but they are the victims of circumstances. They may not, unscathed, voice their fears and doubts. They see the new generation drifting away from the practice of religion. The same spirit of revolt prevails among the parochial-school-

bred as among others. Generally they end by putting the whole blame on this materialistic age, and letting it go at that.

Some of those older in the service have their own private opinions. They never attended a parochial school in boyhood. They grew up side by side with the sons of other religionists. In all their public-school days they never heard the word 'bigotry' — its meaning would have been unknown. It was never suggested to them that there was a difference between Catholic and non-Catholic teachers. There was no religious animosity in the schools of those days. Religion was sacred; it belonged to the inner sphere of life. Education was intellectual training. Religion was not yet a classroom subject, as the erudite bishop describes it.

Now the reversal has come. We are a people self-ostracized. Our children may not sit in the same classroom with the children of the unorthodox. We must have our own schools, our own charities, our own graveyards. We are the modern Pharisees who will not sit with publicans. Bitterly we complain of the prejudice that has risen against us. We may thank our own aloofness for it. The spirit of segregation is diametrically opposed to the spirit of Christ. It was His aim to eliminate that narrowness from His people.

The hypocrites of His day were shocked when He dined with sinners and publicans. His disciples were amazed that He held converse with the Samaritan woman. In the end, He sent forth His disciples to preach the Gospel to every creature — Jew and Gentile. But the seclusiveness of the Hebrews seems to have come back. We fear contamination, moral contamination, from those about us. This is true in general, but particularly so in the field of education.

This fear of moral contamination

involves a contradiction. We believe that our faith is 'the victory that overcometh the world.' In God's name, then, let the world feel it. If we have the true faith, we should not hide its light under a basket. If we alone profess Christianity, why deprive the world of our example? Why deprive non-Catholic children of that saving contact with Catholic children? But, the learned prelate will say, children are irresponsible. They are not able to defend their faith. Later they may go forth and let their light shine among men.

This is the essence of the matter. The children are taught a controversial faith. In the higher classes they are sometimes given courses in apologetics. This is the study of arguments for the defense of the faith. Like the answers in the catechism, these arguments are ready-made. The children are supposed to memorize them and thus be enabled to defend their faith against the onslaughts of the unbelieving. This attitude has prevailed since the rise of Protestantism. At that time the Christian religion became controversial in all its forms. It has ever since remained so.

III

The Catholic Church is ever on the defensive against the Protestant movement. This is manifest especially in her educational effort. Her schools abound somewhat in mathematical ratio to the prevalence of Protestantism. She is not so zealous for schools in Catholic countries.

Where are the parochial schools of Spain and the South American countries? No Mexican Indian ever received eight years' daily instruction in the catechism. There is also the land of the Popes. There are no parochial schools in Italy. What is to become of the poor Italians? But perhaps

we American Catholics are more Catholic than the Pope.

The reverse is more likely true. The American Catholic Church seems to be tending toward the heresy of religious intellectualism. It is an elusive heresy, the mother of rationalism. America has ever been a wayward child of the Church.

The spirit of the New World impels her to do things on a bigger and better scale than the rest of the world. The American hierarchy is not famous for its theological lore. But it has built more churches in a decade than the old-fashioned hierarchy of Italy has built in two centuries. Coming from a youthful country, American bishops are prone to be prankish. They like to confuse the Pope's mind by the number of new schools on their list when they make their quinquennial report to him. They will show him how to run the Church on a business basis.

The insidious suggestion is patent. Holy Father, you should learn from us how to care for your people. Why, of the two and a half million Italian Catholics in America not more than a half million practise their religion! See what your lack of schools has done for your people! But look at us — we are spending twenty millions a year on our schools and we have just begun. Wait until we get all our high schools built. We shall have the first intellectualized faith in the world — in fact, we probably have it now.

How that saintly old man of the centuries must smile at this pathetic enthusiasm. In his inherited wisdom he knows the danger of this movement. He knows that religion is not a mere item in a scholastic curriculum. He knows that the world will never be converted to Christ by syllogisms alone. He knows that Saint Peter and the other apostles received less intellectual training than that afforded by the

first grade in an American parochial school.

Rome has been consistently silent on the question of parochial schools. They are, at best, a modern institution. That they are a failure must eventually dawn upon the minds of the faithful. It was not so from the beginning. For fifteen centuries the Apostles' Creed was the only intellectual expression of faith known to the faithful. Until the Council of Trent the vital idea prevailed. The people knew little or nothing about dogma. They were taught to lead good lives. Theological questions were left to the Scholastics.

The ordinary priest, before the Reformation, was less familiar with intellectualistic teaching, with polemical doctrine, than the eighth-grade pupil of the parochial school is to-day. The Roman catechism, decreed in the middle of the sixteenth century by the Council of Trent, is a textbook intended for the instruction of pastors in doctrine. The Reformation movement was proposing doctrinal questions that had been, theretofore, of little interest to parochial priests. To repeat, they had been content to teach the people to lead virtuous lives.

Since that time zeal for dogmatism has grown great in the so-called Protestant countries. Among the Catholic nations there remains a popular indifference to dogma that is striking. In this particular, America is the direct antithesis to the old Catholic countries. Obviously American Catholic doctrinalism is not based on ancient tradition. Such intellectualistic teaching was not considered necessary for salvation by the historic Church. We must not forget that for fifteen centuries there was no popular instruction such as is given in America to-day. If, then, this intense instruction is not necessary for salvation, it must be demanded for other reasons.

It seems evident that we are formulating a new idea of Catholic faith, a rationalizing faith. It is the popularization of theology. Our people are receiving a theologistic training. It is the new 'Americanism' in the Catholic Church. Its fault is that it fails to develop the intellect which it crams. It makes parrotlike Christians. It trains the youth in stereotyped arguments. It stunts the religious growth of its victims.

The argumentation of our religious textbooks has changed but little since the sixteenth century. Doctrines are treated as though the world had not progressed these last three hundred years. This craze for doctrinal knowledge has perverted the historic Christian standard. Doctrinal knowledge — not virtuous living — is the norm of to-day. The test for the first reception of the Sacraments is similar to that required for promotion to a higher grade in school. The fallacy is current that familiarity with the formularies of the faith will sanctify life.

These formulated truths, these cut-and-dried conclusions, can never become vital to the children. They clog the mind and tend to bring about religious nausea. This is the hidden destructivity of the parochial-school system. 'A surfeit of the sweetest things the deepest loathing to the stomach brings,' says Shakespeare. Among those who know, it is proverbial that catechism is the most distasteful study of the Catholic school. There is no other task to which the children must be so insistently driven. It is the pupils' bugbear. From this revulsion undoubtedly grows the well-known indifference of Catholics to religious literature.

IV

The humdrum religious teaching and practice of our schools are the

rocks upon which many spiritual lives are shipwrecked. The inordinate zeal to keep religious formalism and pietism constantly before youth too often produces a reaction that is disastrous. Many are therefore led to say later, 'I got enough religion in my childhood to do me the rest of my life.'

There is no reasonable argument against the theorem that religion is an everyday concern. But Christ never intended that His followers should spend five or six hours a day reviewing the mechanics of religion. In fact, He seems to have had no plans for a formulistic and theologistic religion such as is taught in these latter times. Not only are the minds of the children overburdened with religious teaching, but their eyes are surfeited with pietistic images. Holy pictures and statues are kept constantly before them. Hour after hour they must gaze morbidly on the bleeding figure of an agonized Christ on the Cross. The same monotonous strain is pressed into their ears. They must listen to doggerel hymns filled with sentimental piety. Their readers are composed of pious stories, too, which they hear over and over again.

It is easy for those who are free to think to realize the effect of all this on young minds. Ecclesiastics and other teachers are blinded by their own zeal for religion. Yet many there are who are beginning to reflect on these matters. The leakage of the Church is undoubtedly greater proportionately to-day than it was a generation ago. This estimate cannot be verified, because the number of the fallen away is not recorded by the ecclesiastical authorities. If, however, statistics were at hand, it would undoubtedly be found that the losses of the Catholic Church in America increase in direct ratio to the multiplication of Catholic schools.

The Catholic religion in America, particularly, has become too burdensome for the youth of our day. They have become enslaved religiously by the prevalent fanaticism for religious education, so called. They are exploited for the glory of the Church and the exaltation of its dignitaries. This explains the alarming defection of the younger generation. 'The spirit of the times' is almost always blamed for the religious inconstancy that is so apparent to-day. This, as we have said before, is the much-used alibi of ecclesiastics.

The Catholic Church in America thwarts her own purpose by her educational system. Like the Pharisees of old, the ecclesiastical authorities impose burdens on the people which they themselves will not touch with a finger. These burdens are psychologically unbearable for the young. They may be held in submission for a time, but eventually the reaction comes for many.

The reason is obvious. Human nature cannot bear all this religious formalism. It is like trying to develop a healthy appetite in a child by giving him thrice daily a one-piece diet of baked beans. It is a nutritious diet, but after a while the sight of beans would sicken the child.

Indeed the enemies, real or imagined, of the Catholic Church in America may take heart as long as the Catholic school system flourishes. This system is doing more to make the old religion obnoxious than all its calumniators and opponents. When the Catholic child is six years old, he is taken to an inquisition as relentless as that over which presided the notorious Torquemada. More violence is done to tender souls by the intellectual rack of the parochial schoolroom than was done to the bodies of other victims in the past.

The artificial religious life which

Catholic education develops will not stand the test of modern conditions. If ecclesiastics would pause to consider the situation, they might readily see the facts. They are striving to stem the rapids of modern unbelief by polemics; they have made dogmatic doctrine the sole safeguard of the people against modern intellectualism; they could not, if they would, meet the requirements of this method. Every day brings new intellectual problems which demand solution. They could not keep the pace if they tried. But they are not trying. They are pooh-poohing the speculations of unbelieving intellects, and by this they think to make the young faithful to their religion. There is none so blind as he who will not see. The Christian religion was not doctrinally propagated in the beginning.

Christ taught a philosophy of life which the whole world admires. We believe that doctrine is necessary. Very well. But we must not flatter ourselves that the outside world is fretting about our doctrinalism. Ecclesiastics are inclined, deprecatingly, to call modern life pagan civilization. Saint Peter went into the heart of a pagan civilization that was proud, intellectual, and imperious. When that footsore, unlettered Galilean fisherman walked along the Appian Way he was not considering an intellectual onslaught on the glorious city of Rome. He gathered a few fearful Jews about him and told them of the Christ. He described for them the gospel of love. Meanwhile the great scholars and statesmen of Rome were discoursing learnedly on their gods and goddesses. Yet in three short centuries Rome and her emperor were Christian. How did it happen? Josephus tells us the secret. Says he: 'Behold those Christians, how they live, how they love one another.'

If the bishops are to 'convert America to the faith,' they must first

return to this ancient policy. They must rear a people distinguished by the virtue of their lives. Attendance at Mass and reception of the Sacraments are salutary practices, according to our belief. Yet they do not impress the outside world. Men to-day are not deceived by the crowds that frequent

our churches. There is but one quality that proves the excellence of a religion. It is the excellence of the lives lived by its devotees. When the American bishops cease their school-building crusade and begin the work of developing Christian character, there will be hope for the Church in America.

(We shall be very glad to publish representative letters in comment on or criticism of this article and shall invite more extended replies from members of the Roman Catholic Church competent to speak in her behalf)

DEEP CANYONS

BY ELIZABETH STANLEY

I

MARTHA RIDGELY, at the bottom of a vivid canyon in northern Arizona, lay on the ground with her head propped against the cantle of a saddle. Orange and crimson and purple, blue and molten violet — all the colors that the eyes of man can see, and probably all that his eyes cannot see, coated the tortured rocks and gorgeously streamed across the sky. And Martha wondered if the earth were burnishing the clouds with the fieriness of its boulders, or if the sky were spraying the land with pigments from the setting sun.

'One must certainly be the reflection of the other,' she thought. 'It is n't possible for there to be so much free color in the universe!'

Even though she was just come from the less gaudy defiles of an Eastern city, she need not have felt so incredulous a wonder at nature's lavishness. For nature had been lavish with Mrs. Ridgely's own person, staining the

irises of her large eyes with a blue that borrowed no color from the indigo shadows in her black hair, tingeing her cheeks and lips with shades of pink. But Martha, looking in her mirror, had never exclaimed, 'It is n't possible for so much beauty to be!' In fact she had rarely thought at all of her own loveliness; and now, a widow at twenty-seven, she never thought of it save, unwillingly, as one of the reasons why she need be dubious when threatened by any man with solace.

This afternoon, looking up at the brilliant heavens, she asked of them the question that in rebellious anguish she had not been able to cease from asking since, nearly two years before, her husband had been cruelly, uselessly, killed in a motor accident. 'Why? Why?' she whispered. 'Why, if there is a God, did He let it happen?' Then, noticing, between the hued splendor of earth and sky, a thing that had no

color, — a small black ellipse hanging motionless as though it were strung from beneath a flamingo-pink cloud, — she sat up. 'Ed!' she cried. 'An eagle! I see an eagle!'

Ed Griffith, the stout, red-faced young man, Mrs. Ridgely's guide, was tying a halter-hobble on his dun pony. 'That's a buzzard, ma'am,' he said, politely, without looking. 'I seen him a while back.'

The buzzard had seen Ed Griffith and Mrs. Ridgely even a further 'while back.' Indeed he had seen them at dawn when, on the pine-studded rim of the canyon, they had separated from a group of other oblong shapes. And without needing to turn his unfeathered head the buzzard had watched these others, too. There were eight of them, and, had one lagged, the buzzard — and other buzzards — would have known. He lifted his splayed wings and flapped them slowly, twice; then, banking, he was motionless again: he would wait until the larger company also halted to make camp.

And so, as the sunset lustre faded, one of this group of travelers, looking up, was able to mention his discovery of the great bird.

'Look, Edith,' he cried, turning in his saddle and addressing the trigly habited young woman who rode behind him. 'There's an eagle. See him?'

'It is? Oh, George, is it an eagle?' she exclaimed, dropping the reins on her pony's withers.

George raised his voice and spoke to the guide who rode behind Edith Granger. 'Hey, Jim, that's an eagle, all right?'

'You seen it,' Jim answered; and Spud, the guide riding before George Martin, turned his head and smiled contentedly.

Edith Granger laughed with excitement. 'An eagle! An eagle!' she called to her husband and Estelle Smith, who

were farther ahead on the trail; and her voice, striking against the canyon walls, echoed satirically: 'Neagel — neagel.' Mrs. Granger laughed again. 'Oh, I hope Martha sees it. She's wanted to so!' She turned in her saddle. 'Jim, do you think Mrs. Ridgely can see the eagle from where she is?'

Jim's natural moroseness deepened. 'No dam-fool Easterner knows how to turn his head — always has to turn his whole fool body. S'nough to give any horse a saddle sore,' he thought; and then, drawling, he said, 'I expect Mrs. Ridgely won't see no eagle, ma'am. Ed Griffith's kind of a lazy cuss. He won't take no extra trouble. He ain't like me an' the rest o' the boys you got, ma'am. Spud,' — he did not lift his voice, — 'take your face off your shoulder. Mrs. Granger here don't want to look at no weasel faces.'

II

When the night came, the rocks of Arizona might as well have been the gray boulders of Maine: there was no color in all that land of colossal ridges and gullies save two dabs of garnet made by camp fires that were but a few hundred feet apart as the buzzards fly — each deep within canyons that were two days' journey distant as a man on a horse can travel. And, no more than she could look into one of her eyes with the other, could Martha Ridgely, sitting by her camp fire with her hands clasped about her trousered knees, see her friends who were clustered about their camp fire on the other side of the canyon wall. And she felt relieved and secure because this was so.

'I should never have been with them,' she thought. 'I might have known —' She stared into the flames. 'Well, I am alone now; and perhaps — perhaps I can find —'

Martha Ridgely had departed from

her friends, not only because she wanted to be alone in Arizona, but because George Martin had too evidently begun to fancy himself in love with her, and she feared he would soon fancy he needed to tell her that he was. When she joined the party she had not expected to be molested — that was her word for it — in that way. Estelle had been invited for George, the only bachelor on the trip; and Martha felt annoyed with him on Estelle's account as well as on her own. But she had left the party on her own account. She had come to Arizona hoping that there, out of doors, far from all the things that people interpose between themselves and the sky, she might find an answer to the unhappy questioning that her husband's death had left stinging in her heart and mind. Perhaps no one ever found an answer. No one could prove that God lived, that the universe was friendly; but men had found answers to the pain of such questioning. In the wilderness many men had found peace, or at least they had found their own peace; and perhaps, Martha felt, in the wilderness she might find hers.

'I'm here,' she sighed, allowing her hands to unclasp. 'I'm here, alone!' Then slowly she lay back, pulling her blanket over her, and gazed up into a spangled sky, cleared of all the cloud wisps that had gathered in the afternoon, apparently only that the sun might go in radiance. 'Here,' she thought, 'if anywhere, I can find some meaning — if there is any meaning. This country is so beautiful — so beautiful! The stars are beautiful. The lives of so many human beings are beautiful. But if there is no meaning — if there is nothing anywhere that cares — if death and life are alike haphazard, or, worse, just parts of a design that has no designer — no destination — Oh, what is there, *what* is there to cling to — to believe in?'

'Horse comin'! Hear it?' The guide, on the other side of the fire, got to his feet, interrupting her tormented musing.

'Is n't it one of our horses?' Martha asked, sitting up.

'Ours are shod in front. This one's barefoot all round.' He stepped out of the circle of flickering light and Martha, almost with amusement, heard him unfasten the flap of the holster that hung behind his hip. 'Surely,' she thought, 'even Arizona is too civilized for that!' Then she listened to the regular tap of hoofs on rock and, occasionally, the flutter of small pebbles dislodged; and the silence of the night seemed to be made even more profound — and empty — by those faint sounds.

'Peace be to this house!' a high voice called.

Ed Griffith laughed, as inappropriate a noise as though someone had laughed aloud in church. 'Come on in, Joe!' he shouted, stepping back into the firelight. 'The house is yours!'

A moment later the furry head and fringed ears of a burro popped into view as though they came through a hole in a black sheet; and then a long, gaunt man appeared. He was smiling; Martha thought she had never seen so kind a smile, and, interested, she looked at him more closely. His face was thin and long, like his body, and his cheek bones, thrown into high relief by the shifting orange light from the fire, had the sheen of polished copper. It was the face of a man who had been out in many changing weathers: Martha would have thought a hard-bitten man, had it not been for the gentleness and candor of his smile. He was clad in a blue shirt and blue trousers, the latter belted around him with a piece of new golden rope. His feet were bare and his head was uncovered, save by thick yellow hair of jagged lengths, as though he had shorn it off lock by lock with a

sharp stone; and a short fair beard glinted along his jaws.

'Where'd you get the low-life, Joe?' Ed inquired, the tone of his voice indignant.

The visitor put one hand beneath the little burro's white muzzle. 'Take care, Ed, lest the last shall be first one day!' He laughed pleasantly. 'I found my low-life early last season, just after she was foaled. I raised her on cow's milk. How 'bout it, Ruth?' He tweaked one of the burro's solemn ears.

'Well, I ain't supprised,' Ed said gloomily. 'A low-life was the on'y thing *left* for you to take up with. You were bound to do it, I expect. But, Joe, don't you have the gall to tell me you'd *ride* a low-life!'

The stranger gazed up at the sky for a moment, and Martha, with astonishment, saw his face become rapt. 'And straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her,' he murmured. Then he patted the burro's broad cheek and smiled at Ed. 'You don't need to hold anything against Ruth yet,' he said. 'She's young. I won't ride her for another season, and not then if she don't want me to.'

Ed snorted, and, turning, he picked up a frying pan. 'I expect you ate sometime way last month,' he grumbled. 'How about some beans — or have you figured it out by now that beans is your little brothers and sisters, too?'

'Ed, Ed, you kick against the pricks,' the man said. 'It's no use.' He shook his head. 'We saw things alike once — you and me, Ed — on the Rio Grande. It was an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth with us then — and a life laid down for a friend. Well, I see no different now. I only see more friends. Every last thing that lives is a friend if you look close. That's all. And I'd like a mess of your beans fine.'

Ed Griffith waved the empty frying

pan across the fire. 'Mrs. Ridgely, ma'am,' he said. 'I been so took aback with Joe an' his low-life I clean forgot to make him known to you. Joe, ma'am, before he got religion, use' to ride a horse.'

'Good evening,' Martha said. 'We are glad to have you in our camp.' Rising, she stepped round the fire. 'Will you introduce me to Ruth? I used to have a burro when I was a child. I adored him — his name was Hurry, because he did n't.'

The stranger looked at her intently, and without surprise, although he had not seen her through the fire until Ed spoke to her; then his blue eyes became compassionate. 'Peace be unto you, ma'am,' he said gravely.

Martha halted before him, and to her amazement she felt a smarting beneath her eyelids — she, who did not cry easily.

'God's hand has been heavy upon you, ma'am. His peace be unto you.'

'What?' she said falteringly. She touched the burro's soft nostrils with fingers that, almost as though they were not her own, she knew were trembling. 'How — how did you —?'

'He that hath eyes to see, let him see,' the man answered. 'Seek, and ye shall find, ma'am. You are not left comfortless. God's peace is round about you like the air you breathe. Ruth never suffered any hand but mine to touch her before, ma'am. She knows.'

Martha smiled tremulously. 'I'm glad,' she said. 'I'm glad she trusts me.'

Then, afraid that she was indeed about to weep, she turned and hurriedly, almost stumbling in her haste, went back to her blanket and, wrapping herself in it, lay down. She knew that hers was not a sorrowful face. The man could not have divined her sorrow from anything that was to be

seen there. Had he also divined the questioning that was within her, the grievous questioning that would not let her be? It was absurd to be impressed by such a man—a poor, emaciated creature with Scriptural phrases upon his lips. Probably he was possessed by a mild sort of religious mania. And yet he had surmised the trouble in her heart; he had even made her feel, for an instant, that there could be, somewhere, a balm for it. Almost he had made her feel that a sufficing answer to her questioning could be found. But who was he? A friend of Ed, the guide! A converted cowboy!

While the two men on the other side of the high, blazing fire were talking in low voices, Martha, her tears unshed, wondered; and then she slept.

She slept soundly, and without consciously dreaming, and in the morning, after she had awakened, she lay still for a space of time and did not open her eyes. She was comfortable, and it was pleasant to listen to the crackling of the fire and, farther away, the liquid tumbling of a brook. 'The sounds made by fire and by water,' she thought, 'are always restful; and that is odd, because they themselves are the most restless things in the world. Perhaps if I could hear the sound the *whole* of life is making —' She did not conclude this reflection, and, aware of how frequently her reflections were impossible of conclusion, she sighed. 'I don't believe I've had a thought in my mind that I could finish since — since he died. I can't do anything but conjecture, vainly; and I can't *not* conjecture.' Then, opening her eyes, she raised herself on one elbow.

Ed was leaning over the fire, cooking; but of the blue-clad visitor and his burro there was no sign.

'Has Mr. Joe left us?' she asked.

'No'm,' Ed replied. 'He's down crick a piece, usin' my razor. He don't

believe in packin' *any* supplies. He even depen's on findin' people soft enough to give him the loan o' their razors.'

Martha felt a curious shock of disappointment; and she realized that she had been impressed by the man Joe. He had seemed to her a kind of John the Baptist crying in a new wilderness; and now he was shaving. Because there was a woman in camp? She had heard the guides joke about shaving, as though invariably it were done, however grumblingly, as a tribute to the presence of woman. 'Is he a preacher?' she asked.

'Joe? No'm, he ain't anythin' reg'lar. The Indians hereabouts call him a "shaman" — that's a medicine man; and there's quite a power of white folks think he's got the true religion. I don't hold with no religion myself. It makes me oneasy. There was a woman once had a notion for me. She was one of them that believe the world's goin' to end every Sunday or so, and she figured I better leave off smokin'. It made me oneasy. I expect I'd 'a' married her if it had n't been for religion. Poor Joe, he ain't the same man 'count o' religion. But,' he added judiciously, 'I don't hold with them that call him "Crazy Joe," neither. I knew Joe when he was the best man on a horse in the whole Southwest, not speakin' of old Mexico.'

'Crazy Joe?'

'There's folks call him that. He's done some things — I seen him myself do one thing — I could n't figure it out, an' so I let it be. No use gettin' yourself in a stir. I just let it be. But Joe's all right. He ain't crazy, himself.'

'Crazy Joe,' Martha murmured thoughtfully. Then, rising, she walked slowly up the bank of the noisy creek.

When she came back, tingling from her bath under an icy waterfall, the burro, Ruth, and the tall man were by

the camp fire. 'It's a beautiful morning, ma'am,' he said; and Martha, in spite of herself, scanned him for a trace of masculine coxcombry. But he seemed unconscious of his smoothly shaven jaws. 'I saw a doe and a fawn down crick,' he went on. 'I think they'd 'a' let me talk with 'em if Ruth had n't acted up. Ruth's young yet and there's vanity in her.'

'What do you mean — talk with deer?'

'All living things speak with tongues, ma'am, as you might say,' he answered. 'Each gives praise unto God in his own way. Spirit and flesh are one in the animals. Only men believe they must sacrifice the one to the other. "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice," it says in the Book.'

Martha felt uncomfortable. 'He is sincere,' she thought, 'and it's too bad if he's going to be — tiresome.' Then, politely, 'You carry a Bible with you?' she asked.

'Yes'm, the New Testament,' Joe replied. 'I read some in the Old one and then I figured that for me it came under the head of worldly goods, and, if I was to leave all, I'd better not pack it.'

Martha smiled appreciatively. He had spoken her own feeling about the Bible and she was relieved to learn that he was no common, literally minded fanatic. But Joe, misunderstanding her amused expression, moved his hand deprecatingly. 'I was n't greatly educated when I was a boy, you see,' he said. 'And so there's a lot of such things I have to set to one side. Folks brought up to book knowledge can pack a might of it and still not be kept from cleaving to the spirit.'

'D' you-all figure on eatin' any this mornin'?' Ed inquired.

The interruption disappointed Martha; and, as obediently she ate the meal that Ed had prepared, when Joe glanced

up at a buttress of magenta rock and murmured that there was a hole near its top that might be a cliff dwelling she immediately insisted that they attempt to get to it. She wished to see a cliff dwelling; but, with the vague feeling that Joe had something to say that she needed to hear, she wished even more to postpone his departure. He would be leaving, she was sure, when breakfast was finished.

Ed thought they could reach the dark spot that Joe had seen, for a conical heap of jostled stones was piled almost to its edge. So after breakfast they left the ponies tethered, and on foot they began to climb. The way was steep and difficult, so much so that at times they had to crawl over bulging rocks that seemed to Martha alarmingly loose in their sockets of orange clay.

Joe's burro halted beneath one of these knobs of crimson stone and the rest of the way the climbers could hear her melancholy braying and the echo of it ricocheting down the canyon like blasts from a broken trumpet. And they could still, though faintly, hear her raucous pleadings when finally they reached a narrow ledge just below what was not a cliff dwelling but evidently a storehouse that had been cut, ages past, into the solid rock. Martha, panting from her climb and the satisfaction of achieving it, felt a strange, excited emotion as she stared at that small, oblong hole. Beams of ancient wood were sunk into the red stone, a frame for a door that had perished, and over the opening, drawn on the stone in darker red, was a sickle-shaped line crossed by a slanting dash — the owner's symbol.

'How long — how long ago do you suppose that mark was made?' she asked.

'Time enough for the crick to sink just a bit,' Ed chuckled. 'Some folks

gets pretty worked up over cliff dwellings. For me what goes on now is trouble sufficient.'

But Martha looked at Joe.

'A while ago my heart would be heavy when I'd see one of these old houses,' he said to her. 'I'd think of the great numbers of poor humans who'd gone into dust without having heard tell of what we know; and in the pride of my ignorance I'd doubt God's justice. How He works is for man to know only in part; but He is there for whosoever seeks, no matter what name they cry, seeking. I know that, now.'

'You know?' Martha said. 'Can anyone know that?'

Joe glanced at her, and then he continued: 'I believe, ma'am, there's never been a living man in such darkness that he could n't know that. I figure the people who built this house for their grain were n't so far different from the Indians, and I'm acquainted with Indians. Did you ever hear an Indian prayer song, ma'am?'

'No.' Suddenly afraid, Martha whispered the word. For she had turned from the hole in the cliff and was looking down — down into the gorge where the ponies, as small as mantel ornaments, stood by a crooked silver wire that she knew was the brook. And as she stared, feeling as though the ledge of rock beneath her feet tottered and was about to avalanche down the slope studded with scarlet boulders, Joe in a harsh tone, like the golden eagle's screech, began to sing.

His voice seemed to pulsate rhythmically on the same strange note that, to Martha listening, was pain made vocal, pain monotonously prolonged into infinity. He ended the unmelodic chant with a wild and shouted 'Ya! Ya!' — a sound that reeled through the whole vast series of canyons within the canyon; and, when this echo had diminished until only the burro's faint

braying stirred the silence, unexpectedly he spoke, softly. 'There's not much variety either in the tune or in the meaning. "Am I living? Is this real?" it goes.'

"Is this real?" Martha whispered. 'Does it ask that?'

"Am I living? Is this real?" it goes over and over,' Joe answered. 'It's a child's cry, but it's not a cry to nothing. Even a savage knows he's got something to cry to. That's in the end of the song.'

'Does it end? I felt as though you'd stopped because you had to. But the song — the song seemed without end.'

'It ends,' Joe said solemnly. "'O You who are everywhere, I trust You — You!'" What other end to the cries of men can there be?'

III

When they were once more on the floor of the canyon, and Martha and Ed were mounted on their ponies ready to ride on down the bank of the stream, 'I'll go with you a ways,' Joe said. And all day he walked beside Martha, his hand resting on her pony's mane, and he talked to her of the high wonders that had been revealed to him since, to the best of his humble strength, he had followed wheresoever his spirit led him. He showed her, too, many of the small creatures that had their lives among the red and purple boulders and by the bright water: big-eared mice, and badgers, and ouzels, the swift little birds that fly under water and scatter glittering drops from their wings.

And all day while Joe, in his clothes of blue denim faded to a gentle color by frequent washings, stepped noiselessly over the garish rocks, never injuring his bare feet, Ruth, like a devoted dog, pattered close behind him. For since she had been left braying below the cliff dwelling she

seemed unwilling to be separated from him by more than an inch of intervening space. And that evening, having declined to graze with the horses, she doubled her stout little legs under her and, lying down by the fire, rested her shaggy head against Joe's shoulder. He fed her with pieces of bread, and this feeding renewed Ed's indignation of the night before.

'Playin' nurse to a low-life!' he exclaimed bitterly. 'The man that owned Black Eagle playin' nurse to a low-life!'

Joe's face lit up. 'He's all right, Ed!' he said eagerly. 'He's as fat as butter!'

'You've *seen* him?'

'Last month,' Joe replied. 'Back of Thunder Mountain. I could 'a' had him. It's all right to tell you, Ed. He's safe where he is, and he knows it. He has a nice herd — forty or fifty head, counting foals and yearlings.'

Martha leaned forward. 'Black Eagle? He's a horse?'

'He's more than a horse, ma'am,' Ed answered her. 'Why, there was a man from the East would 'a' give a thousan' for that horse! I could 'a' made it out if Joe had n't wanted to let Black Eagle go East — if that'd been it; but, oh my —' Further expression beyond him, he threw his brown cigarette into the fire and reached two long fingers into the pocket of his shirt for the paper to roll another.

Martha smiled contentedly at Joe. 'You let Black Eagle go free!'

'Well,' Joe said, 'he'd *been* wild, you see. I knew he could take care of himself.'

Martha appreciated this, for, like many a dweller in cities, she readily felt romance in a story of wild horses; and as she fell asleep that night she visualized, for the pleasure of her mind's eye, a great black stallion, his mane and tail streaming on the

wind and his running hoofs jubilantly beating: free, free, free!

They had camped in the bowl of an ancient lake, a hollow of naked crimson stone, and in the morning, when they rode over the lip of this gaudy basin, it was to enter a defile narrower and deeper than any they had yet been in. Ed, leading the pack pony, rode ahead, walking his horses in the hurrying stream, and Martha, following him, rejoiced like a child in the bubbling fury of the water that pushed about her pony's legs and tossed drops upon her covered stirrups. She looked over her shoulder at Joe as he strode, leaning back to withstand the rush of water that made white frills above the knees of his trousers; and then, almost ecstatically, for such was her present mood, she gazed up to where the sky, like a flat blue lid, was fitted into the space between the high walls of pink rock — wonderful walls moulded into superb undulations by the creek's burrowing.

Suddenly, before she could cry out or gather up the slack reins, her unguided pony stumbled and fell; and, gushed under by the swift water, it lay on its side, kicking and struggling. Joe pulled Martha out of her submerged saddle; then expertly he got the pony to its feet and led it up on a shelving ledge of violet rock. And Martha, knee-deep in the swirling stream, gave the cry she had not uttered, for there was a jet of scarlet blood spouting from the inside of the pony's leg, well above its hock. 'Oh!' she cried. 'He's bleeding! He's bleeding!'

Ed jumped from his horse into the water. 'That does for him,' he said, after one glance at the wound. 'It's an art'ry — too high up to tie. Mrs. Ridgely, just you get on my pony an' ride on a piece. We'll catch you up. Ain't hurt, are you?' he asked, for Martha's face had become white, and

almost strickenly she was staring at Joe, where he leaned against the side of the canyon. His body was limp, a slack line of blue upon the rose-colored stone; and such desolate sorrow was in his face that Martha felt, with a pang almost of terror, that he mourned for all the suffering ever undergone — and ever to be undergone — by living flesh. And when, stiffening, he looked up high into the air, her eyes did not leave his face.

Ed, however, looked up, too. 'God, but you come quick,' he muttered. For spanning the narrow slit of sky overhead was the dark shape of a buzzard. The great vulture's wing tips seemed to brush each rim of the gorge.

But Martha only looked at Joe.

Then, as she watched, he stooped abruptly, and with a sure touch he closed the wound under the pony's quivering haunch. When he took his fingers away, the blood had ceased to flow.

'He'll have to rest up for a couple of days, but he'll be all right,' he said quietly. 'God is good.'

After a moment Ed, his face flushing, spoke gruffly. 'T wunt a big art'ry. But you pinched it shut, all right. I expect we'd better stop right here if we don't want it to open on us. Likely 't wunt an art'ry,' he ended, almost to himself.

Joe was silent. He helped Ed to unsaddle the horses and tether them to the saddles; and not until Ed had gone off to search for firewood was any further word spoken. Then Martha, left alone with Joe, turned to him, 'What manner of man are you?'

'I'm no manner of man,' Joe said, almost crossly; then he smiled apologetically. 'I didn't mean to speak sharp; but you don't understand. I expect it riles me a little when folks don't understand, but then I recollect myself as I was some years ago.

I would n't 'a' understood then. It's this way, ma'am: there's a power comes into you if you let it. If you seek the spirit first, it comes — it must come. It's there, the power that can move the mountains, and, if you have the faith to let it, that power works through you.'

'It depends on seeking the spirit *first*?'

'How shall it be otherwise?' Joe murmured. 'Every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth.'

Before her eyes, Martha felt, a miracle had happened. She had read of 'blood healers,' Irish peasants with the uncanny power to stop the flow of blood. 'But this man,' she thought confusedly, 'this man is an American! He could n't have closed that artery by any — by any strange psychical emanation from — from himself.'

But he was known to people as 'Crazy Joe.' What she had seen him do was the same whether he were sane or not; and yet, stirred by a sharp instinct, she knew that her emotion would be less if, to her mind also, he were 'Crazy Joe.' She could be calmly amazed by the miracle; but, nervously, she dreaded being amazed by the man as well. That she could not be — calmly.

'I feel sorry, ma'am,' Joe said. He appeared to be embarrassed. 'I feel sorry to've fixed up that pony before you. I yearned over him: he was a good animal and carried you faithful, and I had to do what I could. But it was n't for you to see, ma'am. I would n't want you to think I thought so — so little of you as that, ma'am.'

'What?' Martha cried. 'What? I don't understand.'

'I would n't want you to think, ma'am, that I don't know you are not one of them who seeketh after a sign. You are of them who be of the spirit. Only grief has kept your eyes from

seeing. Oh, let your eyes be opened, ma'am!

'You wish my eyes to be opened — but not through having seen you do — do that to the pony?'

'That is the least part, ma'am,' Joe answered earnestly. 'I am an ignorant man, not able to find words fit for you,' he went on. 'But mine eyes have seen — what they have seen. I know — it was clear to me from the beginning that death had robbed you and that you, loving the light, were in darkness, sore distressed and seeking peace. Now I tell you, and it is true: there is no death. All things change, ma'am, and move. Nothing dies; but only the spirit liveth ever changeless.' He put his hand upon a tilted slab of orange rock. 'There is no rest in the earth. These rocks have moved and will move again. There is no rest save in the truth of the spirit! Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him. You are not of the world, ma'am. I knew that when first I looked upon you; and so did Ruth. She knew that you are of the pure in heart.'

Martha was silent.

'I am not worthy, ma'am, to untie the latchet of your shoes — but I have spoken.' His voice dropped. 'I know where there's likely to be some herbs growing that'll be good in a mash for the pony,' he said. 'Before more time goes I'll get them.'

Martha watched his tall blue figure move away, with Ruth, strange devotee, at his heels. She watched until they disappeared in a cleft between two high purple rocks, shaped by the canyon-funneled winds into twin minarets; and then she stepped to the brink of the stream and, almost as though she were timid about looking up, gazed down at the bouncing white water.

'A wandering evangelist! A faith healer!' Once more she tried to repudiate the feeling that Joe's words seemed to be forcing into her heart. 'Why do I feel he knows truth? Why? Why? And need it matter why — if he does?'

In the mountains all acquired things can be forgotten, and in the shadow of cliffs so tremendous that from their base it is possible to see the pale stars in the daytime the human mind can be humbled and yet entertain vast fancies. 'God lives!' Martha whispered. 'God lives! I believe it!'

IV

A week later, riding along a surly river that had gulped the clear waters of the canyon brook into its brown maw, Martha gazed regretfully after the turreted cliffs that were receding as the river valley widened into desert land.

Her inner turbulence stilled, she was happy. She had found what she had sought. She had found it among the painted canyons; and she felt that, could she ride on forever with Ed and Joe, beneath lonely precipices, she would remain surely possessed of her peace. But all things, it seemed, came somehow to an end: this night she would rejoin the party of her friends. 'Life,' she thought wistfully, 'is so brief, and yet we spend it in carrying out plans merely because we have agreed upon them. In body we cannot, I suppose, be free — ever; nor can we, altogether, in mind.' She glanced at Joe, who trod the caked clay beside her pony. 'But through you,' she concluded her thought, 'I know that in spirit we are free!' Then she sighed. 'If only I can keep that knowledge — if only it will not recede from me with the cliffs!'

Joe answered the thought she had

not spoken. 'Your peace will abide with you, ma'am.'

'I won't be afraid, Joe,' Martha said. 'I won't lose the peace which passeth all understanding. I have found it. I truly believe I have. I wish —'

Joe caught a thick strand of her pony's mane and held it. 'I have my reward,' he said. 'Before even I met with you I had it; but now — now I have seen you happy.'

'Ah, Joe!' The distant pinnacles glimmered through the tears that were in Martha's eyes. She wanted to put her hand on Joe's shoulder and tell him to return to his beautiful canyons.

'Dust movin' ahead, ma'am,' Ed called. 'Likely it's the crowd ridin' out to meet you.'

She pulled her pony to a standstill. 'Oh, do you think it's they?'

'No one in these parts 'ud be makin' such a dust,' Ed shouted crossly. 'Think they're playin' White Men an' Injins, I expect.'

Joe took his hand from the pony's long mane. 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,' he murmured. Then he stepped back. 'I'll be going,' he said. 'God bless you, ma'am, and keep you.'

'God bless *you*!' Martha cried.

'He has,' Joe said quietly. Without taking her outstretched hand, he turned, and with Ruth trotting beside him, nuzzling at his swinging arm, he walked away — toward the serrated lavender hills; and he did not look back.

While Martha still gazed after him, the two horsewomen who led the procession of galloping ponies began, as they approached, to make treble ululations in the manner of children who have been informed that the Indians war-whoop by clapping the palms of their hands against their shrieking mouths. And, when they

yanked their ponies to so abrupt a halt that the soil was furrowed, they assailed Martha with greetings and eager questions.

'When you did n't get in yesterday we were all sure you'd vamoosed!' Estelle cried. 'George was so gloomy it would have wrung your heart, Martha!' She laughed a little shrilly.

Martha smiled perfunctorily. 'Well,' she thought, 'I'm beyond being bothered by the idiotic passions of people now. I can be nicer, I think, too, because I am. Poor Estelle —'

'What did delay you?' Edith Granger asked.

'One of the ponies hurt his leg,' Martha explained. 'We had to rest him a while.'

Then the men, Frank Granger and George, came up; and with laughter and shouted gayeties they all rode on together, following the dingy river.

'There are no colors here,' Martha thought. 'They've all been left in the canyons.'

Later, about the camp fire, she made another such comparison. 'There,' she thought, 'it was quiet in the evenings. No one spoke unless he felt like it. But here we must incessantly keep babbling; Ed must be with the other guides, transformed by some impalpable, hostile ruling into a kind of open-air servant; and Joe — is gone. Ah, but I am glad he is gone!' She held out her hands to the warmth of the embers. 'He is something wholly clear and unsullied to remember.' And she wondered if he were camped that night in the open valley, or if he had gone up into a canyon. Then, glancing across an isthmus of darkness at the other camp fire where the guides were, she saw a gleam of blue when a figure crossed behind its flames.

But it could n't have been Joe's figure, she was sure; and all the next day she imagined him wandering alone

with Ruth through magnificent passages in the chiseled hills, or perhaps joining a party of Indians, and, wherever he was, moving always at the behest of his spirit. As she thought of him, he seemed increasingly to partake of the remote sublimity of the canyons. But in the evening when she sat by the fire again, listening to her friends discuss the day's fishing, she realized with a start that Joe was, at all events, not remote. For just beyond the rim of light she saw a long streak of blue. 'That was he—last night!' she thought. 'He never went back to the canyons at all!'

There, his blue clothes daubed with moving shadows, he stood.

She jumped to her feet. 'Joe! It's you!'

'Peace be to this house,' Joe said loudly. Then, stepping fairly into the light, he faced Martha. 'I came back, ma'am, because a voice cried that my work was not yet done. "Go back to her," it cried, "lest these people of the world spoil—spoil her of the treasure laid up for her."'

'Joe!' Martha looked at him as she made this exclamation; but all too clearly she seemed to see the ring of incredulous faces behind her, and, really in terror, she felt that their incredulity was to be replaced by amusement.

'I was not going to speak, ma'am—only to see if all was well. But I have seen; and I must speak!' Joe's voice trembled harshly and he addressed the others. 'I speak not to rebuke, but only that ye be warned lest in ignorance ye bring the world between a soul and that soul's peace.'

'No, no,' Martha began hurriedly; but she could not go on. She gave a protesting moan, and then she heard Frank Granger. 'You intend to remove this ignorance of ours, I trust,' he said, with apparent deference. 'None of us,

I feel quite sure, wish to destroy the peace of this—of this soul you mention. If you'll tell us what to do—'

Joe swallowed visibly, and his tall figure seemed to tilt forward. He raised one shaking arm.

'Evidently,' Frank went on, 'a soul has recently been saved. We did n't know about it. But now that you've told us, of course, we don't want it to—is backslide the word? A small revival meeting would be helpful to us all, I'm sure; and if you'll be so kind—'

Joe looked up into the black sky. 'Ye know not what ye do,' he muttered.

'No, we really don't,' Frank said, encouraged by faint sounds of suppressed laughter. 'But you do—'

Martha whirled about. 'Stop it!' she cried furiously. 'Stop it, all of you! This man is— This man has been good to me, and you—you shan't be rude to him!' She turned to Joe, her cheeks flushed and her eyes bright. 'You're troubled, Joe,' she said. 'There's no reason for you to be. But—come.'

She stepped into the thick darkness that hung about the fire like a circular canopy; he followed her.

At a distance, she stopped and spoke gently. 'Joe, don't mind. Those people are n't really unkind. I understand them. They did n't mean to hurt you—to hurt us,' she amended. 'They were just surprised. They—'

Abruptly she was silent.

There was a change in Joe that, by the fire, she had not seen. The serenity was gone from his thin face, leaving it haggard; and in the starlight his eyes were black—black with pain, she thought. And it seemed to her that he was suffering—terribly. 'Oh, don't—you must n't!' she whispered. 'You need n't be troubled,' she went on. 'You need n't fear for me, Joe—truly you need n't!'

'It is n't that!' Joe said. 'I did n't know what it was until that man made me out a fool. I was a fool. I did n't know why I'd come. I thought it was to save you from — from those people's vanities. But it was n't! It was n't!'

Martha took a frightened step in the direction of the sparkling fires. 'You'd better go, I think. Everything's all right. Joe, you'd better go.'

'You spoke for me against that man — against those people! You came to my side. You bade me come with you! Oh, I know now! I know all. I do come with you. I can never leave you now. I feel — you must know, ma'am, how I feel! That's why I came back. That's why! That's why!' His whisper was triumphant.

'That's why!' A hideous and desperate wish to laugh began to stir within Martha. 'That's why!'

'And you,' Joe's rejoicing whisper went on, 'you were angry for me! You were so beautiful! Your face — oh, I will cherish you. We will do God's bidding together! Your soul is one with mine. It is revealed. You see it, too! You —' He stopped suddenly, as a deer, running, falls from the bullet already well lodged in its heart. 'Martha!' he whispered faintly, a sound as though a thin fragment of paper were torn across. Then, for the last time, he divined her: "'Crazy Joe"'! You've heard that name for me! *You* call me that! You — *Martha!*'

He had divined her rightly. 'Crazy Joe'! The title crackled in her ears, and through it she could hear the horses, picketed near by, munching and swishing their tails, the dreary lap of the river, and, far off in the canyons, the multiple crescendo of a coyote yelping. Joe stood before her. He was there — standing before her. She could speak to him. She could deny — she could tell him — but she could *not*. He had, indeed, finally divined her.

Numb and mute, she stood. 'Crazy Joe'! 'Crazy Joe'!

And then — he was gone. This time, she knew, really gone.

For a while she continued to stand there alone — transfixed. 'That's all,' she thought wretchedly. 'Poor man, poor man, all he could do in the end was to fall in love with a woman; and all I can ever hear — ever, ever, is that a man is in love with me. What else is there? We think there's something else and all the time it's only *that!* No wonder God cannot bear to live!'

V

'Nothin' int'restin' this mornin'. Mos'ly bills.' With this remark the Irishwoman whose gaunt frame was clad in a maid's black dress and frilled white apron — it should have been swathed in a cloth shawl — slapped a pile of letters down on the table beside Martha's coffee cup. 'You ain't et a thing!' she added truculently.

'Yes, Nora, I have,' Martha answered. 'I've eaten plenty.'

Nora had lived with Martha always: she had been her nurse; and Martha was inured to her ways. It was difficult for her, however, not to wince when Nora commented on the character of the day's mail. For that was a custom to which Martha's husband had most objected. And he had objected to it with emphasis on the morning of the day he had been killed — two years ago exactly. His widow felt that the mail might have been brought in silence on this particular morning, a morning that Nora quite well knew was — an anniversary.

'You might as well clear the table, Nora,' she said with a sigh. Then she rose and, with the disparaged letters in her hand, walked into her compact little sitting room. She went to the window and knelt on the seat there for

a moment, while she gazed across acres of sooty roofs to where sections of an agate-colored river were visible. Then with another sigh she sat down and listlessly began to examine her mail. Among the bills that Nora had mentioned she found a soiled envelope addressed in pencil and postmarked Arizona.

'Arizona!' she thought. 'That to come on *this* day, too! It's from Ed, I suppose.' She opened it, and, unfolding the lined tablet paper, she read:—

DEAR MRS. RIDGELY

I was pleased to get the pictures you sent. The ones of the horses come out good some of them. I will tell you of a sad ocurrence. You recalect Joe that was with us in the canyon. He has met with a misshap and this is the way it was. We had a heavy fall of snow a couple of weeks after you all was gone. It was erly for snow. You know when snow comes here it chokes up on the rims so you cant get out that way. If your unlucky to be in a canyon when the snow has got on the top you wont get out without you go all the way back and thats long sometimes. We was all in town when the snow come and we got uneasy about Joe. We figgird may be he was stuck and thats the way it was. The boys got together and hired a man in an airplane to look for Joe. He found him by the buzirds and I expect

you know what that means. They wasent much use riskin life after that. We will get him out in the spring. He was starved I expect. The man knew it was Joe. He flew low to see the rags on him was blue. I know you thought some of Joe and I figgird you would like to know he was dead. Joe was a good man. You will come West again some day I expect.

Respectfully

ED GRIFFITH

The man I forgot said he saw a lowlife. That fixes it was Joe. That lowlife might live till spring if the grass holds. Jim that was with us says he is bound to shoot some of them buzirds but I told him Joe didnen even shoot snakes.

'Starved!' Martha lay face down on the window seat. Ed's letter crumpled in her hand, she lay still, while, welded by distance into a single note, the dissonances made by the traffic on the street far below came faintly up to her.

She lifted her head. 'Tell him, Joe,' she whispered. 'Tell my husband I love him. I know, oh, I know now that your loving me was n't — "only *that*"! Love is part of everything — part of eternity, part of God. Joe, Joe, I understand your loving me, and it was beautiful of you. Tell him, Joe! Tell him I love him and that I believe — that I believe —'

BY SLEDGE TO THE MIDDLE AGES. II

BY ELEANOR LATTIMORE

SIBERIA, *February 9, 1927*

DEAREST FAMILY, —

It has stormed for two days and two nights and I have never been so cold. I stay under cover all the time for fear of freezing my nose.

Kitaiski has given me a dreadful scare about my nose. The morning after we started he gave me a horrified look and said excitedly, 'Mrs., you have frozen your nose. The tip of it will certainly fall off.' Sure enough, there was no feeling in it at all. I began frantically rubbing it, and pretty soon feeling came back, a great deal of feeling. But he is convinced that I shall freeze it on this trip and says I must carry a mirror with me and keep looking at it to see if it is white. So I have been nursing it carefully, and the few times I have had the courage to take a hand out from under cover to fish the mirror out it has been very red indeed.

At the beginning of every march I climb into my sleeping bag, — fur suit, fur coat, big felt boots and all, — then the men tuck me in, put all sorts of things over me, and pull the canvas over my head. I feel suffocated and can't move. We ride six or eight hours at a time. After about the fourth hour I get so stiff and cramped that it seems as if I *had* to move. With a mighty effort I turn a little to one side. This makes a crack somewhere for the cold and I begin slowly to congeal. It starts with my toes and sends little shivers of cold up through my bones, and I get gradually shiverier and stiffer until I

wonder which will happen first — that we arrive or I stiffen completely. I move everything that's movable, toes, fingers, and nose, but it does n't help much.

Last night I tried thinking of other times in my life when I have been as physically uncomfortable — when I was on my back with flu in a little pest-house on the Idaho sagebrush; when I was very seasick on the Empress of Asia; riding all day on a donkey across a hot Shansi plain and being bitten with flies and mosquitoes; thirty hours on a crowded troop train from Kalgan to Peking. That's about all I could think of.

I lie cold and cramped for hours thinking of people and places and happenings I had n't thought about for years. And all the while I listen, listen for a sleigh that might be coming past with Owen in it, and then for the barking of dogs, which means the end of the stage and a fire and food and sleep.

Long before we reach a hut we hear the barking, and it cheers me so that I scarcely mind that the dogs are fierce and leap at me when I climb out of my sledge. Then there is the stumbling on numb feet through the stable and fumbling for the little door into the hut. The door is always padded heavily with felt so that it fits tightly into the door frame, and is tugged open and shut with handles of leather thong. When I find the handle in the dark and yank, it opens suddenly to reveal the little smoke-filled room and a frowzy woman starting to build a fire. I find a broom

of twigs in a corner to brush the snow from my felt boots before it melts to make them soggy, and step around the lambs and kids and babies to deposit my bed roll in a corner.

There are sudden gusts of cold as the men climb in from the dark after tending to their horses. They throw their boots and sheepskins by the fire and start unwinding their feet. Next to their horses their feet are their chief concern, and each has his pet device for keeping warm. One encases his in camel's wool, another wraps his in bits of newspaper, and a third in a dreadful assortment of dirty rags. Kitaiski's felt boots turn up at the toes, and last night he cut up his pet fur hat, a sort of Cossack affair with a scarlet top and a swathe of long curly black astrakhan, to make himself additional stockings.

Then, sitting on the felts with a border of bare feet about the eight-inch-high table, we drink* bowl after bowl of tea and eat hard hunks of bread which one of the men has poured on to the table from a grain sack. One of the Kazak women makes the tea with chips scraped from a hard black brick. She rakes coals from the fire to set the pot on and works steadily to keep our bowls all filled. Whenever one has had enough to eat and drink he flops back where he is to go to sleep, and soon the room is full of snoring till the one who is watching outside comes in to call the drivers loudly and kick them hard till they get up to tend to their horses.

February 10

We reached here at one, after going steadily but oh, so slowly since seven this morning. The wind has almost died, and all morning the sun struggled to shine through a gray sky. It is the first time I've been able to ride with my head out from under cover and the first time I have n't been cold since we

started, and just as we drove into the inn yard the sun really broke through and turned the sky blue. I did n't want to stop at all. It is being a beautiful afternoon, but the drivers had a chance to buy some mutton here and it is not nearly cooked yet, at 4.30, so heaven knows when we shall be on the way again.

This is the end of the sixth day and we have gone about two hundred versts instead of the three hundred and sixty we should have gone. I try not to be impatient, for it is being a gorgeous trip. If I only knew where Owen was and that I was really going toward him I should be hugely enjoying myself.

We passed two covered sleighs today, trotting along at an enviable pace. I called 'Owen' at them at the top of my lungs, to the amazement of my driver. It gave me a sinking feeling to watch them drive out of sight and to think he might have been inside. It is almost better to be under cover and not see the sleighs that pass, since there is nothing I can do about it anyway. When we got here I walked up the street and looked at all the sleighs in all the yards, and when I got back the drivers and Kitaiski were squatting around the low table guzzling tea and munching bread. They are burning branches of cedar in the little stove, which makes the room very fragrant.

The men have been teasing my driver about some escapade of his last night, which I don't quite get. In spite of Kitaiski's noblest efforts to explain, it is not hard for me to feign complete ignorance and thus maintain my reputation as a perfect lady. All I could gather was that this driver had suggested that the daughter of the house make room for him near the fire where she was sleeping and had even gone so far as to offer five kopecks for the privilege. She at once got the giggles and shouted, 'Five kopecks are not

enough! Give me half a ruble and no less!' thereby waking everybody in the house. The poor driver will never hear the end of it. They are already calling him 'Five Kopecks.'

The hut we stayed at last night had gorgeously colored felts on the floor and especially gaudy beds and a glowing Russian samovar, but the room was unbearably hot. 'House warm, bugs many,' remarked Kitaiski. He scratches perpetually, but fortunately I am not yet infested.

An old hag who sat up on top of the stove with a baby demanded to know if I were Kitaiski's wife. 'Of course not,' said Kitaiski. 'Can't you see that she is a foreigner?' 'Is she Russian?' the old woman asked. 'She's not a Kazak nor a Mongol, so she must be Chinese or Russian. And if you're not married why are you traveling with her?'

Horses are being hitched at last, and we have had our mutton. A great platter of boiled hunks was put in the middle of the low table and the two drivers who own knives cut it into little bits. We carefully waited till they had finished to give them an equal chance with us, then sat around on the floor and set to with our fingers. Unappetizing as it was, it was welcome after six days of frozen bread and bad tea and I ate heartily. We finished by drinking the water it was cooked in, which made a very good soup.

February 11

One of our horses died this morning. Our carts were already overloaded, but its load was distributed among them to make them go a little slower. And when we got here at two we found two Chinese men with a two-horse sleigh and no luggage who have already been on the road ten days from Chuguchak.

It is now five and the men are starting to cook more mutton. Last night we rode from seven to one and I got

very cold. To-night it will probably be eight or nine to two or three.

We slept last night in an awful little hole, barely room for us all on the floor like sardines. Everyone snored and the air got unbearable. The men drank tea till three and were up at five to tend to the horses. We were off at seven, still windy but bright sun, and I tried walking some. Too many clothes to make much progress.

Day after day after day of nothing but snow. I'm having a good dose of the 'great open spaces.' To-day I loved it, jogging endlessly along and being able to look forever and ever into space, never seeing anyone but the driver of my cart, never saying a word to anyone.

Two or three times a day we pass a string of carts bringing cotton or skins from Chuguchak. We pass them in silence, and except for them there is complete solitude.

February 12

I was awakened this morning by dogs barking and knew we had arrived at another stopping place. We had ridden all night and I had slept in the sledge. We didn't get started till eleven last night, the reason being that the drivers sent a man back to skin the dead horse. He will get the meat, — great feasting in the village, — and the drivers paid him two rubles to get the skin for them.

I spent the evening discussing life with Kitaiski. He thinks that China is several times as civilized as Russia, with which he is inclined to class all foreign countries, and makes Turkestan out a veritable paradise. There are no wars, because it is surrounded by deserts and mountains. There are no robbers, because, if a man is caught robbing, the governor immediately executes him, even though he has stolen only a loaf of bread. There are

no poor people and everyone has plenty to eat. Even the poorest eat only fine white flour, and every kind of fruit is very cheap. Nor does it get cold as it does in Siberia. In Siberia the people are all thieves and liars and there is no justice. A murderer is punished with only a year or two in jail, and it costs a whole ruble to get a bath.

The drivers and Kitaiski are very nice to me. They are crude, of course, and have a lot of vulgar jokes at my expense, but they don't know that I understand them at all and are always polite and respectful to me. They tease Kitaiski about me, but he takes it good-naturedly.

A little brown lamb has just jumped off the bed on to my lap. The old hag here is spinning wool on to a twirling stick. Her daughter has a four-day-old baby that bleats like a little lamb when it cries. She has rigged up a little cradle for it dug out of a log of wood. She herself works around the house as if nothing had happened to her, building fires and waiting on the drivers.

There is a beautiful greyhound here that looks astoundingly like Lanta. We have seen greyhounds all along the way and they are used by the Kazaks not, as one might think, for catching hares and rabbits, but for catching foxes. They say that the price of a good greyhound is as high as that of a good horse. They seem the only dainty graceful things about this rough country and among these rough people. Some of the children are sweet and gentle, but they are grubby dirty beside the greyhounds, who always look clean.

February 13

I walked again yesterday, not for long at a time. My clothes are too hampering. But long enough to get far ahead of the sledges and have the thrill

of feeling completely alone in a wide white world. No sign of life, never any sign of life but the occasional silent strings of sledges piled with bales of cotton in that lovely homespun brown and tan striped sacking, and only one train of them all yesterday.

The sunset turned the snow into a sea of opal. We went from two till dark, rested till one, and went again till dawn. Dawn was in Sergiopol, the first town on the road and halfway to Chuguchak.

I had counted the hours to Sergiopol, not only because it marked half the journey done, but because I hoped it might hold something better than a dirty Kazak hut and that I might be able to wash and change my clothes. So I wanted to weep when, after driving through bare streets of clean little Russian log houses, we turned in at the same kind of filthy pigsty we'd found at every tiny village.

Kitaiski has often remarked that our drivers are infallible in their knack of picking the dirtiest corner of every village. 'But those foreigners,' he would say deprecatingly, 'they don't know clean from dirty.' It was true, they did n't, and it never occurred to them that I might mind the squalor or long to wash my face. They had been reluctant in the first place to take a woman along, but, having accepted me, they treated me as one of them. I liked that and would not for worlds have been a poor sport about it. They did do little extra things to make me comfortable and always gave me the best place to sleep, but nevertheless it was a communistic group and I could picture their scorn if I tried to put on any extra airs like face washing.

They always shared their food with me, so I shared mine with them. Naturally their lusty appetites made short work of the little I had brought, so that I have been living with them on

sour, coarse, frozen bread, bad tea, and hunks of boiled mutton.

So the Sergiopol hut seemed worse than usual. All the town came to stare at the strange foreign woman, and, being town folk, were sophisticated. The Kazaks often remind me of the gypsies who used to camp on our corner lots at home, the women especially, with their dirty cotton clothes, full ruffled skirts, tight jackets, and gay kerchiefs, their dark skins and barbaric jewelry. And they beg like gypsies, too. They beg for my bread, my tea, money, my bracelet. And they are dreadful thieves. Kitaiski is always warning me to watch my belongings, and all the way along our men have taken turns guarding the sleighs and horses day and night.

February 15

Misfortune again. The horse on my sledge has been about to die for two days. He keeps falling down all the time and it gives me the creeps. He has the colic, and they have strangled him and stuck him with needles and beaten him and he gets worse all the time. One good point — they've taken all the cargo off my sledge, so it has only me to pull, and I've been able to stretch out for the first time.

At four yesterday, after a day of snowing and blowing and the horse dying, we came to our first trees in all the eleven days — a clump of elms. That was a real thrill. But the hut where we stayed was, if possible, the filthiest yet, just big enough for us all to get in, hot and smelly and crawling with lice.

We ate more greasy mutton and expected to get on by midnight, but the poor old horse got worse and could n't walk, so we had to stay till morning. There was n't room for everyone to lie down and the house was so stuffy and crawly that I ventured to

try sleeping in my sledge. It was terrifically cold, but freezing to death seemed to be preferable to being eaten and suffocated in a smelly, smoky room of dirty men, all of whom snored or coughed or spit or scratched.

I have had a queer kind of pleasure out of suffering from the filth and squalor and discomfort of this trip. It is so awful that it's funny. And in a way it's rather glorious. I like knowing I can have a grand time in spite of it. And it's glorious because it's real and human. It's all 'experience.' I can't explain it exactly, but it seems a great experience to me. And I think I'll never be squeamish about anything again. I'm sure a good many of our 'sensibilities' are very artificial.

Well, I *was* cold sleeping in the cart, and when they dug me out in the morning there was an inch or two of snow all over me. But at least I was clean and did n't itch.

February 16

At last even Kitaiski has rebelled against the filthy places where we have been stopping. He turned back at the door of the one to-day, saying that he was going to find a cleaner place for us to stay. And sure enough he did, and he and I have now set up house-keeping in a comparatively sweet and pleasant little house. I have had a good wash, the first for days. We have had Chinese tea he fished out of his bag and some dates and sweet chocolate I fished out of mine, and he is feeling very pleased with himself that his sensibilities are fine enough to appreciate cleanliness. 'Those dirty Russians,' says he, 'don't know the difference.'

Alas, Five Kopecks has just come to tell us we are leaving at six. This is the shortest stop we've made yet, just because we have a nice place for once. How really ironical!

February 18

A sunny day yesterday, and the country is getting hilly — rugged hills, so that, all covered with snow, they look like real mountains. We went from one till after sunset and I walked a lot. A young moon was lighting the snow palely when we stopped. I'd love to have gone on all night. But I ate mountains of bread and tea and went to sleep. Kitaiski wakened me at one to 'eat meat.' I can't care for large amounts of tasteless mutton in the middle of the night, but I drank two bowls of soup. And at 2.30 we started again.

Such a road I've never seen nor dreamed of. It got worse and worse, till by morning we were just floundering along. There was deep powdery snow and underneath it holes in the road as high as your head. There was one stretch of half a mile along a hillside that took us four hours. In eight hours we had made about two miles. The horses were always falling into drifts to their necks and the sledges tumbling quite over, and it took ages to dig them out. It was all I could do to get myself over that stretch, one step snow to my ankles and the next step to my hips. I scrambled along with feet and hands both and was worn out when we arrived at three — over twelve hours on the way and only sixteen miles. The horses are worn out, too, and if there is much more road like this we'll never get to Chuguchak. We are in a nasty little hole of a hut now and will probably have to rest the beasts till morning.

Sledge drivers lead a wonderful life, dealing with each day as it comes, never seeming to care where they go or how long it takes them, much less where they sleep or what they have to eat.

Another horse died to-day. Makes me feel like Sven Hedin crossing the

Himalayas. They have readjusted the loads and put the cargo back on my sledge, so that now I have less room than ever.

Real style in Kazak gentlemen's headgear seems to be a sort of flowered calico bonnet that ties under the chin and is lined with thick white fur that frames their brown faces and decidedly detracts from the fierce appearance one expects them to have. They swagger about in their leather suits, bright sashes, and high boots, with their fierce clucking noises, and all the time they look like gentle little rabbits because of their white fur bonnets. The bonnets are a great mistake. The women wear various versions of what look like old-fashioned high-necked nightdresses.

Mutton to-night was more tough and tasteless than ever, but the men licked their fingers with the usual relish. The biggest driver, a sort of fee-fi-fo-fum individual, always cracks the bones open with a hatchet and sucks out the marrow with as loud noises as possible.

February 19

Curiouser and curiouser. I seem suddenly to have been deposited in a picture-book Russian cottage and left here with no one I ever saw before. Just why I am here and how long I am to stay and what's to happen next remains to be seen. Meanwhile it is very entertaining.

We rode all day in a whirling snow-storm, the kind where you can't see the horse's tail in front of your face, and about three we drove into what might have been a town if one could have seen it, and into a sort of yard. One of the drivers appeared out of a whirl of snow and brought me in here and I've seen none of them since. That was three hours ago.

I discovered myself in a two-roomed cottage with a huge white plaster stove, mud floors, and little ruffled

curtains at the windows. A merry old lady and two young girls rushed to take off my snow-caked coat and cap and boots and mittens and bring me water to wash with. Then they started the samovar and soon I was sitting at a table with a homespun cloth, devouring a great bowl of borsch and hunks of black bread and boiled eggs and tea with cream in it. Nothing ever tasted so good as the eggs and cream.

The cottage is neat as a pin and has plants growing in tin cans on all the window sills. The girls have long braids and print kerchiefs and long dresses, and are knitting by the window and singing Russian songs.

This has been the wildest day of all. We started at three this morning and battled twelve hours with the road and made less distance than we did yesterday.

After my horse died they gave me an erratic mare who had upset more loads than all the other horses put together. She is such a dumb-bell. She sees that the road looks rough whereas on either side of the road the deep unbroken snow is as level and smooth as can be. Every few minutes she is tempted to try it and of course she goes into a drift to her neck and has to be hauled out by the tail, with much struggling and beating. We have only five drivers for our fourteen sledges and they walk along at intervals and try to guide the horses by yelling at them. The driver and I both yelled ourselves hoarse at that fool mare this morning, but it did n't seem to have much effect. And I was getting cold and the snow was beginning to get down my neck and run in icy rivulets, so I decided to retire under cover and pray.

I had been under cover only about five minutes, bouncing and jouncing around, when all of a sudden I found myself face down in a snowdrift with my belongings on top of me. After that

I begged some rope from a driver and made some reins and have been driving the nag myself all day. It has worked very well, except that she has a hard mouth and I consequently have a lame arm. I ought to be drawing wages for this trip.

Driving meant that I had to perch precariously on the front of the sledge in the snow. It is the heaviest, wettest snow we have had and I got caked all over, thicker and thicker, including my face. My coat remained fairly waterproof, but the scarf around my neck got saturated and little rivers of ice ran down inside my clothes. It is n't as bitter cold to-day as it has been, but I was well chilled when we arrived.

To-day Kitaiski rebelled again. I love to see Kitaiski rebel — it relieves my feelings so. It takes a lot to make him do it, but when he gets worked up to it he is a man of action. He told me this morning that we should get to a village to-day, — I suppose that is where we are now, — and that here he would hire a good sleigh and take me to Bakti on the Turkestan border in two days. If we stay with these fellows it will take at least five.

He talked a great deal about what a good fellow he was and how he knew I wanted to get there soon. I suggested that he was probably eager to get there too. 'Oh, no,' said he, 'fast or slow is all the same to me, but a few dollars more or less does n't make any difference and I'll take you on if you want me to.'

In later conversation, however, it developed that the consul at Semipalatinsk had given him a month to make the round trip to Chuguchak, and that if he had to spend all the time on the road he would n't have any time with his friends there. So this is n't entirely a Boy-Scout move on his part. He had honestly thought we should make the trip in nine or ten

days. He had told me that he had traveled this road many times, but it appears he had never done it before in the winter.

Now I am wondering if he has given me the slip and gone his own way. The snow is still coming down in clouds. It looks as if we were snowed in here for weeks and I'm only sixty-five miles from Owen. I could go quite mad thinking about that.

7 P.M.

The blessed Kitaiski finally did appear, covered with snow, to ask if I really did want him to hire us a good sleigh to take us on to-morrow. I told him I most certainly did. The sledges we came in are about wrecked now. One of them fell all to pieces to-day. And we could n't go slower; so, while I don't entirely believe in Kitaiski, we can't really lose by changing.

He talked big, of course, about how he had a lot of Chinese friends here and they all begged him to stay with them a few days and said he really should n't go on in all this snow, but he told them that he had an American woman in his charge who was quite helpless without him and that her husband was waiting for her in Chuguchak and it would be *pu hao kan* ('not good looking') if he did n't give up his good times with his friends and take me all the way. So I told him he was a good boy and he's gone off now to hire the sleigh, which I won't count on until I see, as, what with the weather and the roads, it may not be so simple.

I just discovered a small boy on top of the stove, lying on his tummy eating sunflower seeds.

February 20

It is snowing again this morning, hard, and I could weep.

Kitaiski showed up again last night to say that we might be able to go this

afternoon if it stopped snowing. We have gone every day until now in the snow, but I suppose there is a limit to how deeply the roads can be buried and still be possible.

This is a sweet cottage. We had a supper last night of tea and black bread, sour cream, salt fish, salt pork, and pickles. The old couple insisted on giving me their big wooden bed, and two of the drivers slept on the floor beside me. The family slept in layers on the stove and the other drivers stayed at an inn. The old lady was up at five making bread. We had a kind of stew for breakfast made of dough boiled with potatoes and a little salt pork. I wish I could *walk* to Chuguchak.

As I was writing just now I heard a great shrieking and yelling outside and looked out of the window to see men tearing down the street on horses, with great sticks and clubs in their hands, and men, women, and children pouring after them, calling excitedly. It looked like the entire town. And just as I was dying of curiosity to know what it was all about Kitaiski appeared and told me they were driving a huge wolf out of town.

The old lady is spinning in a corner at a spinning wheel, mark of advanced civilization. All the spinning I have seen on the road has been done on a twirling stick.

February 21

All the town came to see me yesterday — first two officials for my passport, then a dressy Kirghiz gentleman with a snappy little moustache, and then a whole sewing circle of apple-cheeked girls in white kerchiefs. Finally, about two, up drove Kitaiski with two sledges and announced that we were going, and I realized that it had stopped snowing at last and the sun was breaking through the clouds.

And out of the window I saw appear a whole town of little white plaster houses and green domes of a church and people coming out of their houses after the storm and ploughing through the snow-filled streets.

The old lady rushed around and fed us soup and cold fish and gave me a fresh loaf of bread for the journey. And after much packing and roping and paying off our old drivers we were off at four.

Kitaiski had produced two sledges, one for us and one for our belongings. A Tatar driver drove the luggage and Kitaiski stowed me in the back of our sledge, on the bed rolls, and squatted in front to drive it himself, feeling very important and pleased with himself.

We had a felt rigged up on branches to canopy us and looked very stylish. And the road was much better than it had been. There were stretches where the horses could almost trot.

We reached a Kazak hut at nine and stayed there till four in the morning. The most attractive Kazak woman I have seen yet climbed out of bed to make us tea. She made the usual coy remarks about Kitaiski and me and offered us her bed. How did I dare travel without my husband and with another man? Kitaiski explained that it was because we were both 'educated,' which was a little beyond her comprehension.

I get awfully annoyed at not being able to talk. There are so many things I want to know. Of course, traveling with six men, not being able to talk with them has been in a way a protection, especially against a good many embarrassing conversations. They are pretty crude animals and the Kazak women in the huts where we have stopped are certainly not much in the way of chaperones. They seem to be completely unmoral creatures.

I had heard of travelers being embarrassed by the hospitality of Kazak households which pressed upon them the services of their women and were offended if they were not accepted, and that any Kazak woman was considered to be at the disposal of any passing traveler, and from bits I did understand of the conversations of the drivers I can well believe this to be true.

While we were drinking tea at two in the morning, just before our start, Kitaiski asked me if I had heard this woman chattering to him in the night. It seemed that, although he was my protector, he had been quite willing to forsake my company for hers. She, however, had even refused to eat with him, saying that this was the fast of Ramazan and therefore it was against her religion. He had tried to persuade her, saying that it would n't matter, as her man was away and would n't know she had broken the fast, but much to his surprise she still refused.

We reached here at nine, 'here' being the home of our driver, a white plaster house heavily beamed but furnished inside much like the Kazak huts. His wife has three children, a three-day-old baby, a cute small boy who looks like his father, and a yellow-haired, blue-eyed little girl who looks like hospitality to a Russian traveler.

The driver had promised to get us to Bakti on the Turkestan border tonight, but home seems to be proving too inviting, as it is now after noon and we still have forty miles to go.

Our new sledges have no bells. I miss them.

BAKTI, *February 22*

The Turkestan border at last, and only twelve miles across the border is Chuguchak. After all, Chuguchak is probably an ordinary little town. Its importance has assumed ridiculously

undue proportions in my mind ever since the day in Peking when this reunion was arranged, and has increased in magnitude during the months of waiting for the wireless message which would set the date for me to start; and as the difficulties of the journey have accumulated it has assumed the significance of a Mecca or a Jerusalem or a rainbow's end.

And now that I am almost there I have a sinking fear. Perhaps the journey's end will be an anticlimax after all, and my pot-of-gold husband not arrived. So I'm trying not to be too excited. But it *is* exciting. And how can Kitaiski be so casual? He has gone off now to find us another sleigh, as the ones we have are not allowed to cross the border.

Bakti is a fair-sized town, and I hoped vainly to the end that here I might clean up a bit for Chuguchak, having changed no clothes and scarcely washed for sixteen days. But here we have still the inevitable one-roomed Kazak house with much too large an audience for anything of the sort.

Even yet I don't dare count on reaching my journey's end to-night. There are still two possible obstacles to delay me: the Russian border officials, for my visa has expired, and the Turkestan border officials, for foreigners are none too welcome in that stronghold of the Middle Ages and I don't know yet how Owen has been received.

It is silly how I always think of Chuguchak as my 'journey's end' when really it is only the beginning. But all the difficulties of the little-traveled roads through Turkestan and across the Himalayas, and even the trips we are planning that no white woman has

done before, seem so simple when I'll be no longer a 'woman traveling alone.'

CHUGUCHAK, February 23

I must mail these letters to you quickly while I still have an envelope large enough to contain them, and I hope you'll read the last one first to know that I am here.

There were two impatient hours at the Russian customs while the officials looked at everything I owned. They'd never seen so many nice and interesting things before and had to ask a great many questions. I even put on a demonstration of how solidified alcohol burns. But there was no trouble about either my things or my expired visa.

Then we trotted out across the snow fields to the Gate of Turkestan, which was a wrecky-looking *pai-lou* of unpainted crumbling wood across the road between two ramshackle shanties. We went into one of the shanties, a small room full of what looked like ordinary Chinese coolies all chattering and drinking tea. One of them, at a table, seemed to be able to read and write, for he inspected our documents and asked many questions and exhibited the queer American passport to all his pals, who tried four ways up to read the words and then decided they were foreign characters; then he remembered he had orders to admit me.

Then two hours across snow fields toward black and white mountains at the foot of which was Chuguchak. Then into muddy streets, and Kitaiski scouting about to discover if Owen had arrived, while I waited perched on the loaded sleigh, and Owen coming round the corner — and there was Chuguchak.

THE MODERN WELL-TEMPERED MIND

BY PAUL F. LAUBENSTEIN

'Is life worth living?' 'It depends on the liver.' Thus did William James with a pun assign to the interpretative humanities their legitimate place in the attempt to trace the cosmic economy, and placed us all in his debt. For in so doing he rendered it unnecessary that anyone should be compelled to wallow in the miasmas of despair to which certain scientifically beset moderns and Spenglerians seem determined to consign us. We may hear the voice of modern science speaking to us, 'each in his own tongue.' James would tell us that the disposition which we bring to the reading of the facts is of as great practical importance as the facts themselves. Science gives us no aid in reading the facts; that is matter for philosophy and religion, whose work includes the interpretation of the data furnished by science.

It is possible for us to look out upon Nature and to see no more than that which is immediately given to us: a series of disconnected phenomena, a chaos with a blind thirst for life, utterly devoid of any pattern or process which man can understand, devoid also of anything like rationality. One may see a Nature everywhere at war with what man wants, continually throwing up obstacles to oppose his desires and his emotions, and conclude that Nature is out of joint, a poor affair indeed. One may see the human being, with his reason and his higher sensibilities, as one of Nature's freaks, analogous to nothing else which she has produced, and out of place in a universe

which itself exhibits no such qualities as these. Although man would fain project a humanity and a teleology upon Nature and thus make her intelligible, would fain make her yield some support for his emotions, his morality, and his spiritual life, in reality there are no correspondences of this kind in Nature herself. In such a universe, to which he is completely alien, he finds life reasonable and bearable only in virtue of his myths, his illusions, his religion, and his philosophy, all born of desire, which interrelate the crazy fragments and give a semblance of rationality and purpose to the whole. By these man has heretofore sustained himself, but now modern science, in explaining, has explained away his myths one by one, and has left him more than ever alone in a world utterly indifferent to his values — the most miserable of all earth's creatures, because he alone has been enabled to ask the question 'Why?' Under such conditions we face, therefore, the vision of a dehumanized world, or else we must make a readjustment more stupendous than any that has ever before been attempted.

This reading of certain facts presented to us by modern science may impress some rather as a modern distemper than as 'The Modern Temper,' the title of Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch's stimulating and arresting article which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* of February 1927, and of which the above is an abstract. Yet the problems treated in this essay and the issues

raised therein are real ones to all who have given sufficient interest to the matter to be aware of the difficulties involved in man's adjustment of his spirit to the new environment amid which science proclaims him to be living, and to all who feel concerned at the prospect of a robotage, either natural or mechanical, which has been prophesied for him.

The first part of the present paper has to do with several specific features of Mr. Krutch's philosophy, the second part with certain issues which it has brought to the fore.

I

Is Mr. Krutch's interpretation of facts, or one cast in the same minor mode, the only type which at the present we can honestly and reasonably hold? Given an ethics which does not rest back upon individual satiety, an eye which can discern positive achievements and significant victories as well as difficulties and defeats, and a full recognition of the truth for which the evolutionary hypothesis stands, might not a different story be told? For any philosophy which blandly ignores the large body of well-authenticated evidence supporting the evolutionary hypothesis, together with the upward trend, however gradual, spasmodic, or irregular it may be, revealed by it, will be deficient just in proportion as it does so.

1. There are those, for example, of an equal robusticity with T. S. Eliot, who would interpret happiness in terms of struggle and effort, in capacity for appreciation, rather than in terms of 'a life in which no lack can be perceived.' The successful attainment of the latter ideal might well result in the production of a race of intellectual, moral, and spiritual morons, or else prove to be a life of unutterable bore-

dom. Hegel could point to the glory and the desirability of strife. He saw the healthy man as one who asks not so much for happiness as for an opportunity to exercise his capacities, for which power and freedom he is willing to pay the penalty of pain. The life and words of that sturdy invalid Robert Louis Stevenson, too, stand as illustrative here: 'For to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.' And we recall similar words from Mr. Shaw, in *Man and Superman*, when he defines the true joy of life as 'the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of nature, instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.' The shade of Carlyle, seemingly here invoked, would also nod approval. The struggle, therefore, which seems to be inherent in Nature may be shown to have a direct relation to man's highest needs, in the development not only of his physical, but also of his moral and spiritual powers, which have been responsible for the creation of his highest and most characteristic products, and have sustained him in his pursuit of still higher ends.

2. Nor must we deplore the evolution of these moral and spiritual qualities as the great misery-makers for man, and out of place in this universe. Let him who will envy the amoral contentedness of the animals. They have paid their price for it and they have their reward. 'All the thoughts of the turtle are turtle.' Healthy-minded human beings, however, prefer to pay the higher price to retain their distinctive human qualities: free will (which we act as though we have), the conscious moral sense, the evaluational and the æsthetic

consciousness, powers of retrospection, of appreciation, of interpretation, of aspiration, of conceptual thought, and the like. While the possession of these does breed a certain dissatisfaction with earth, does make necessary a troublesome, continual adjustment to the universe, and exposes man to dangers peculiar only to himself, yet they make available — or seem to — a range of conscious moral choices, a fullness and a richness of life, capacities for development — in short, conscious compensations, also appreciable by him alone, which are well worth all the struggle spent to maintain them.

The significance of Nature's human experiment is to be gauged by her production of the few representative and typical ones who by dint of the striving which she seems to have made conditional to attainment, and in which robust souls have found life's greatest satisfactions and meaning, have revealed and advanced new and unsuspected intellectual, moral, and spiritual possibilities in human nature while at the same time keeping their feet upon the earth — her highest and most successful exemplar being the Carpenter of Nazareth.

There are thus those again who translate the document of human evolution far differently, who, accepting the fundamental scientific principle of efficient causes, see that it is impossible to regard man as a 'fantastic thing that has developed sensibilities and established values beyond the nature which gave him birth.' Such a view contradicts the very science to which Mr. Krutch gives so much weight, and throws us back upon a creation *ex nihilo*, upon a chaotic universe indeed. Rather must we say here *because* of the nature which gave him birth. The discerning observer, who includes in human experience not

only the facts given by the scientific method, but also those 'transcendental cravings' which have formulated our mythologies, illusions, philosophies, and religions, sees in such cravings, as possessed by man alone, not that which makes him of all Nature its sole maladaptation, but that which is the ultimate product to date of an evolutionary process out of which, to say the least, cause and effect cannot be dropped. If this be true, then are such cravings rooted in Nature, and have a home here. We cannot put them down as chance excrescences. They will 'belong' until they become impotent either to sustain or to promote higher forms of life. But Mr. Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy* is even to-day a 'best seller.'

And that harrowing discontent which we call 'divine,' source of the creative joy of the artist, and of the sciences themselves, is it not that which is distinctive of man, and prophetic of what he may become? If the net result of the long, laborious process of evolution thus far has been the production of human personality with its sense of values, there are not lacking those who, if a pronouncement had to be made as to the greater degree of reality attaching either to the world of external Nature or to man's transcendental cravings, would speak in favor of the latter. Mr. Krutch too recognizes their survival value, and in so doing pays tribute to the reality which informs and underlies the fantastic and grotesque garb and symbolism in which they are often clothed.

But, as a matter of fact, we are not called upon to make such a pronouncement or such a separation. Biology and psychology have been busy recently pointing out to us the unity of experience, of which the 'natural' and the 'spiritual' realms are distinguishable but inseparable aspects. It is a common-

place of modern thinking that the world is 'all of a piece.' Investigation revealing the electronic structure of matter is rendering the older dualism between matter and spirit more difficult than ever to maintain, and supports the idea of a *universe* in a very literal sense of the term — supports too, paradoxically, the idea of a universe in which the conflict and the friction making for the perfect adjustment of part to whole are essential to Being itself, and not an antagonism to be deplored.

Impossible, therefore, is the dualism between man and Nature, so devastating a cudgel in the hands of the human defeatist. Strictly, if values exist for man, they exist also for Nature. What are Nature's 'purposes,' her 'values,' her 'will,' save those which our own consciousness comprehends in her and evaluates as such? But some of man's experimental projections after a permanent set of values are bound to meet with the same end as many other of Nature's trials after values and processes that will be possessed of a high survival potency, after those best fitted to sustain life and to promote higher forms of life. Man's values themselves represent an evolution, and that adjustment of relationship between human and extrahuman Nature which the dualist interprets as an indifference to man's values will doubtless remain a constant factor while his purposes ever remould themselves into such as are better adapted to further the total process. But the monistic view of Nature allowed to us by science forbids us to regard man, even with all his 'conflict' with her, as a thing set over against her.

3. Again, we may ask what the stubborn persistence of the ethical and spiritual aspects of experience, with their causal germs in Nature herself, tells us concerning the character of the

world in which we live. If facts have any meaning whatsoever, it can scarcely be maintained that a universe in which man's supersensual longings have persisted up through the crude stages of superstition, animism, and myth to the refined, complicated philosophical systems and ethical monotheisms of today despite obstacle and persecution, a universe in which such pains and struggles have been expended in the production of human values, is one which is utterly indifferent to these yearnings and values. Here have been found elements out of which such values were capable of being wrought. Indifferent the universe may appear as to man's use of its materials, but it has contained possibilities which have enabled him to evolve more than a 'finished animality,' possibilities also integral to Being. The very effort required in the creation of his ethical and spiritual values has led accordingly to their greater appreciation and to their conservation. There is ample ground for the conservatism of religion. And science is steadily placing in our hands powers and instruments whose intelligent use makes it possible for us still further to conserve human values in the face of the more violent aspects of Nature.

Indeed, upon the 'other-regarding' behavior, especially the mother's protection of the young, which is present in certain species of the animal realm, and upon the survival of types possessing these qualities rather than of such as the heavily armored creatures, John Fiske has succeeded in making out rather a strong case for an ethical trend inherent in Nature herself. To be sure, it is only the human evaluational consciousness 'projecting a humanity upon Nature' — a procedure against which Mr. Krutch rightly warns us — which allows us to talk of anything like ethics or morals in connection with animals.

Yet, if by so doing it is possible to observe in the animal kingdom persistent elements in which we can see factors of value for the evolutionary process, elements to which we have attached human values and which are unconsciously cherished by the animal kingdom, then the presence there of such traces argues corresponding characters and qualities inherent in Nature, and may constitute important pointings and leadings, instructive analogies which should be of worth in effecting man's ever-needed adjustment to Nature and in his conscious direction of human evolution.

Furthermore, the faith which the scientist daily shows in the constancy and dependability of Nature's processes, upon which the discovery of scientific laws and certain types of fact depend, presupposes in the universe what we can call by no better name than 'moral trustworthiness.' Nor can we lightly dismiss as mere subjective phantasmagoria all the body of evidence given in William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience* and in the experience of the mystics of all ages, who, like the scientists, have expected and have found an answering dependability in Nature on condition of the proper adjustment. The same may be said of the higher reaches of religious experience as found in those other vast collections of 'Varieties' — the sacred books of the world.

Instead of relegating such elements to the scrap heap as anachronisms, we shall probably find in them the very powers needed to evolve that which will progressively yield our hearts' desires, if we are robust, and may find in them a support for that human dignity which has such a strong survival value. Perhaps the ancients spoke better than they knew when they placed man at the centre of the universe. An inquiry into the significance and the place of

this large, vital, and unique area of human experience cannot be omitted in making up any estimate of Nature or of Reality.

4. Lastly, science makes it clear to us that she conceives a rationality, an orderliness at the very heart of the universe. The theorems and principles of science have been invented by the human reason, working upon data supplied by Nature herself. If the scientist believed that Nature had no rationale of her own which was accessible to his reason, he would soon despair of wresting from her any of her secrets. The fundamental working assumption of the scientist, it is the only basis upon which he is able 'with increasing completeness to map out the pattern of Nature.' If her processes be not understandable in human terms, be unrelated to human thought, then scientific revelations as representative of Reality are worthless. And if rationality be an attribute of man alone, then the scientific method, based on reason, is forever disqualified from giving to us a true view of Nature, and the world which reason and systematic investigation disclose is a monstrous scientific myth.

Thus, a modern temper, proceeding with the same material as that used by Mr. Krutch, can also justifiably reach more optimistic conclusions. The laws of Nature require even the minor prelude and fugue to close with the *tierce de Picardie*. One may see in the struggle so prominent in Nature man's greatest need, the condition of his happiness and of his highest attainment. It can be shown that his troublesome transcendental cravings, the climax of the evolutionary process, are part and parcel of a unified experience which produced them, are vital elements of experience, and constitute our hope for the future. A universe which makes possible the achievement of human values and provides for their

conservation, and in which it is possible to see an inherent ethical trend, can scarcely be utterly indifferent to its products. In the fact of the stubborn persistence of this sense of human values may be found one indication of the character of the universe. Science assumes as the condition of the validity of its findings the rationality of Nature.

If it be the case that two equally permissible and reasonable interpretations of phenomena are possible, it is reasonable and in accordance with Nature to choose the one which promises most for the further unfolding of the highest potentialities which the evolutionary process to date has made known to us. That an optimistic reading of scientific facts is permissible and reasonable, and not mere sentimentality or wish-fulfillment, is evident from the views of such scientists as Professors Thomson, Pupin, Whitehead, Sir Oliver Lodge, and others.

But, if we fail to feel the force of any conclusion reached by the human reason which at the same time pronounces the evolution of the distinctively human traits a colossal cosmic blunder, or of a prophecy that man, as man, must in time expect to be expatriated from the universe, we cannot escape the urgency of several important issues which Mr. Krutch's philosophy has raised.

II

In the first place, his article makes clear the extent of our submission to a *new dogmatism of science*, quite as bigoted as that of the most sterile ecclesiastical system, and the responsibility for which must not be laid altogether at the door of the scientists. We are lost and discontented creatures without some authority to which to yield our allegiance. Our vaunted 'open mind' may mean anything from

the purely transmissive mind of the *illuminatus* bewildered at the march of ideas through his consciousness, but holding no loyalties of his own, to the one which has merely exchanged an older authority for a newer one, a spiritual conviction for a scientific theory, or a religious ideal for a literary idol. We have learned to discard the Bible as an authority on every subject under the sun, and to limit the field of its application to religion. We have not yet learned a similar lesson with respect to science. A particular science may earn for itself the right to speak with authority in whatever particular field it chooses to map out for its investigations. There are areas in which certain scientific methods, perfected after many years of experimentation, have proven themselves to be especially successful. We henceforth assume for all science a general adequacy, and its authority 'spills over' from one field into another, irrespective of differences in the material dealt with, and of the types of technique required in different cases.

There are certain false assumptions, gratuitously made, which underlie the new dogmatism of science, and which deserve to be cleared away, in the interest both of science and of philosophy and religion.

1. In the first place, it is high time we stop talking of the 'certitudes of science.' The term is at best a hazy and a misleading one and conveys the impression that science is infallible. It ignores the fact that some sciences have perfected themselves more than others, and its use strengthens a tendency already formed to make of science a fetish, a thing to conjure with and to swear by. Here we have a new variety of myth taking form under our very eyes.

It is a strange human inconsistency which is willing to grant to science the

privilege of making mistakes and later of correcting them, of discarding false views for newer and truer ones, without a shade of discredit to the authority of science, but which stigmatizes with the labels 'superstition,' 'mythology,' 'illusion,' 'delusion,' — what powers either to 'make' or to 'break' we have conferred upon labels! — the corresponding earlier interpretations of Reality made by the human spirit, and adduces as evidence conclusive of the general unreliability of religion its occasional sloughing off of formulations which experience has proven to be untrue in favor of newer and truer views. The fair name of science emerges unsullied from the wreckage of mistaken hypotheses by which, nevertheless, it has been enabled to rise, while the mistaken hypotheses of religion have placed it, at least for some, in a position from which it may never again hope to show its head without discredit — it must continue to bear the brands 'superstition,' 'mythology,' 'illusion,' 'delusion.'

2. A second unwarranted assumption is that scientific methods and categories are interchangeable. So successful have certain sciences been in dealing with three-dimensional matter and with the forces of external Nature that it has been assumed that the same methods which obtain in the physical sciences will also prove to be equally efficacious when applied in the realm of human experience. If in his treatment of life, for example, the biologist or the psychologist can discover nothing but measurable physicochemical results, that is only because with physicochemical methods it is difficult to see what other results he could obtain, and 'constitutes no proof that there is nothing in life that is not physicochemical.' Similarly, methods which have proven successful in dealing with animal behavior can be expected to appertain

only to animal behavior in men, and the results thus obtained constitute no proof that there is nothing in human experience that is not animal behavior. If human behavior is adequately to be described, we must at least have methods and categories of kind. Surely the present diversity of opinion between animist, introspectionist, vitalist, Freudian, behaviorist, and Gestaltist gives little basis here for either scientific dogmatism or certitude.

3. A third gratuitous assumption has been hinted at in the above. It consists in the belief that science — here psychology — is perfectly capable of rendering a true, exhaustive account of human experience. It goes back to the spilling-over process just mentioned. When, after analyzing a situation, psychology synthesizes the elements obtained and tells us the result, the reconstruction is usually lacking in precisely those qualities which make it a human experience: the significance of the original total reality grasped in one act; the essential meaning of the original experience; the place of the experience in the totality of things; the evaluational, the appreciative, the purposive elements — these are not matters for scientific method as we know it to-day. If the time ever comes when psychology will talk anthropomorphically of man, taking cognizance of the conative human powers with which of all things we are most familiar, then it may also talk more adequately of him.

A psychology of religion, in so far as it employs a technique and uses methods borrowed from the physical sciences, can hope to deal only partially with life in its religious aspects. Any claim on the part of science to show how man's transcendental cravings were born, in the endeavor by so doing to prove them a delusion, proceeds upon the assumption that science is in possession of a method thoroughly adequate

to deal with the experiences of the human spirit not only in its earthly but in its cosmic bearings. Nor does the 'uncovering' of the lowly origin of a human institution discount its present attainment, else science too falls under the same condemnation. Unfortunately for the human defeatist, when the investigations of such scholars as Durkheim and Frazer reveal certain elements having to do with the beginnings of religious beliefs, obviously such revelations concern only beginnings. Even if we assume that we have reliable data and a method adequate to give us an authentic account of institutional origins, the value of a human institution is not to be measured in terms of its origin. Its significance and its reality lie in the whole trend of the evolutionary process by means of which it became what it has become, in its social achievement, in the eminence to which it has attained, and in its future possibilities. In dealing with present realities, we hold a thing to be what it is, including its inherent potentialities, and not what it came from.

4. We are rapidly becoming enlightened as to the falsity of the supposition that the specialist in any particular science is ipso facto also well qualified to speak with equal authority on religion and philosophy. Our ideas on transfer of training, on specialization of field, and the sad results of such trust are leading us to abandon this assumption. We have learned to distinguish between the scientist talking as scientist and the scientist talking as philosopher or religionist. Doubtless there are some men qualified to act in the double capacity, but they are rare.

5. A futile phrase is that quasi-triumphant one of a spiritually iconoclastic science: 'Let the facts speak for themselves!' Would that they could, and did! Would that the data pre-

sented to us by the animal and the physical realms spoke so unequivocally of Reality as to make our conflicting scientific theories and our epistemological squabbles needless! But, since they are mute, only we articulate ones can lend them tongues — our own tongues, which they use in a representative way, and speak many diverse things. Yet it will ever remain the inalienable privilege of all, not only of the scientist, thus to make fact vocal, *nach Belieben*. Is disposition or fact superior here? And what is 'fact'? Greater unanimity of interpretation is to be hoped for only to the degree that scientist, metaphysician, and religionist will agree to work together, considering facts and experiences in their totality.

6. By far the most serious false assumption underlying the new dogmatism of science is our willingness to regard scientific methods and categories as the only valid and legitimate ones both for the discovery of truth and for its explanation and description. The reason for this is not far to seek. The statements of the natural sciences are clear-cut, definite, and capable of verification by experience; scientific results are for the most part tangible, concrete, measurable, in the limited field which each science marks out for its province. Not only has the modern scientific complex led us to demand proof as a condition of the acceptance of any Reality, but it has deluded us into believing that the only proof worthy of the name, adequate and true, is proof set up in scientific formulæ. The interpretative humanities on the other hand, and especially religion, must often utter their voices, if they would be articulate at all, in a medium not always adapted to that which they would express — namely, in language. Hence the use of simile, metaphor, analogy, symbol, allegory, statements and

terms often vague and indistinct, meet for aspects of experience for which articulateness and exact presentation are indifferent matters. But it is becoming increasingly necessary to ask in virtue of what fiat it is that the procedure and the conceptions of modern science have attained to such sanctity that they must be regarded as the exclusive legitimate agencies for the discovery and the explanation of truth. And must we say that only that which lends itself to scientific description and explanation is the real and the true, and limit experience therefore only to the commensurable? The formulæ of science are symbols, between which and the things they represent the scientist has faith to believe exists an exact correspondence. But scientific methods and categories are neither eternal, divinely inspired, infallible, nor immutable; they are modern, man-made, and subject to error and change to such an extent that a scientific text of a decade past may even now be outmoded. Indeed, investigation might well disclose a greater unanimity and constancy of method, image, concept, and category among the mystics of all ages and races than among the methods and categories of science.

In their entirety these are based upon an unproved postulate, the uniformity of natural processes — a postulate unproved because, strictly speaking, there are no absolutely identical repetitions. Even the scientist's 'most useful conceptions, like atom, energy, gravitation, are hypothetical and acceptable only as they serve to systematize thought and permit deductions verifiable in experience.' It is not for him who trusts in the validity of scientific findings to reproach the mystical philosophers, as does Mr. Krutch, with the accusation that they have made Nature over in their own image, and thus have found oneness with her. For if we deny to 'the rotting earth' any

rationality or order whatsoever, and hold rationality to be an attribute of man alone, — both of which Mr. Krutch seems inclined to do, — then must we hold the scientist to be par excellence the one who with his own scientific categories gives us at best but his reflection of Nature, and we can base no arguments under these conditions upon the 'certitudes of science.' It is only upon the assumption, in faith, by the scientist that there is a rational basis in Nature which will validate his own rational methods and categories that he can hope to arrive at anything more than the mere projection of his own rationality upon Nature. Moreover he assumes, also in faith, that the human reason is a dependable and a trustworthy tool to use in the search for truth. But more of this later.

Thus the mystic and the scientist both ultimately rest their cases upon faith. Both use tools for their 'investigations' which are given by Nature, and in the same faith — the one, the transcendental cravings; the other, the reason. Both use fallible human methods and categories — those of the mystic are of long standing and are possessed of a certain constancy and universality of character, and find language an imperfect medium of expression; those of the scientist are relatively modern and are subject to constant change in the light of experience. Both find 'answers' of kind given to their questionings by Nature, hence an assurance which makes for the persistence of both types. But they differ widely as to the definiteness with which they articulate. Science affords one way of getting at certain varieties of truth; the easy assumption that it is the only way ignores wide and important areas of human experience.

7. Appendant to the above, yet perhaps separate from it, might be mentioned the serene confidence which

science and much of the modern world place in the reliability of the reason. Typical of this attitude is a statement from a recent author (1926): 'If reason cannot discover the truth for us, then most assuredly nothing else will.' This confidence is in many respects justified, yet the fact that reason, acting upon one set of data, may yield many different theories is apt to make us question its cocksureness and its impartiality as the instrument of scientific research. The reason which, in the performance of its scientific tasks, is free from the bias of 'hobbydom,' leanings, emotion, and will is indeed a rare phenomenon.

We cannot fail to recognize the marvels wrought by modern science in many fields, how deeply it has enmeshed itself in our modern civilization, the great obligation under which it has placed us; but neither can we be blind to its limitations: to the questionable blessing of more leisure which we are too stupid to use in constructive ways, or which we are compelled to employ in caring for its inventions; to setting up as human excellences the purely machine virtues, such as speed, quantity, and standardization; to absorption in things material, with the danger of a physical softening and a spiritual hardening. One generalization we may safely hazard without fear of contradiction. It is the generalization of particularity: a thing is good for what it is good for. Disregard of this principle is likely to lead us into trouble at any time, and is responsible for most of the false assumptions underlying the new dogmatism of science.

III

The second issue raised by Mr. Krutch's article has to do with the first alternative proposed in its closing sentence. Living in a world rapidly being

transformed by modern scientific conceptions, a world in which 'only the intellect can rejoice,' and apparently indifferent to spiritual values, does the human spirit find itself facing extinction? Has Nature 'betrayed the heart that loved her'?

The fact that this question has been asked is significant of a protest against the idea. It is decidedly uncomplimentary to human nature and distasteful to the evaluational consciousness. If the prestige of the reason, a prestige enhanced by its use in the sciences, has so gained the ascendancy at the present time that it threatens to foreclose on the human spirit, it is but natural that the latter should demand some credentials as to its all-inclusive pretensions. And signs are not lacking that the spirit of protest against the usurpation of all of life by the critical intelligence is abroad, as we think of the *Jugendbewegung*, the various vitalistic philosophies, and the 'Crisis theology' of Karl Barth. Are we to regard such indications of unrest as harbingers of the dawn of a new *Sturm und Drang*? A youth which in our institutions of learning has been coming into contact with doctrines of scientific determinism seems determined to make such doctrines the basis of claims for more freedom. A strange and significant paradox!

There is no doubt that the prestige of the reason has penetrated deeply into modern life. We give ourselves up to the delusion that we are rational beings — a delusion which a detailed analysis of our thoughts, motives, and acts for even twenty-four hours will dispel. Rather do we show ourselves unbalanced in pretending to a complete rationality. And we impoverish ourselves by refusing to yield our loyalties to religion, to a philosophy of life, because forsooth it may contain elements of a type not open to verification by approved scientific methods.

We may even admit — with due respect for the psychologist — that ‘out of the heart are the issues of life,’ that the activities of the human spirit are really the more vital and the more distinctive of man; yet because the critical intelligence fails to support the pre-suppositions upon which it proceeds ‘to found empires, conquer wildernesses, and create works of art,’ we prophesy a possible extinction of the irrational human spirit!

But surely we are not shut up to one choice alone in the matter of a guide to life. No cosmic decree has forced us to accept the reason as the sole and infallible arbiter of our destinies. Certainly the critical intelligence has not shown itself friendly to the higher aspirations which have sustained man in his struggle for life, and which have received such strong pragmatic support — both Mr. Krutch and Mr. Unamuno find themselves in emphatic agreement here. In the face of this scientifically supported prestige of the reason, is it possible that we are exhibiting a ‘failure of nerve’? This depends upon the view we take as to the place of the human spirit in this universe. If we deem it to be an excrescence of Nature, or unstable froth left in an eddy by the ongoing stream of evolution, then perhaps we have ground for *Weltschmerz*. But if we regard man in his entirety, — and how else can we regard him? — as being rooted in Nature, with his distinctive restless spiritual discontent as the highest product of evolution that we know, giving significance to the whole process, and destined, on condition of his continuous struggle, to still higher developments, then we may have another outlook for the human spirit. And as for any moral or spiritual correspondences in Nature that would give cosmic support to human values, we may only propound this question in lieu of the inapplicability of

‘scientific demonstration’ in the matter. With what reason can we say that a world which has shown itself so morally trustworthy as not to fail the modern scientist in his faith in its dependability and responsiveness should suddenly and capriciously proclaim that it has heretofore merely been toying with the transcendental cravings of man in his age-long quest for Reality?

IV

The third issue raised by Mr. Krutch is the second alternative proposed in the last sentence of his article. Granting that the human spirit does not face extinction, then there impends for it a ‘readjustment more stupendous than any made before.’ With this most of us will agree. It is to be expected that Nature’s huge experiment on the conscious human plane should be beset, as were doubtless her experiments aforetime on other planes of existence, with tremendous difficulties peculiar to it.

Spengler would tell us, indeed, that no readjustment is possible; that it is futile to try to deflect the course of the fate-impelled cycles of human culture; that each culture contains within itself, when it has actualized the full sum of its possibilities in the way of peoples, languages, dogmas, arts, states, and sciences, the instruments of its own ruin. In our present civilization, men have lost their touch with the soil, and the springs of inspiration in art, religion, and philosophy are already dried up. Especially is the critical, analytical intelligence deadly to the creative impulse. Science, with its more exact knowledge, has robbed us of the garb of poetry and romance attaching to our older conceptions and has left us Nature in the bare flesh and bone. With much of Spengler’s philosophy we may find ourselves in sympathy. What concerns us now is the question as to the

hopelessness of the attempt at readjustment.

But here too a different reading of all the facts is possible, including again the scientific evidence for a progressive evolution — with or without the specific Darwinian optimism for which Spengler has no place. For if in the arts, philosophy, and religion we seem to have reached 'the winter of our discontent,' yet science has given to us a world so changed from any which we have ever known, so charged with potentialities never before even dreamed of in all the previous history of the race, as practically to be a new one. It possesses new elements which will not readily permit of its being used to illustrate a so-called law of rhythmical development immanent in all cultures. In its scientifically creative aspects, ours is an age standing on the tiptoe of expectancy (witness even the suggestion of a scientific holiday), illustrative rather of a *Wiederbelebung* than of a *Vollendung*. True, this new world itself creates its own problems of readjustment, but it may also open up new creative possibilities for art, religion, and philosophy of types as yet unsuspected.

Nor, unless Spengler's presupposition, 'All is given,' finds support in our growing experience, need we be committed to his cyclical philosophy of history, which makes impossible any talk of readjustment. Analogies in history there undoubtedly are, and at least one important specification of the Spenglerian scheme is fulfilled if we conceive of these as occurring on an irregularly ascending spiral of conscious, human evolution whose curves for certain distances may trace similar arcs, but on different levels. It is always the new, unexplored area in the curve which at the same time begets despair and hope. And, as ever, it is toward the possibilities which the new element

— science, in this case — may hold out for the human spirit that we need to turn. Yet, the present growing protest against an arid, deadly intellectualism seems to suggest that the decisive factors in promoting readjustment will not be the intellect or science, whatever part they may play, but faith — a perfectly respectable *thing* — and morale, for which Nature herself furnishes a basis. As in the past, the discovery of values that will yield support to the human spirit will be for those whose trust in the good faith of Nature has never faltered, for those who have prepared themselves to see values where others do not. New adjustments in religion and philosophy will be required, but truth is capable of withstanding many fierce indoctrinations along the way that leads to a formulation of Reality which will enable us to live truly.

A critical time it is for the human spirit, when the pursuit of an intellectualized science, of mechanical invention, the quest for commercial prestige, for power and wealth, seem to constitute for large numbers of people 'a life in which no lack can be perceived,' 'a finished animality,' and a type from which, if it is persistent enough, 'Nature may select the coming race.' We cannot blink away the difficulties involved in effecting a readjustment at the present time, nor neglect to give some attention to the conditions under which we may hope for the most successful realignment.

As for the difficulties, modern science, although so young, has the advantage of a running start upon those agencies which have as their task the readjustment of man to his environment — namely, philosophy and religion. The phenomenally rapid development of the sciences has taken these, so to speak, unawares. The new world which they have given to us, together with

the World War, has left us confused in an era of transition. We have been charmed with the rapid pace set by science and with the conciseness of her utterance, and have expected from philosophy and religion an equal facility in assimilating the new material which she has given us, and an equal clarity of speech. Such expectations reveal an ignorance of the nature of the interpretative humanities. The speed with which science has caused us to move in our modern life has unconsciously come to be taken as an index of worth, as has her mass production.

But philosophy and religion move with deliberate tread. Where value judgments are concerned, there can be no talk of speed; and for religion, at least, verbal utterance is not always the most happy or the most adequate. In addition, we are loath to allow for mistaken hypotheses in the interpretative humanities as we do in the sciences. Yet, when scientific theories on any one subject are changing so rapidly and are not always unanimous, philosophy and religion have nothing left to do but to await a more general agreement among scientists. And lastly, this readiness with which Nature yields her secrets to the scientific method, the satisfaction attending discovery, and the immediate use to which invention can put the results obtained, have caused many to turn with impatience from the more laborious and apparently unrewarding task of seeking 'meanings.' To avoid doing this, they immerse themselves in 'more science,' where the returns are quicker and more tangible. Such are some of the difficulties which present themselves, and they suggest certain conditions whose fulfillment seems to underlie the most successful readjustment.

The first of the conditions has to do with the presuppositions and the attitude of mind with which we face the

problem. Obviously, if we *hope* for a readjustment, the thing to do is to believe that it is possible and worth the attempt. Our sense of values has indeed received a jolt, and we are seeking new foundations for it. One ounce of pessimism exhibited under more hopeful conditions has in the present critical transition era the weight of a pound. We might almost speak of the spiritual obligation to be optimistic in times like the present. 'If at the last, all the universe and all our striving should be revealed as having been blundering nonsense, write me down as one who was unwilling to admit it.' Such an attitude need not be mere empty braggadocio, and will certainly hasten readjustment.

But can we talk of hastening readjustment in view of the disparity in pace between science and the interpretative humanities and the present handicap under which the latter labor? We are overwhelmed by reason of too much knowledge and too many devices. Our present despair and spiritual inertia may be due to an intellectual, moral, and spiritual malassimilation and indigestion. If things remain as they are, the outlook seems serious enough to justify some drastic expedient for restoring our lost equilibrium, and 'for making the ends meet in the scale of human life.' There is point, therefore, to the proposal of a holiday in the field of applied science — except in that of pathology and kindred branches. It is for us now to learn how to master rather than to be mastered by the powers and the tools already placed at our disposal by modern science, to develop the moral and the spiritual intelligence necessary to their salutary and not their destructive employment. So to do might make for more rapid 'progress' in the long run, and there need be no fear of 'lost arts.' We have developed sufficient speed

capacities, sufficient physical comforts and conveniences, to last us for some time to come — and sufficient noise! It behooves us now, in any event, to consider bearings, meanings, interpretations, significances, universals, 'characters,' values, appreciations, and the like, whether in philosophy or in religion, whose work this is, and not that of science. To entrust to science alone the solution of our intellectual and spiritual difficulties or our problems of readjustment is to admit the validity of Mr. Krutch's despair. In fact it is unjust to science to assume its adequacy for all things — to make of it a modern philosopher's stone. Mr. H. L. Mencken's prattle to the effect that philosophy cannot survive facts, and is the pursuit of infantile minds, reveals the need not of less, but of more and better philosophy; reveals also a common misconception of the function of the modern philosopher and prophet, men whose relation to facts is like that of the cartographer to the terrain with which he is so thoroughly familiar that he can chart for others the safest course to follow, the pitfalls to be avoided, and the like — whose function, in a word, is directive.

It seems clear that any interpretation of life which is to claim and to hold the respect of the 'serious mind searching for some terms upon which it may live' cannot ignore the new facts concerning the external universe which modern science has been giving to us. Neither can it ignore, as we have attempted to show, the 'findings' made by the human spirit. Both are data furnished by human experience and are equally deserving of consideration.

There can be little hope of readjustment unless a world dominated by an exaggerated estimate of the all-sufficiency of science is also willing to listen with respect to the voices of philosophy and religion; is willing to grant them

the time and the opportunity to invent new and more representative terms and categories, and also the right to speak in their own tongues. Whatever readjustment is made must be one which will be inclusive of the experience of man in his totality. If we conceive of man in his entirety as being rooted in Nature, then, if we may learn from Spengler, we cannot scorn 'the base degrees by which he did ascend,' his contact with the soil, his physical roots, out of which ultimately have sprung the unique blossoms of human culture, which Nature has taken such pains to produce. If his transcendental cravings be also recognized as a very vital part of his life, then they too can ill afford to be passed over in making up the final account. The roots and the blossoms again are not mutually exclusive, but belong together in this universe, as the sturdy earthly roots and the soaring blossoms belong together in the reprise of the *Meistersinger* Prelude. It is false to suppose, because the data here concerned are different in kind, that they are therefore necessarily in conflict, although a mutual adjustment between the data given by science and those given by the human spirit may indeed be very difficult to effect.

Science, for example, would apparently require of any philosophy or religion entitled to respect the willingness to adopt new categories and conceptions, or at least those characterized by a certain fluidity, so that they might be readily adjusted to an ever-changing and an ever-developing science. It would demand of the interpretative humanities the recognition that a monistic basis is the only one possible in any interpretation of Reality; that whatever support man receives for his human values must come from within the universe and not from without.

However, the 'will to readjustment' is the important thing. Scientist,

philosopher, and religionist coöperating with one another in mutual sympathy, agreeing upon a division of labor, acknowledging differences of kind in material, method, and category, acknowledging the just, well-founded claims of each in his own field, may slowly and progressively work out a basis for the readjustment of the human spirit to its new environment. Since Nature has come to consciousness only in man, has given to him alone the power to objectify himself and to see relationships, and since of men she has chosen the philosopher to be her pilot (to borrow a conception of Don Juan in Mr. Shaw's *Man and Superman*), and, may we add also, the prophet — she may be thought of as having entrusted to these the duty of so reading her as to be able to point the way to better coördination with her constructive tendencies, looking toward a more perfect and effective adjustment of man's aims to the Whole, whose ways he can at least partly understand. The high significance and responsibility of the interpretative humanities in promoting a consciously directed human evolution, with the aid of science and in accordance with Nature, considered in the most inclusive sense, are apparent. And to science

belongs the indispensable task of furnishing a reliable resultant text for philosophy and religion to decipher.

And the human spirit need not be lily-livered in claiming its birthright when, over long periods of time and in the experience of many of different ages and races, it has found in Nature, on condition of the right adjustment, a certain dependability and constancy in the 'answers' given to its quest — answers comprehensible to those who, like the scientist in the physical realm, have prepared themselves to understand the experiences peculiar to it, and the symbols in which it may articulate. The threatened extinction of the human spirit need not alarm us so long as we have the will and the courage not to see it extinguished. Its future is partly conditioned upon man's wise use of those encouraging potentialities which Nature has revealed. The universe has displayed to our evaluational consciousness certain moral leanings, and it is at least not unfriendly to our highest values. It has shown itself willing to coöperate in their production and in their preservation. Who knows what further longed-for revelation of Reality awaits a strenuous trust imposed in Nature's good faith?

PROTHALAMION

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

LET the love torches shake their yellow hair
Loose on the night, while the moon like a moth
Dances the dance of death and everywhere
Stars drop and bubble in a fiery broth!
Is this not sweeter than to eke love out
Miserably like alms, as though love were
Doled from a bag to every vulgar lout
Or ticketed to every pensioner?

Heap silver baskets! Let no torch relax
Its lustre! Fill the gaudy flagons deep!
Time like a headsman leans upon his axe;
He has another crimson tryst to keep:
No nodding now, for when the headsman hacks
There will be time, and time to spare, for sleep.

THE PRICE OF FURS

A PLEA FOR HUMANE TRAPPING

BY LUCY FURMAN

THE past century has witnessed a remarkable awakening of the human conscience in regard to the treatment of animals. We are a long way from the day when the high prelate of a great church could make the solemn pronouncement, 'Man owes to the lower animals no duty whatever.' So strong is our belief that we do owe them duties that the statute books of all our states contain laws against the 'unnecessary mutilation or torment of any living creature'; humane societies in all our cities make it their constant business to inspect stock cars and abattoirs, as well as to watch always for the abuse of horses, dogs, and cats; while it is the consensus of opinion among all civilized peoples that the very least we can do for the dumb creatures whose bodies must furnish us food, and whose skins warmth, is to give them a quick and painless death.

How is it, then, that after such an awakening our eyes are closed to, our voices not raised against, a cruelty of immense proportions which has made such phenomenal growth within the past half-dozen years that few have any idea of its present extent?

I refer to the use of the steel trap for the taking of wild, fur-bearing animals. Within the past four or five years the vogue for fur has so enormously increased that, at the most conservative estimate, one hundred millions of

fur-bearing animals in America alone now suffer yearly in steel traps.

All of us who are women know how, a few seasons ago, the craze for fur coats, fur trimmings, and summer furs came in like a tidal wave, carrying us all before it, until at the present day it is rare to see a woman on the streets who does not wear fur. We also know that furs are very beautiful, and more becoming than anything we can wear — this being our sole excuse for the use of them in summertime.

If we have ever thought at all about how the furs were procured, probably we have had in mind the picture of a hunter, slipping Indian-like through the woods, stalking and then painlessly shooting his prey. This is all we know about it, unless we have lived much in remote and wild sections. The fur trade, making immense profits from the prevailing fashion, cannot be expected to enlighten us; we see no mention of the matter in papers and magazines; therefore we thrust any troublesome questionings back into that hinterland of our consciousness where other painful matters are confined, and think no more upon them.

What, then, is the truth about the procuring of furs?

The truth is that practically all fur-bearing animals, from the ubiquitous muskrat to the more highly prized fox, skunk, beaver, and lynx, are now taken, not by the quick flash

of the merciful rifle, but by the prolonged, hideous, unimaginable agony of the steel trap.

One cannot open a boys' magazine that does not present numerous advertisements of steel traps, with enticing figures as to prices paid for pelts; one cannot walk far through woods or beside streams in any section, North, East, South, or West, without coming upon one or more of these instruments of torture, holding sometimes a victim, exhausted by its struggles and waiting in agony for the merciful blow which shall end its torment. This, too, at all seasons of the year, the breeding season included — for boys and ignorant men do not discriminate, and thus take many hundreds of thousands of pelts which are worthless, besides leaving the young of the animal to starve. This amateur trapping has indeed reached such proportions that both the fur trade and the Government are alarmed, foreseeing in the near future the total extinction of fur-bearing animals.

But the regular trapping done by experienced men who make a business of it in the great Northern woods, or in the forests of the West — surely it is more humane, you ask.

If anything, it is less humane. The trapping boy throughout the United States, the poor white or negro man of the Southern swamps and forests, having little else to do, may possibly visit his few traps daily, as the laws of some states require. But the professional trapper of the Northern woods and Western forests, with his long line of traps extending thirty, fifty, even a hundred miles, cannot if he would — it is a physical impossibility — visit his traps oftener than twice a week, sometimes not oftener than once a week. Into such regions humane officers never go; game wardens, if any, are not in evidence; and the trapper is, as he

has always been, a law unto himself.

But what of the wild creature, — fox, wolf, skunk, lynx, — ranging the deep woods for food, attracted by the bait, its paw suddenly seized and broken by the strong steel jaws, and held there in spite of all the frenzied struggles to escape? Captivity is in itself torture to a free, wild thing; and when to this is added the cutting of the trap teeth into the living flesh, the relentless pressure of the steel upon keen and sensitive nerves (this prolonged pressure being the chief cause of suffering), is it any wonder that at last, after hours, maybe days and nights, of desperation, the creature often gnaws off its own paw, pulls out the tendons and sinews of its leg, in order to escape the intolerable anguish?

In countries so bitter cold that even a fur-bearing animal outside its den or hole must keep moving to avoid freezing, the latter death may come within a few hours as a merciful relief; but the majority of creatures are not caught so far north, and prolonged agony precedes the death of most. Could this agony in some way be photographed upon the soft fur, or cry out from its glossy surface, I am sure there is not a woman in the United States, not even the most flippant little flapper, who would buy a fur coat, or a fur-trimmed coat, or even a fur scarf.

Occasionally some paid agent of the fur business will undertake to give his opinion that an animal caught in a steel trap does not suffer greatly, or at any rate not so much as would a man in its place. Since he has never been an animal caught in a steel trap, his opinion is worth little, besides being open to suspicion. When we remember that all warm-blooded animals have highly organized nervous systems, and that the senses of a wild animal — sight, smell, hearing, and taste — are more acute and keen than those of

civilized man, why should we except its remaining sense — that of feeling? The probabilities are that that sense is also more acute; that, instead of suffering less than a man, a wild creature actually suffers more. Most of us will heartily agree with Professor John M. Tyler, the eminent biologist of Amherst College, when he says, 'A man who says that an animal in a steel trap does not suffer, and suffer severely, is either foolish, or he lies.'

The saddest part of this cruelty is that, of the hundred million lives so tormented and sacrificed, probably nine tenths suffer needlessly. South of the Arctic Circle, furs are, strictly speaking, never necessary. The very trappers and lumberjacks of the Canadian forests do not themselves wear furs — they wear warm woolens, with sometimes a sheepskin jacket. In the temperate climate of almost all of the United States, we well know that furs are not necessary, as is evidenced by the fact that our outdoor workmen of all kinds — men in the building and other trades, those engaged in street- and track-repair work, as well as truck drivers, mail carriers, traffic policemen, and others constantly exposed to the weather — never think of such a thing as wearing furs. It is left for our protected and well-to-do women, living in furnace-heated houses, to wear fur coats when in wintertime they venture forth in heated cars to shop in heated stores. The less well-to-do ape their styles, and, if a fur coat cannot be afforded, have trimmings of fur. And all wear fur scarfs in hot weather.

After the craze for summer furs and fur trimmings came in, it was estimated by the fur trade that its business quadrupled within a very short time. It is at present estimated, also by the fur trade, that at least three fourths of all furs used go into trimmings and summer furs, both of which, as every-

body admits, are entirely useless, save for their becomingness.

A generation ago, I remember well how every woman in America who could get one was wearing an aigrette, or aigrettes, on her hat. We were aigrette-crazy. A velvet hat perched very high on our heads, and topped by as many aigrettes as we could afford, was simply the last word in fashion. Then someone, under the auspices of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, — may it be forever honored for its stand, — began to tell us the history of these aigrettes — how they were the wedding plumes of the gentle white heron, and how in Florida swamps, and beside other Southern waters, men stole upon these bird brides while they sat upon their eggs or hovered their young, and, rudely snatching them from the nest, tore from their living breasts the delicate plumes, with skin and flesh attached, and then flung the birds down, beneath their orphaned babes, to die.

After I heard this, the aigrette lost all its charms for me. I would myself have died before wearing another. And millions of women in America were of the same mind. The laws which were promptly passed could never alone have wiped out this cruelty; but the laws, backed by the awakened conscience of American women, did the work — after a few years an aigrette was never seen. In rather similar manner some of the evils of pelagic sealing were abolished.

Fashion, therefore, is not altogether our god; we are capable of dropping a style like a hot cake when we know that at its root is something iniquitous.

In the present case, what is needed is not so much to abolish the use of furs, but to have them taken in such a way that the label, 'Humanely Killed,' can truthfully be sewed upon them. Then we shall be able to buy and wear them with a clear conscience.

How shall this be brought about?

I am glad to be able to say that recently there was organized in the city of Washington an Anti-Steel-Trap League, with the object of getting laws passed by the legislatures of all the states against the manufacture, sale, or use of the steel trap. This league in no way opposes or antagonizes the fur trade; its sole purpose is to bring about the taking of furs in a humane way — either by traps which instantly kill or do not injure, by fair methods of hunting and shooting, or by the new and growing method of fur farming, which is coming rapidly to the front as a highly profitable occupation.

The League is conducted on sane and sensible lines, and sportsmen's organizations are now backing it up, while the legislature of one state, South Carolina, last winter passed the desired law, and many more are expected to pass it this winter.

Who that has ever had intimate acquaintance with any wild creature can tolerate the thought of the hideous cruelties practised under the present system? Ever since the day when, walking through a beautiful stretch of woods, I came upon a baby skunk circling piteously about, hunting for its lost mother (at that moment probably in the jaws of a steel trap), and, taking up the little thing, found it gentle and grateful and kind as a kitten and in every way as suitable for a pet, I have been as unwilling to think of a skunk suffering such agony as I should be to think of the most favored Persian cat undergoing torment.

And, speaking of cats, it may not be unknown to my readers that in a number of our large cities at the present

time are agencies whose purpose is to encourage the catching and stealing of cats, in order to recruit the fur trade — the fur being dyed and sold under counterfeit names, to adorn, possibly, the coat of the very woman who has lamented the loss of the cat.

And coons, — raccoons, I believe the Northerners call them, — who that has had a pet coon and enjoyed its cunning, friendly ways, and felt its small black fingers exploring into one's ears and nose, and mouth too if one was not careful, can tolerate the thought of long torture being inflicted upon creatures so engaging? Rambling not many months ago along the edge of some Florida woods, I caught my breath with shock at the sight of half a dozen small pink bodies, amazingly like those of tiny human babies, hanging by their heads from a low tree limb. I must have exclaimed, for a man near by ceased his wood-chopping, or whatever he was doing, to look up at me; and when, pointing to the row of small bodies, I asked, 'What are they?' he drawled pleasantly, 'Them's coons — coons some fellers ketched down in these-here woods, and skint for their hides.' It then dawned upon me that here were more products of the steel trap — that the tiny black fingers had explored once too often and had come upon long and cruel agony.

I believe that no class of women will be so ready and so able to take hold of this evil of steel-trapping, and put an end to the most outstanding atrocity of modern times, as the thinking women who read the *Atlantic*. I beg that each one will feel it laid upon her to do something in the matter — to 'open her mouth for the dumb.'

ALLENBY OF MEGIDDO

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

I

FEW famous men have been the object of such extremes of condemnation and admiration within the space of a few years as Allenby. It may be replied that these extremes are not so uncommon, that the crowd is always fickle in its favors. But the verdict came not from popular opinion, which knew him not until he was famous; it came from his peers and his subordinates who were in close touch with him during the four years of the World War. Most curious of all was the sharp dividing line drawn by a journey through the Mediterranean in June 1917. For almost three years in France he had been the target of strong criticism, lessening only in degree in the later part of this time — criticism not lightly to be discounted, because it came from many quarters and from men whose honesty and judgment were, and still are, held in the highest respect. Then he left to take over the command of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, and from that moment on his reputation became as radiantly white as formerly it had been black. Nor was the change due to military success. Men may win victories which crown them with popular glory, but victory does not blind their coworkers to the existence of their defects. It is proverbial that no man is a hero to his valet, and few generals are immaculate in the eyes of their staff and subordinate commanders, however loyal these may be in comment at the time, or however

much they may admire their chief on balance. Yet Allenby in Palestine became, as a chief, not only preponderant in his good qualities, but *sans reproche* for any bad qualities. By no means a human enigma, his career is an historical enigma. By no means a romantic type, he conducted one of the most romantic campaigns in history, alike in site, sequence, method, and result — the last Crusade.

An East Midlander by birth and having an ancestral link with Oliver Cromwell, Edmund Henry Hynman Allenby was born at Southwell in Nottinghamshire on April 23, 1861. Educated at an East Anglian school, Haileybury, he was intended for the Indian Civil Service, but failed in this stiff examination and, following his own inclinations, entered the army instead. From the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, he passed to a commission in the Inniskilling Dragoons, whom he joined in South Africa during 1882. It has fallen to few young officers to go on active service so early in their career and to share in so many, if small, campaigns. A year after joining he was in the Zululand campaign which ended in King Cetewayo's surrender; in 1885 he served with the Bechuanaland expedition; and in 1888, promoted captain after less than six years' service, he was back again in Zululand to take part in the crushing of Dinizulu's rebellion. Thereafter, although he passed through the Staff

College, his career took a slower course until the Boer War came to his relief. He then gave up a staff appointment to go out again, in command of a squadron, to the land where he had first seen service.

Early in 1900, in charge of a small mixed column, he made a wide out-flanking move against the enemy's communications which brought him to notice, and was a foretaste of that bold sense and conception of manoeuvre which later distinguished him. He was in command of his own regiment during the advance to Pretoria, and of a column in the 'sweeping' operations against the Boer guerrilla bands later, and at the end of the war was promoted lieutenant colonel and given command of the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers. Yet in comparison with another great leader of the World War, born in the same year, Haig, he had lost ground. For although Haig had been commissioned three years later than Allenby, he was a full colonel at the end of the South African War and a major general less than two years after. The difference created by that campaign was to have a vital influence on the fortunes of the two cavalrymen and on the destiny of the command in France thirteen years later. Yet, if Allenby was to forfeit the greater prize, it may well have been to the advantage of his place in history. And even that lost prize was nearly restored to him by a turn of Fortune's wheel, for it is within the knowledge of those who followed the devious undercurrents of war politics in 1914-18 that several times an eddy nearly swept him into the place of the man who had overtaken and passed him in South Africa.

Not until 1909, five years after Haig, did Allenby reach major general's rank, although, at forty-eight, he was by ordinary standards youthful for this rank.

Next year he became Inspector of Cavalry and the commander-designate of the cavalry of the Expeditionary Force.

In training the cavalry of the Home Army, 'the Bull,' as Allenby was universally called, proved himself as determined and uncompromising in pursuit of his ideal of efficiency as he had been when in command of a regiment. To the slack or incompetent he gave short shrift, but his discrimination was not always as good as his intention. And his impatience with diverging views and in sweeping aside reasonable explanations not infrequently created, among the best subordinates, a sense of injustice or aggravation, which was enhanced and gained point from the fact that his handling of the cavalry on manoeuvres was by no means faultless.

II

On the outbreak of war in August 1914, Allenby went out to France as commander of the cavalry division, which actually consisted of four instead of the normal three brigades. Prior to the opening clash at Mons on August 22 the cavalry division had only succeeded in giving the British Command the vaguest warning of the hostile masses which were closing upon and threatening to surround the little British Expeditionary Force. This failure to fulfill its true rôle was due, however, primarily to the dispositions of the British Commander in Chief, who placed the cavalry at the outset on his right rear — which was also the flank of least danger. Indeed, these dispositions were not only a direct but an indirect source of harm. For when Sir John French, on his way to the front, called on his neighbor Lanrezac, commanding the French Fifth Army on his eastern flank, and explained his dispositions, Lanrezac formed such a

low opinion of a man who could thus place his cavalry behind his infantry, when information and security were all-important, that he lost all faith in his British neighbor. Hence arose the friction and disunity of action between the neighboring armies which persisted throughout the retreat.

When the British moved forward on August 21, — pushing their head, in ignorance, into the German noose, — the cavalry division was moved over to the left flank. And when that tentative advance changed into defense at Mons, on August 23, Allenby's troops prolonged the British left, covering the exposed western flank.

In the early hours of August 24 Sir John French issued orders for a retreat — to draw back if possible out of the noose — with the cavalry division covering the retirement of Smith-Dorrien's 2nd Army Corps. When the 2nd Corps halted at Le Cateau the next evening, Allenby visited Smith-Dorrien and told him that the cavalry division was too scattered and the horses too tired for him to continue covering the retirement next day, and that the infantry must get away during the night if they were to avoid capture by the Germans, close on their heels. Allenby only gave this warning at 2 A.M., and it was impossible at such short notice for the infantry, footsore and partly distributed in defensive positions, to get on the move again before daylight. Thus Smith-Dorrien's men were forced to stand and fight unsupported, escaping disaster only by their splendid resistance and at a heavy price. In the morning the cavalry continued their retirement except the 1st (Briggs) and 3rd (Gough) Cavalry Brigades, which stayed behind independently to cover the right rear of the 2nd Corps. When Smith-Dorrien's men fell back that evening, exhausted and disordered, it was fortunate that

the German pursuit was tardy and then took the wrong direction; but it was also fortunate that Smith-Dorrien's left, the more exposed flank, was protected by Sordet's French Cavalry Corps — for there was no British cavalry on this vital flank.

It is necessary for the historian, however unwillingly, to correct a popular delusion which gained color both from the Commander in Chief's dispatches and his later comment that 'the cavalry, under Allenby's skillful direction, was effectively holding off the enemy's pursuit.'

In blunt fact, Allenby, during the most critical phase, did not direct the cavalry operations in covering the retreat, because a large part of his division had escaped from his control. And as there was known friction between him and some of his subordinates, this escape was perhaps not involuntary — such, at least, is the belief of other eminent soldiers. Whether this be so or not, it is at least certain that at one time Allenby's division, for practical purposes, consisted of little more than himself and his staff. Not until August 30 were three of the four brigades reunited under his control, and the other, the 3rd, never rejoined, remaining away on the right. On the eve of the battle of the Marne its commander, Gough, took the 5th Cavalry Brigade under his wing, and on September 16 these two brigades were officially designated the 2nd Cavalry Division.

When the British faced about on September 6, after retreating a day's march farther south than their neighbors, the cavalry division under Allenby was kept on the right rear of the infantry during the first two days of the advance, covering the flank, although the vital need was for the British to retrace their steps at full speed and pierce the weak joint of the enemy

line opposite them. Only on September 11, when the Germans had been in retreat for two days, was the cavalry division tentatively unleashed in pursuit by Sir John French, giving the Germans time to recover and, on September 14, block the British advance across the Aisne — a resistance which ushered in four years of trench warfare. When the British Expeditionary Force was transferred from the Aisne to Flanders, in the vain attempt of the Allies to find and turn the Germans' open flank, the infantry went by rail, but the cavalry by march route through Picardy. During that move, on October 9, the two cavalry divisions were fused into a cavalry corps, under Allenby.

Directly on arrival the British advance began, by the 2nd Corps, while the cavalry corps moved forward along an arc to the north, covering the detrainment of the 3rd Corps and then advancing on its left. If the advance was short-lived, the cavalry corps secured the valuable Messines-Wytschaete ridges before the advance changed to a desperate dismounted defense. Moreover, if they were stretched out perilously thin, they had linked up on the left with the hard-pressed defenders of Ypres, and thus a complete if slender barrier was opposed to the German masses who were incessantly hurled against it during the following weeks in the effort to break through to the Channel ports. Although forced to yield the Messines ridge, the dismounted cavalry maintained their front unbroken until at last French relief came. In this 'soldiers' battle' Allenby, like other generals, could do no more than strive to 'putty up' the crumbling parts of his front, but in this process, cemented by ultimate success, he bore a responsibility next greatest to that of Haig.

In the trench warfare which followed

there was no scope for cavalry and many cavalry soldiers began to change to the command of infantry formations, among them Allenby. Appropriately, it was during the crisis of the second battle of Ypres — the first gas attack — that Allenby was summoned to take charge of the threatened 5th Corps in the Ypres salient. If the immediate danger was averted, the drain of lives was heavy throughout the summer, perhaps heavier than necessary, and it is at least certain that the 5th Corps command acquired a reputation of ill omen among the troops. So much so that when a certain division, perhaps the best in France in 1915, received word that it was to be transferred to Allenby's Corps, the depression and morale decline were so marked that the consequences were pointed out to G. H. Q. and it was sent instead to another corps in the same area.

One source of complaint at Ypres was that the offensive spirit of the commander was not balanced by adequate investigation and knowledge of the situation. For example, a counterattack was ordered to recapture a supposed strong point, which was found — at a heavy price in lives — to have no existence except on a paper plan.

The swelling strength of the British forces had already led to their being divided into two armies, and in the late summer of 1915 a Third Army was formed when the British took over the French sector between the Ancre and the Somme. Monroe, who at the first Ypres had been a divisional commander in Haig's Corps when Allenby was Cavalry Corps Commander, was given command, but in October he was sent to take charge of the Dardanelles Force, and Allenby stepped into his place — the last big appointment that Sir John French made before he was replaced as Commander in Chief by Haig.

Allenby was thus in charge of the sector where the main British offensive of 1916 was planned to take place, but some months before it was launched Allenby's Army was side-stepped to the north, between the Ancre and Arras, and a new Fourth Army under Rawlinson was inserted to conduct the main offensive on the Somme. Thus the Third Army's share on July 1 was limited to a subsidiary attack with two divisions against the Gommecourt salient, which met with an almost more bloody repulse than the main attack to the south. During the rest of the year Allenby had to remain inactive while the battles of the Somme were raging on his flank, a share of the offensive being now taken over by a new Fifth Army, under Gough, which had been pushed in between Rawlinson and Allenby.

But in the spring of 1917 an attacking rôle was at last assigned to Allenby, and when the time came almost the whole burden of the offensive fell to him. For the Germans' strategic retreat to the Hindenburg Line dislocated the intended renewal of the offensive on the Somme by the artificial desert which it had created for the armies of Gough and Rawlinson to cross. The German retreat had flattened out their former pinch-inviting salient, and from Arras southeastward ran the tremendous defenses of the new Hindenburg Line. If Allenby could break through the old defenses just to the north of where this line ended, he would automatically take it in flank and rear; but in anticipation of such a move the Germans had dug a switch line from Queant, near the northern end of the Hindenburg Line, through Drocourt, covering the rear of their old defenses north of Arras. Thus Allenby's whole chance of strategic success depended on whether he could reach and break through this

partially completed switch line, some five miles behind the front system, before the German reserves could arrive in strength.

Surprise was the only key which could open this gate. Because of this the real drama of the Arras offensive lies in the preliminary discussions more than in the battle itself. Surprise had been discarded in the Somme offensive — indeed, this master key of all the Great Captains of history had been left to rust since the spring of 1915. Would it be brought out afresh in order to open the way to the Drocourt-Queant switch within the brief time before the door was bolted and barred by the German reserves? The two means by which surprise and time could be gained were by launching a mass of tanks, as at Cambrai in the autumn, or by a hurricane bombardment, brief but intense. The first means was impossible, owing to the slowness in delivering new tanks after the discouraging reports made upon them in 1916, so that sixty old machines were all that could be scraped together. Allenby and his artillery adviser were anxious to have the shortest possible artillery bombardment, and proposed that it should last only twenty-four hours. If this, according to later standards, was twenty hours too long, it was a tentative step in the direction of surprise. But General Headquarters were too material-minded to appreciate it and had a deep-rooted distrust of such an innovation. Against their remonstrances, however, Allenby stood firm, until they hit upon the device of promoting his artillery adviser to another sphere and replacing him by one imbued with their own views.

Allenby then gave way, and the plan of a five days' bombardment, preceded by three weeks of systematic wire-cutting, was adopted, to the doom of

surprise and the abnegation of a breakthrough. Allenby's yielding on this point against his own convictions seems hardly in keeping with his reputation for strength of character, although it may be urged that, as a cavalryman, it was not easy for him to overrule the advice of an artillery expert. But where experts differ a general is justified in basing his choice on his own common sense, in the light of the fundamental principles of war.

In smaller points, however, he still sought for surprise, notably in opening up the underground quarries of Arras, St. Sauveur, and Ronville in order to shelter two divisions which were to pass underground and leapfrog through the leading divisions. Another feature of the plan was that, after the three assaulting corps of the Third Army had broken the enemy's first system of defense, the Cavalry Corps and the 18th Corps were to pass through in the centre between the human buttresses and drive forward toward the switch line. Partly for concealment, the daring risk was taken of moving this pursuit force through the city of Arras, whose houses extended almost up to the front line. This plan, refreshingly ingenious, was vitiated, however, by two factors. First, the absence of initial surprise; second, the comparatively narrow front of the opening attack, — little more than ten miles, — so that the central bottleneck was, in turn, so narrow that its end could be easily stopped. Ludendorff in his Vilna offensive in the autumn of 1915 had revealed a better method — a dual penetration by two horns going their way into the enemy front, while through the wide gap between the horns the pursuit force unexpectedly issued.

A fundamental defect of the Arras plan, moreover, was that its base was far wider than its fighting front, the

routes of supply and reinforcement all converging on Arras, with the result that the narrow mouth of this bottleneck became utterly congested. When the initial attack failed to make the progress anticipated, this congestion was increased by the arrival of the cavalry in the forward area, although it should have been clear from the experience of the Somme that this advance was futile unless and until a wide path had been swept clear of the enemy. The results of the opening attack were greater and quicker, both in prisoners and progress, than any previous offensive, yet they extinguished the possibility of a strategic breakthrough, for only a miracle could have recovered the chance that had been dissipated almost completely before the attack was launched.

In the attempt to redeem the fading strategic hopes, Allenby's resolution was more marked than his understanding of modern fire-power. To assist his frontal advance eastward he insisted that the divisions facing the Hindenburg Line should make a convergent attack from the southwest, disregarding the fact — and the protests — that they had insufficient artillery to subdue these formidable defenses. From this project, which must have cost a fruitless sacrifice of lives, he was only dissuaded by the personal intervention of Haig, who was visiting this sector. And when the distant French offensive on the Aisne, to which the Arras battle was the preliminary, proved abortive, Allenby's renewed series of blunt attacks, some in conjunction with the Fifth Army, were merely an object lesson in the most expensive way of trying to occupy the enemy's attention. They were closed down on May 5, and next month Allenby was sent from France to replace Sir Archibald Murray — French's old chief of staff during the retreat

from Mons — in command of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force which had twice failed disastrously to break the Turkish defenses at Gaza.

III

That sea voyage is a turning point in Allenby's career as well as in his reputation, both as commander and man. The clouding obsessions of the later phase at Arras were blown away, leaving the impressions of hard experience to broaden and refine the original instinct for surprise. It is a moot point whether, if he had stayed in France, he would ever have adapted himself to the conditions of siege warfare as well as Haig ultimately did. And a recall to France, to take the supreme command, was later a possibility. But it is doubtful whether any other leader, if sent to Palestine, would have been Allenby's equal in boldness of conception and extent of success. For in this theatre of war, where the historic methods of attack were still feasible when directed with vigor, inspired by surprise, and attuned to modern weapons, Allenby found the right field for his gifts and instincts.

In France siege warfare was too firmly consolidated to be dissolved by merely ringing the changes upon traditional methods. In Palestine an alternative to siege warfare was possible and it could be exploited if surprise were brought to bear.

Gaza, on the coast, and Beersheba, thirty-five miles inland, form the two natural gateways into Palestine, and between them lies a series of ridges which form a natural wall easily capable of defense. The British troops, after dragging their weary length across the Sinai Desert from Egypt, had tried in vain to force the strongly fortified Gaza gate. Beersheba, less artificially

strong, was protected by the difficulty of transport and of water supply for an attacking force.

Experience had taught Allenby that even the most difficult manœuvre was preferable to butting his head against a blank wall. Grown receptive, he had no hesitation, after study of the position, in adopting the plan outlined in an appreciation made by Chetwode, the commander on the spot, while improving its details by the light of his own experience. With a heightened understanding of the axiom that the success of an attack is in proportion to the firm security of the base from which it is launched, he devoted himself to intensive preparation — of communications, water supply, training — during his first three months on the borders of Palestine, while the season was still unsuitable for operations. Not less significant was that he moved General Headquarters up from Cairo to the front, at Rafa, where he could have his finger on the pulse of battle — and of his troops. It was not only a sound military move but a wise human move, acting both as an ointment to sore feelings — for men could not help contrasting their hardships in the desert with the supposed enjoyment of Cairo amenities by the arbiters of their fate — and as a tonic, because the presence of their Chief was to the men a visible guaranty that they would not be thrown into the attack without due study and knowledge of the situation. Even to the natives of the country Allenby's coming carried a mystic significance, for the Arabic form of his name, 'Allah Nebi,' meant 'the Prophet of God,' and thus appeared the complement, in the eyes of a superstitious people, to the old prophecy that when the waters of the Nile flowed into Palestine the land would be freed from the domination of the Turk — a condition that had been

fulfilled by the construction of a pipe line across the desert.

Furthermore, Allenby's determination enabled him to insist on and obtain the force necessary for his plan, a reënforcement which his predecessor had asked for in vain. Thus Allenby obtained a full two-to-one superiority over his enemy — not excessive if he was to gain decisive results and in view of the increased resisting power of a defender under modern conditions. The enemy, on their side, were also planning an offensive to drive the British back into the desert, but Allenby struck first. By thorough precautions for secrecy and many ruses he misled the Turks as to the real point of attack. The defenses of Gaza were bombarded from October 26 onward, and as a deception to Turkish eyes the camps behind the British lines were left standing with rows of empty tents, whose occupants were on the move toward Beersheba. At dawn on October 31 two British infantry divisions attacked its defenses from the southwest while two mounted divisions, Anzac and Australian, were closing on the town from the east, and in the afternoon a daring cavalry charge over the narrow trenches captured this gateway to Palestine and its essential water supply.

Next, to maintain the delusion that this attack was only a diversion, a strong holding attack was made on the Gaza defenses during the night of November 1. The new enemy commander, von Falkenhayn, also aided Allenby's plan by throwing in his reserves in a vain counterattack to regain Beersheba, and thus had no reserves left when, at dawn on November 6, Allenby's main and decisive blow fell on the Turkish left centre and broke through into the Plain of Philistia. The mounted pursuit, hampered by lack of water, was also less able in execution

than the battle had been in conception, and by a prompt retreat from Gaza the Turks avoided being cut off. Nevertheless, by November 14 the port of Jaffa had been seized, giving Allenby sea communication with Egypt, the Turkish force driven apart into two divergent masses, and, leaving a detachment to watch the mass which had retreated up the coast, Allenby wheeled east for an advance inland against Jerusalem. It was difficult to supply his whole force, and so Allenby took the sound risk of pushing on at full speed with a part to secure the mountain passes before the Turks could block them. He succeeded, and although a stout Turkish resistance, almost at the gates of Jerusalem, brought his rush to a halt, he had passed the worst obstacles, so that the arrival of reënforcements enabled him to capture the Turkish trenches and open the way to the Holy City, which was surrendered on December 9. Two days later Allenby entered the city on foot by the historic Jaffa Gate, specially reopened for the purpose, thus offering a contrast with the theatrical mounted entry of the Kaiser in 1898, for whose convenience and glorification a breach had been made in the city wall. Allenby's next step was to secure his hold on Jerusalem and Jaffa by securing sufficient room for manœuvre in front of these cities, and the repulse of von Falkenhayn's misguided attempt to retake Jerusalem enabled the British, on the rebound, to gain ample space to safeguard their possession of Jerusalem.

Allenby's advance was resumed in February 1918, and his first step was to make his eastern flank secure as a preliminary to a northward move. Jericho and the river line of the Jordan had been gained when the crisis in France caused by the German offensive — Ludendorff's last throw for victory — forced Allenby to dispatch thither

most of his British troops. The depletion was made up by troops from India, and Allenby, undaunted, devoted the summer to the reorganization and training of these Indian units, building up a fresh striking force for the decisive stroke he had in mind. To pave the way, Allenby launched two raids east of the Jordan, in March and May, in order to create the impression that he intended to advance up the Hejaz railway, which ran parallel with and about thirty miles east of the Jordan, linking Arabia with Damascus. Allenby had already decided to make his real blow on the other flank in the coastal plain, where he could exploit his superiority in mounted troops, and his aim was therefore to draw the Turkish reserves over to the opposite flank. If neither of the raids was a full success tactically, they fulfilled their strategic object, for the threat led the new enemy commander, Liman von Sanders, to place one third of his total force henceforth on the east of the Jordan.

In this farsighted strategy of 'mystify, mislead, and surprise,' Allenby had a new and important ally. Far away to the south in Arabia, the Hejaz had risen in revolt against the Turk in 1916, under Hussein, the Sherif of Mecca. This pin prick was converted into a dagger thrust through the appearance of a young Englishman, Lawrence, with an acute understanding of Arab psychology and a genius for guerrilla warfare, based on an inversion of the orthodox rules of strategy. He persuaded Feisal, son of Hussein and commander of the Arab forces, to neglect the Turkish armed forces in Arabia and to spread the revolt, like lighting a prairie fire, in their rear northward to Damascus, combining propaganda with continual raids on the long-drawn-out line of the Hejaz railway. To Lawrence's strategic ideas and his appeals for equipment and

camels Allenby was sympathetic, — one more proof of his new receptiveness, — and his support was an aid to Lawrence in dealing with more conventional and shorter-sighted members of his staff.

The outcome was that in September 1918 Lawrence and the Arab army were both a psychological and a material aid to Allenby's plan. By circling round the rear of the Turkish army east of the Jordan, they cut the Damascus railway round the vital junction of Deraa, where the lines to the Hejaz and to Palestine diverged. Thus they not only attracted Turkish attention away from Allenby's real point of attack, but closed the only railway line of retreat and supply to all the Turkish armies.

Allenby also turned to profit another new weapon — aircraft. On September 17 and 18 bombing raids cut the telegraph and telephone wires leading from the Turkish General Headquarters at Nazareth back along their line of communications, and on the night before the attack, September 18–19, a further raid on Afule destroyed the wires leading from General Headquarters to the front. Thus the directing power of the enemy's brain was paralyzed.

Meanwhile, the carefully shrouded preparations for the attack had been completed. Feinting toward the east bank of the Jordan to distract the enemy's attention afresh, the effect helped by a dummy concentration of troops in that area, Allenby secretly concentrated on the Mediterranean flank the mass of his infantry and behind them the cavalry, concealed in the orange and olive groves. Dust columns had gone eastward by day while troop columns marched westward by night. Thus he changed a two-to-one superiority on the front as a whole into a four-to-one superiority on the fifteen-mile sector chosen for the

decisive attack, leaving forces actually inferior to the Turks on the remaining forty-five miles of front. On the night of September 18-19, these forces attacked in the hilly centre to fix the enemy's attention. At dawn, after only fifteen minutes' bombardment, the western mass was launched and, after breaking through the Turkish defenses, wheeled to the right. Thus they rolled the Turks back northeast into the hills, like a door on its hinges.

Through the open doorway the cavalry passed, riding straight up the coastal corridor for thirty miles before swinging east to cut the Turkish communications and close all exits of retreat. One division captured Nazareth, fifty-two miles distant, twenty-four hours later; another covered the seventy miles to Beisan in thirty-four hours, and thus blocked the best line of retreat across the Jordan to Damascus. Completely trapped, the main Turkish armies were rounded up, while Allenby's cavalry exploited the victory of Megiddo by a swift and sustained pursuit which, in conjunction with the Arabs, pulverized the Turkish Fourth Army east of the Jordan, and gained first Damascus and later Aleppo. On October 31 the capitulation of Turkey rang down the curtain on a brief and dazzling campaign in which the British had advanced three hundred and sixty miles in less than six weeks. Making all allowances for the British superiority in strength, — against which must be set off the difficult country and the defensive power of modern weapons, — this campaign must still rank as one of the masterpieces of military history, as classic in execution as in design. The clean-cut decisiveness of the result was the product of the clear-sighted selection of objectives and the nicely calculated distribution of force. The plan, like the execution, was distinguished by its fulfillment of and extreme emphasis

upon the principles of mobility and surprise, both strategic and tactical, which have ever been the hall mark of the Great Captains. And it was Napoleonic not merely in its shrewdly directed thrusts at the enemy's communications, but in its development of the British communications to coincide with the strategic plan, thus securing the offensive base from which the operations sprang and were maintained. In this campaign Allenby had a lesser superiority of strength than in his first, and the difference of result is partly to be explained by the difference in the security of his communications.

IV

Some who knew only the Allenby of Mons and its sequel, Ypres, and Arras, have found difficulty in understanding the apparent transformation of 1918. Thus, on the one hand, there has been a tendency to discount this masterpiece unduly because of Allenby's superiority of strength. And, on the other, there has been a tendency, natural in view of the many other instances, to look for the brain of a staff officer behind the form of the commander — to ask who was Allenby's Weygand, if not his Ludendorff. The fact that in this last year he had, in charge of the Operations Branch, Bartholomew, whose great ability was universally recognized, lent color to such speculations, which, as is usually the result, were rather fostered than dissipated by the extreme loyalty of Bartholomew, a second Weygand in his self-effacement. But, in fact, there are the strongest grounds for the verdict that, while the detailed working-out of the plan owed much to this staff officer's gifts, the conception in its outline and pivotal points sprang direct from Allenby's own brain. Indeed, he had originally intended a less far-reaching

manœuvre and a more limited envelopment. But, returning one day from a ride spent in reflection, he made the announcement, the more dramatic because of its crisp directness, that he had decided to sweep straight up the coastal plain to near Megiddo, cross by the passes into the Plain of Esdraelon, — ancient Jezreel, — and, by securing the road and rail centres of Afule and Beisan, block the Turkish lines of retreat, drawing tight the neck of a bag which contained this whole force.

I would suggest that the evolution of Allenby from the bad general of 1914–15 into the great general of 1918 is less surprising than appears on the surface: that the current can be traced throughout its course. For, as early as the Boer War, Allenby had shown an almost unique instinct for surprise and mobility, which the strange conditions of siege warfare only damped but could not extinguish; they flickered into flame before Arras.

Perhaps even his impatience and irritability in France sprang from this forcible suppression of his natural instincts. Hard experience awakened him to the reality of the changed conditions of warfare, widened his understanding of material factors, taught him that obstacles could not be changed until they had first been undermined; and in the hour of final illumination he was sent to a theatre of war which might have been designed by Providence for the display of his natural gifts, now refined by experience. If he had advanced to meet the new conditions of warfare, Palestine brought back these conditions as near as possible to meet him, and the convergence produced a military classic,

perhaps the last masterpiece of the old warfare in its medium, the foreshadowing of the new in its technique, and a reassertion of the unchanging principles in its governing ideas.

Moreover, Allenby had passed not only to a military region of greater freedom — from barbed-wire entanglements — but into an atmosphere of greater freedom. In Palestine he was a supreme war-lord, not merely one of the 'Barons,' as the Army Commanders in France were somewhat aptly styled. And there is little doubt that he was cast by nature for an independent rôle, better and bigger in carrying out his own plans than in executing the orders of others; for, although not insubordinate, subordination cramped and irked the free play of his genius and the full development of his powers. Experience and the change of conditions, both material and moral, combined to improve and expand him not only as a general but as a leader of men, to make him less of a martinet and more of a magnet, less intolerant and more understanding, less obstinate but no less resolute — in fact, to humanize 'the Bull,' whose coming many had feared, without diminishing but rather refining his inborn strength of character and purpose. Thus he not only achieved far greater results, but won far greater devotion.

In the Valley of Jezreel and the region of Megiddo, Allenby wrote a glorious last chapter to the old testament of warfare; at Nazareth he wrote the preface to the new. And the scope of his achievement, like the faith he inspired, was due to the light that had come to him on his journey to Damascus.

ICE CAPS FOR EGOTISTS

BY JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE

I

My friend Worldly Wiseman lives a carefully preserved life on the top floor of a Fifth Avenue apartment house and looks out over the Park as often as three times a winter. He has the view in his mind's eye, he says, and, as he is averse to exercise, hates to disturb his recollections. He is an optimist because he thinks pessimism a bar to adventure, and he refuses to be guided by experience since it means little outside the circumstances in which it was registered.

The conversation of Mr. Wiseman has an ironic undertone that suggests openness to conviction, but he discourages attacks on his credulity by a free use of double-edged compliments. He is convinced that any statement incapable of opposite interpretation is the fruitage of a single-track mind.

Worldly Wiseman began life with a small fortune, excellent connections, and the kind of education that befits a man to keep his head in fast company and his feet in a crush. At college he made the team and the best fraternities. He spent both decades after graduation in a brokerage shop, incidentally became financial adviser to a power magnate with the Midas touch whom he had admitted to an exclusive golf club, and retired at forty, bearing millions enough to enter his name on every charitable card catalogue in the country. Thereafter he developed into a professional trustee of museums and hospitals, and he derives so much

entertainment from his associations that he seldom goes to the theatre. When not serving at board meetings he reads philosophy and the newspapers, which he describes as a balanced intellectual ration for an idealist. His outstanding eccentricity is an aversion for the opera. He has no objection to music or even society, he explains, but the Metropolitan's mixture excites his prejudices.

Almost any day after 5 P.M. Mr. Wiseman may be found at tea in his library, recuperating from the diurnal conferences and prepared to discourse on the peculiarities of life. Since his relations are confined to the eminent lawyers, doctors, and financiers who manage the more august of our institutions, he hears the gossip of the city before it gets into the papers. He insists that he never believes the worst, however good the evidence, because people are too conventional to fall from grace without grave reasons. 'I attribute the excellence of my own morals to a low blood count,' he once said to me. 'Who am I, then, to condemn another for yielding to stimuli to which my nature does not respond?' His sole intolerance, so far as I have been able to discover, is of what he calls bad manners, but he dislikes all new acquaintances, deplores parvenus, and considers an interruption the sin against the Holy Ghost.

On the occasion of my last visit Mr. Wiseman was singularly bitter. It

seems that a Western millionaire, elected to the board of his favorite hospital because of the magnitude of a subscription to its latest wing, had already trespassed on the conversational preserves of the older members.

'The fellow is a fool,' he said. 'We let him in because we needed the money and he put it up to be admitted to our group. Now you are not so innocent as to suppose that our conferences are merely for business. We exchange real information — the facts of the things you read about in the press. Well, this afternoon Fred Jones was halfway through the story of Brown's divorce when this upstart brought up some petty details about finances and thereafter undertook to tell us Andy Mellon's real views on prohibition. Everyone was disgusted. I was on that board a year before anyone spoke to me, and, though my tongue may have been in my cheek, my teeth were clinched. Only when my colleagues were convinced I was house-broke was I admitted to their scandal fests. This fellow committed social suicide by talking before the rest of us had forgiven ourselves for recognizing him.

'I learned to-day,' my host continued, 'that a still newer cure has been discovered for diabetes. If I had my way our enterprising doctors would stop finicking over trivial ailments and turn their attention to that really devastating epidemic — egotism. Cancer, the boll weevil, measles, are far less destructive and infinitely easier to live with. Egotism is an unnatural passion to impose the self on its environment, a craze to extend the illusion of one's own importance to others. The egotist is unhappy unless he is making converts to his personal god and he regards every unguarded ear as a shrine for his altar. I'd sooner meet a mad dog than an egotist, for rabies is the lesser evil.

Muzzles would help, but not cure; assassination would turn us all into fratricides. There was a time when scientists moaned that the movies were making us eye-minded. The radio has left us ear-minded, and mayhem, from being the perversity of the few, has become the fashion of the many. Nowadays people believe they are unseen if you are not listening to them.

'Don't misinterpret me as arguing against that decent self-assertion which is the birthright of the normal man. I have the privilege of believing sound any opinion I generate, but not of thinking it sinful on the part of someone else if he refuses to agree with it. It never occurs to me I have exclusive possession of any truth or that my version of it is necessarily accurate. I am even willing to change my preferences if gently approached. Your egotist is concerned neither with the truth of what he says nor with what you think. His delusion of greatness is nourished on your attention, and while his voice holds the air he feels you are submissive to his authority. It is characteristic of the lung brain to mistake volume for intelligence and pressure for knowledge.

'The other night, at a dinner, a pirate of this type bawled a whole table of mannerly people into silence. He had an artful trick of deferentially quoting his neighbors and extending their alleged opinions by way of reconciling them to his monopoly. It was better than a play to watch this fellow exclude an interruption by a tilt of the pitch of his voice and shade his argument whenever an eyebrow lifted. He said nothing in innumerable words, but with so much animation that we were kept keyed for disclosures that never arrived. As an exhibition it was better than tight-rope walking to the notes of a saxophone, but one never goes more than once a season to the circus.

'It is my misfortune,' Mr. Wiseman continued, 'to be thrown into the company of the suppressed — doctors, scientists, curators, institutional directors, who are debarred by the ethics of their professions or the prejudices of their chiefs from expanding their personalities in the papers. Surging with facts they imagine bear on the welfare of the race or some other chimera, they are consumed by a frenzy for publicity. Each wants a wave length to himself because he is persuaded that fame and fortune turn on making someone listen in.

'Yet when I recall the bitter amusement I have derived from the frantic antics of rival anthropologists, botanists, art experts, archaeologists, and other species of the institutional genus, perhaps I exaggerate my ordeals. In these confined firmaments we are the divinities in whose hands rests the disposition of funds. Incompetent for our task, since no scientist admits intelligence in a trustee, our awards are figured as in the realm of favor or chance. So we must be propitiated and are smothered in an atmosphere of intrigue and flattery noxious enough to set even a god clamoring for a gas mask. When a commission is conferred a new egotist raises his cry above the howls of the disappointed pack. He believes his elevation due to inherent genius. The others ascribe it to blackmail or illegitimate kinship.

'The fact is,' he summed up, 'this generation has gone publicity mad. In its creed the old adage that actions speak louder than words has been superseded by the conviction that what is not advertised need n't have occurred. Not to be in the limelight is death in life; obscurity, Procrustes' bed up to date. It is every man his own press agent, and devil take the unfortunate who stammers. In the atmos-

phere of this obsession egotists mature and multiply like maggots in infected tissue.'

II

Worldly Wiseman reached for another toasted muffin, assured himself of my attention by an appraising glance, established a new centre of gravity nearer the small of his back, and resumed.

'This decay of modesty was completely illustrated at the last of the "must" dinners through which the chairman of my favorite board thinks he promotes harmony among his flock. For some occult reason (probably because they are related to oil and a breakfast food) he had invited two internes, clean-cut youngsters who were polite enough to our wives, but, when the coffee was served, began to hamstring the conversation with their views. They proposed to reform our practices and remodel our institution. I'm not denying merit to some of their suggestions — simply no one asked for their opinions. If either had invented an approach he might have found us receptive. But to them we were old fogies who required a jolting, and they young Daniels come to judgment. Pups who undertake to teach old dogs new tricks generally get well bitten for their pains.

'Our host, who keeps terriers and knows their tricks, let them romp for a spell and then escorted both, still yelping, to the custody of the ladies. If one could amputate brashness as effectively as one removes an appendix, they would have been operated upon that night. I think they are learning elsewhere the first great axiom of anatomy — that a man who keeps his mouth shut can never put his foot in it.

'In our own bodies,' he continued, 'cells discontented with their share of corpuscles are thought diseased. Their

demand for attention is a call for the doctor. Inflamed vanity, I am convinced, is pathological. I recall a scene I witnessed the other morning in the hospital — the spectacle of an eminent surgeon, whose intellectual metabolism has been unbalanced by the germ of greatness, parading to the operating room supported by a chorus of humble juniors and meek nurses. This prodigy subsists on notes of admiration and is uncomfortable unless he is being congratulated. His egotism is psychological cancer.

‘The grip of a jealous monster is on this famous man’s throat. He writhes with envy at the mention of a rival operator’s name. He has persuaded himself he is a master of life and death and that patients should felicitate themselves on being the subjects of his mutilations. His greed knows no limit. I’d rather face a shark than the knife of one of these perverts. Less dangerous paranoiacs are in insane asylums.

‘If the doctors be powerless to abate the encroachments of this fell malady,’ continued Wiseman, growing even more emphatic, ‘may we not requisition the services of our clamant efficiency experts, who tell us in their thousand house organs that they are redeeming the world from waste? Business is their clinic; yet I venture the declaration that there are more and worse egotists in Wall Street than in the ranks of the professions. Competitive “up-and-comers” and “go-getters” in all the great and little corporations apply far more energy to tripping each other up than they devote to advancing the interests of their institutions. I have seen these addicts set organizations at loggerheads and clog the give-and-take intercourse between department chiefs without which no concern can keep its speed up. Take the case of two high officials in an important firm of which I am a director.

One is of the smug superiority type who carefully programmes himself for every conference; his rival, with greater vitality and a better knowledge of the game, is harried by a distrust of his own capacity. The excellent suggestions of the latter are neutralized by the imperative manner in which he advances them, while his colleague sits by adroitly tripping him up with sneers and amendments and ends by stealing his thunder. If they’d join forces we’d double our revenues. Instead, each has his party, and between them they have divided the board. It is always a battle to the death between egotists.

‘In another concern, whose president is old and weak, his two chief aides are battling for his shoes. Each is convinced that the other would wreck the institution and that only he is fitted for the job. Their wrangles have riven the organization and business is falling off. Before long both intriguers will be looking elsewhere for poles to climb.

‘Two years ago I had faith in the futures of these young men, for I knew their fathers and liked the way they had been reared. Then one discovered he was a champion salesman and the other that he could speak on his feet. The first had himself written up in a “Do-it-now” magazine; the other’s oration at a bankers’ convention was reported in the *Times*. From friends, they became obstacles in each other’s paths. Someone ought to chart a safe way to expand the lungs without inflating the head.

‘The other day I dropped in on X, one of the little emperors of business. He presides in a sort of feudal state high up in a skyscraper, in a large paneled sanctum which one reaches through corridors of subordinate offices. He is to be seen only by negotiation — Coolidge is less secluded. After running a gauntlet of underlings, I was

admitted to a throne room bestudded with Persian rugs, red morocco arm-chairs, and American beauty roses. A grandiose desk was set on a dais.

'Perched thereon, a little frog of a man, swelling with glory, in a cutaway coat and striped trousers, some sparse hairs pomaded in a Napoleonic lock on his broad high forehead, was declaiming to an awed blonde stenographer in the manner of Mussolini defying a Yugoslav. He arose to greet me with an air of cordial condescension and banished the secretary with an imperious wave of his cigar. A large Corona was conferred on me as though it were a decoration, and he relaxed on his throne with the air of the tired statesman condescending to an importunate intruder. His benignancy disappeared a moment later when the meek secretary entered on tiptoe and laid a typed message before him.

"How often have I told you I must not be disturbed when I am in private conference!" he snorted, with the air of a despot reproving a slave.

"Mr. Josephs said it was a matter of the utmost importance and it was essential you should be consulted," the girl expostulated.

"Tell Mr. Josephs that I know of no business more important than my own orders and that I regard his insistence as offensive."

He turned to me for approval.

"Discipline must be maintained at any cost," he announced. "Josephs is an energetic fellow, — one of my vice presidents, — but if he is to stay in this organization he must keep his place."

'Now X started life via the news-boy, messenger route, was an excellent mixer, developed scope, and by dint of pugnacity and luck pushed himself to the top hole of this corporation, which thus far has flourished under his rule. Here he is, a diminutive man in a large place, who has decided recently that

the record proves him a great personage. He has to surround himself with trappings to be assured it is really true, and all this domineering pretentiousness is to impress his subordinates — and in this instance to show me.

'I was shown. On returning from his preposterous presence I threw overboard my stock in the institution. An egomaniac sooner or later steers his craft on the rocks.

'I'll admit it's hard even for a big man to keep his nose cold amid the sycophancy and servility which is Wall Street's tribute to the great,' said Mr. Wiseman after a pause. 'A friend of mine who presides over an important corporation allowed himself to be hen-pecked by his wife and bullied by his son-in-law, just to keep his sense of proportion normal. He used to boast that the business was run by his bunch of vice presidents and managers, who thrashed over its problems and policies in conference. No one-man institution for him. I heard he had seen a light, and the other day, meeting him exercising on Park Avenue, I accosted him with a "How's democracy working?"

"Don't open old sores," he said. "I caught on to the fact that my bright young men were creepers, not partners. You see," he went on, "I am an enthusiast, and I'm always thinking of new things to do. Some are good, others are not. I'm never sure which is which. Well, when I'd have an idea I'd summon my boys and tell them the scheme — generally at the top of my lungs. Two thirds of the bunch, the 'yes-yessers,' would murmur, 'Great man, done it again!' The 'no-noers,' to attract attention to their wisdom, would pick flaws. Thus I was left torn between doubt and obstinacy, and nothing happened. I decided it was more profitable to experiment than to confer. I make more mistakes, but lose fewer opportunities. It's cheaper to

cut a loss than to miss a chance! There's only one way to stand off climbers or egotists — it's to be one yourself. I've gone the limit — you can read my rules for success in next month's *Go-Getter's Magazine!*'''

III

Here Mr. Wiseman disentangled himself from the couch on which he had been reclining, stood up, and began to stride about the room. 'I used,' he said, 'to have a modest friend whose native worth resisted the corrosion of a large fortune until in an evil day someone made him president of a suburban board of education. The grasp of the gavel altered his personality. Now he insists on taking the chair whenever four men are gathered together, because he says he has discovered in himself a genius for ordering debate.

'There is something in the mere act of presiding that upsets equilibrium. A man exposed to the hot high winds that beat around the speaker's table becomes infected with the deadly germ of authority, and thereafter, when he opens his mouth, imagines he is broadcasting. I have noted that chairmen invariably register superiority to the orators of occasions and patronize the issues propounded in their presence.

'An amateur neurologist I know has a theory that any large expenditure of air, as in oratory or the exercise of authority, disturbs the normal functioning of the brain cells. He says these cells require a definite supply of oxygen, and if an excess is burned in the mouth the red corpuscles are deprived of their due ration and the centre where the sense of proportion is located suspends function. The optic nerve is thrown into reverse and the individual's own image is interposed between him and reality.

'This explains why speakers so often

shout — they are trying to regain balance through their ears.'

Mr. Wiseman smiled at his conceit, but went on bravely: —

'The psychological basis here is sounder than the anatomical, I'll admit, but one is safe in concluding that egotism originates in the lungs and intoxicates the mind. It lurks in elevated places, and promotions or victories dispose the system to its attack. It inflates its dupes, induces acute self-sensitivity, and distorts their points of view. Instinctively they usurp foregrounds, prerogatives, heroic rôles, and speaking parts. Actors, salesmen, executives, editors, judges, and professors, — in fact, anyone whose business it is to talk down to someone else, — are liable to catch it. It is the most subtle of diseases: unlike sufferers with cancer or tuberculosis, its victims enjoy their symptoms, and the pain attendant on the malady is borne by the community. Ascribe egotism to the worst of braggarts and he takes on the air of a martyr and attributes the charge to envy.

'If one is careful, however, one may check the infection before it invades the tissues. During my term as chairman of the A B Board I noted that my blood pressure increased whenever I decided a controversy or ruled on a point of order, and, knowing exactly what that portended, I donned an ice cap after every meeting. A doctor who does a good deal of lecturing at the Academy of Medicine tells me that he takes five minutes under a cold shower each night before dinner and spends his vacations mapping glaciers in Alaska.'

It seemed time to intervene and I interrupted: —

'Your massacres are always good spectacles, but, as in the case of those Chinese executions we read of in which two or three hundred suspected Bolsheviks are shot at a swoop, one

wonders if all who perish are equally guilty. Publicity is no more a crime than advertising. I have in mind the instance of a retired professor of mathematics from an inland university who in his leisure worked out some radio innovations that yielded him a million. He seeks a few breaths of the public admiration he deserves and to be asked out to dinners by persons who would be charmed to meet him if they were aware of his existence. He has an accurate mind and has told me his life's history twice in the same terms, so it is time his circulation was widened. Now I have suggested a few devices which may get him talked about — to wear white spats with his dinner jacket, to offer the mayor a solution of the traffic problem in the terms of conic sections, to lease the top floor of the Ritz Tower and to finance a play on the Second Coming. If he carries through one of these projects and makes the front page, his mail will be full of invitations, but you'll be parading him as the latest upstart. Yet the unfortunate will only be adopting reasonable means to escape from his own ego, which he finds bad company.

'Further, I contend that every man who believes he has something to say is entitled to crash the communal eardrum. If it's worth hearing and he fails to catch the pitch, he is guilty of contributory negligence. I'm persuaded that much of what is paraded as modesty is inarticulateness, and a retiring disposition often represents a previous conviction or fatty degeneration

of the heart. That erstwhile hero who forced the world to beat a path to his wilderness shack after the super-mousetrap undoubtedly invested the proceeds in phony oil stocks. The bore who excited your scorn was no more than a virtuoso beating his wings, and the conversation he excluded I'll bet would have been far less entertaining than the sense of outrage he inspired in you.

'If, after due examination of the person, conversation, and accomplishment of any of my fellow men, I decide that a jury would concede my superiority, why should I conceal the verdict? The public is entitled to the best and likes to be shown. Nature enters into no conspiracy of silence when her purposes are served by attracting attention. No retiring bird ever caught a worm or won a mate. There are color and vocal competitions in the feathered world in springtime. The vivid hues your flowers wear are assumed to catch the flirtatious eyes of passing bees and not to win your gardener blue ribbons at suburban flower shows.'

Mr. Wiseman inspected me critically.

'If I remember aright,' he said, 'you played football in your college days.'

'Yes,' I replied with a touch of pride, 'centre, Dartmouth, 1919.'

'That explains,' he concluded. 'You pushed your way through three subway jams in Times Square recently and now you are rationalizing a superiority complex based on the breadth of your own shoulders. Try an ice cap. Good night.'

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE

II. THE END OF THE MONARCHY

BY EDMUND A. WALSH

I

THE insane Protopopov, Minister of the Interior, seized upon the death of Rasputin to increase his influence and consolidate his position with the Tsarina. He announced that the spirit of the martyred prophet had descended upon him; he had visions and went into ecstasy in public; at times, when conversing with the Empress, he would suddenly pause and point dramatically to the empty space behind her, saying that Rasputin was there hovering over them. At other times he would see Christ blessing the Empress and confirming her political wisdom.

But this riot of fantasy, this coinage of a disordered brain, did not impair the exercise of a shrewd wit. It is said that he had his agents compose letters of a flattering nature and mail them from different parts of Russia to the Empress. In these forged epistles the writers, simulating the style and the common errors of peasants, praised the Empress for her devotion to a holy cause and exhorted her to stand fast in her policy.

The die was cast. In the Duma, Milyukov was outspoken in his denunciation of the impossible régime. Within three months from the death of Rasputin the red flag of revolt was seen in the streets of Petrograd. More ominous still, rioting began before the food shops. 'An empty stomach has no

ears,' runs an ancient Russian proverb. An epidemic of madness descended upon the government. Protopopov, in the final frenzy of reactionary bureaucracy, retaliated with all the apparatus of governmental suppression. Machine guns were mounted on the roofs and at the street corners of Petrograd. On March 8 there was a monster demonstration in the streets, and Protopopov's soldiers fired into the crowd. The mobs, in reprisal, murdered every police official that fell into their hands. On March 11 the Emperor, absent at the General Headquarters of the Army at Mohilev, attempted to dissolve the Duma. But the Duma refused to be dissolved. By this time the situation in Petrograd was so out of hand that Rodzianko, President of the Duma, wired the Emperor as follows: —

The position is serious. There is anarchy in the capital. The government is paralyzed. The transportation of fuel and food is completely disorganized. The general dissatisfaction grows. Disorderly firing takes place in the streets. A person trusted by the country must be charged immediately to form a ministry.

No answer from Mohilev. The letters of the Tsarina, with their scorn of the growing popular outcry against a corrupt and inefficient government, had blinded the judgment and paralyzed the will of her uxorious consort.

One generous gesture might have saved Russia and changed the course of history.

On March 12, Rodzianko sent a second telegram:—

The position is getting worse. Measures must be taken at once, because to-morrow will be too late. The last hour has struck, and the fate of the Fatherland and of the dynasty is being decided.

The same day, toward noon, the Tsar's only brother, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich, telephoned from Petrograd that the formation of a new government meriting the confidence of the country was imperative and should be granted at once. By way of reply the Tsar instructed General Alexeiev to thank the Grand Duke for his advice, but to say that he himself was quite capable of deciding what was to be done. On the heels of this fraternal warning a telegram arrived from Prince Golitsyn, President of the Council of Ministers, identical in tone with the message of the Grand Duke. The Emperor's reply took the form of an order to send fresh troops to Petrograd to stop the rioting.

Immediately after these significant events, and before definitely answering Prince Golitsyn, the Emperor spoke for more than one hour with someone over a private telephone. Now there were two direct lines from General Headquarters, one connecting with Petrograd, the other with the Tsarina at Tsarskoe Selo. On finishing the protracted conversation with his unseen confidential counselor, Nicholas prepared a peremptory telegram in answer to Prince Golitsyn in which he informed the President of the Council that absolutely no modification could be made in the existing government. The telegram ended by ordering the immediate suppression—in the usual way—of all revolutionary movements and revolts among the soldiers of the

Petrograd garrison. As this answer was sent by telegram to Petrograd, it is reasonably clear that the Emperor had not been speaking, just before, on the direct line to the capital. Otherwise the telegram was superfluous. The generals surrounding the Emperor concluded—and so must posterity—that Nicholas held that most important conversation, his last state council, with the Tsarina.

But Nicholas soon began to show apprehension, which was aggravated by a telegram from the Empress, at Tsarskoe Selo. She now wired that concessions were inevitable. For the first time she, too, began to see the end. Too late! The Tsar, on March 13, attempted to reach Tsarskoe Selo by train, but revolting troops sidetracked the imperial car and diverted it across country to Pskov. Late in the night, March 14, Nicholas established telephonic communication with Rodzianko and began to speak of concessions. But Rodzianko at the other end of the line, with tumultuous shouts from the streets proclaiming the revolt of each successive regiment as it went over to the revolution, replied: 'It is too late to talk concessions; it is time to abdicate.' By evening of the following day, March 15, two delegates of the Duma, Gutchkov and Shulgin, arrived at Pskov, and in the Emperor's private car announced to him the irrevocable will of the people. The Emperor, bowing his head, murmured, 'I have been deceived,' and signed the abdication.

The historic document was signed by the Tsar in pencil, between eleven and twelve o'clock on the night of March 15, 1917.

When we had read and approved the formula [Shulgin testifies] it seems to me that we shook hands . . . but at that moment I was undoubtedly very much moved and I may be wrong. I remember that when I looked at my watch for the last

time it was ten minutes before midnight. This scene of supreme importance, therefore, took place between eleven and twelve o'clock in the night of the 2/15 to the 3/16 March.¹

We then took leave. It seemed to me that on neither side was there any ill feeling. For my part, I felt an immense pity for that man who had just bought back, with a single act, his past faults. The Tsar was in full control of himself, friendly rather than cold.

We had agreed with General Russky that there should be two copies of the Act signed by the Emperor, for we feared lest, in the troublous times through which we were passing, the document we bore should be lost. One copy was kept by the General; we kept the other. As I have said, the signature of the Tsar was in pencil, while the Lord Chamberlain [Count Frederiks] countersigned in ink.

It is of importance to note that Nicholas named as successor to the throne, not his son, the Tsarevitch, but his own brother, Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich. It was, in point of fact, a double abdication.

That very day, before the arrival of the Duma delegates, he summoned into his presence Professor Feodorov, one of his personal physicians.

¹ The double date was frequent in old Russian writings and represents the difference between the Gregorian calendar in use in Western Europe and the Julian calendar which Russia tenaciously observed. Russia was, in consequence, thirteen days behind the rest of the world, in a calendar sense. The Bolsheviks abolished the Julian calendar during our stay in Moscow, and adopted a system that brought Russia in line with common usage. The change occasioned many embarrassments. Thirteen days thus disappeared mysteriously from one's life, as the calendar suddenly jumped thirteen days overnight! Some of the employees in our relief stations inquired if they would be paid for the lost working days. Of course their fears were groundless. In point of fact, the next pay day — we paid off every fortnight — came within a day after the previous one. It was a bit complicated for the ordinary muzhik and he simply marked it off as another Bolshevik trick. — AUTHOR

'Tell me frankly, Serge Petrovich, is Alexis's malady incurable?'

Realizing the import of the question, Feodorov answered, 'Science teaches us, sire, that it is an incurable disease. Yet those who are afflicted with it sometimes reach an advanced old age. Still, Alexis Nikolaievich is at the mercy of an accident.'

The Tsar hung his head and sadly murmured, 'That is just what the Tsarina told me. Well, if that is the case and Alexis can never serve his country as I should like him to do, we have the right to keep him ourselves.'

He then composed the text, which ends as follows: —

Not wishing to part from our beloved son, we bequeath the heritage to our brother, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich. Blessing him on his accession to the throne, we adjure our brother to rule in affairs of State in full and unbroken harmony with the representatives of the people in the legislative institutions, on principles which they shall determine, and to take an inviolable oath to this effect, in the name of our dearly beloved country.

We call upon all faithful sons of the Fatherland to fulfill their sacred duty to it by obeying the Tsar in this grave time of national trial, and to help him, along with the representatives of the people, to lead the Russian State on to the path of victory, prosperity, and glory.

May the Lord God help Russia.

(Signed) NICHOLAS

But the Grand Duke Michael wisely refused this dangerous dignity. The next day, March 16, he issued his manifesto: —

A heavy burden has been laid on me by the will of my brother, who, in a time of unexampled strife and popular tumult, has transferred to me the imperial throne of Russia. Sharing with the people the thought that the good of the country should stand before everything else, I have firmly decided that I will accept power only if that

is the will of our great people, who must by universal suffrage elect their representatives to a Constituent Assembly, in order to determine the form of government and draw up new fundamental laws for Russia. Therefore, calling for the blessing of God, I ask all citizens of Russia to obey the Provisional Government, which has arisen and been endowed with full authority on the initiative of the Imperial Duma, until such time as the Constituent Assembly, called at the earliest possible date and elected on the basis of universal, direct, equal, and secret suffrage, shall, by its decision as to the form of government, give expression to the will of the people.

It was the last official act of the Romanovs. The Grand Duke, imprisoned by the Bolsheviks, disappeared in June 1918, and it is generally supposed that he was murdered, somewhere in the vicinity of Perm.

The Tsar attempted to recall his abdication in favor of Michael almost as soon as he had issued the document. Probably repenting of the juridical injury done his son in thus depriving him of the succession, and perhaps apprehensive of the Tsarina's reaction, he made an ineffectual attempt to set the Tsarevitch on the throne. General Denikin, in his account of the incident, furnishes the following information:—

Late at night the imperial train left for Mohilev. Dead silence, lowered blinds, and heavy, heavy thoughts. No one will ever know what feelings wrestled in the breast of Nicholas II, of the monarch, the father, and the man, when on meeting Alexeiev at Mohilev, and looking straight at the latter with kindly, tired eyes, he said, irresolutely, 'I have changed my mind. Please send this telegram to Petrograd.' On a small sheet of paper, in a clear hand, the Tsar had himself traced his consent to the immediate succession to the throne of his son Alexis.

Alexeiev took the telegram — and did not send it. It was too late; both manifestoes had already been made public to the army and to the country. For fear of 'unsettling public opinion,' Alexeiev made no mention

of the telegram and kept it in his portfolio until he passed it on to me toward the end of May, when he resigned his post of Supreme Commander in Chief. The document, of vast importance to future biographers of the Tsar, was afterward kept under seal at the Operations Department of General Headquarters.

II

Before signing the original abdication on small sheets of paper, which had as headings the word 'Stavka' (General Headquarters) on the left, and 'Chief of Staff' on the right, Nicholas bore proud and sonorous titles: 'Nicholas II, by God's grace, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, King of Poland, Grand Duke of Finland, Tsar of Moscow, Kiev, Vladimir, Novgorod, Kazan, Astrakhan, Siberia, the Tauric Chersonese, Georgia, Lord of Pskov, Grand Duke of Smolensk, Lithuania, Volhynia, Podolia, Prince of Esthonia, Livonia, Courland, and Semigallia, Samogitia, Bielostok, Karelia, Tver, Yougoria, Perm, Viatka . . . Lord and Grand Duke of Lower Novgorod, Chernigov, Riazan, Polotsk, Rostov, Yaroslav . . . Lord and Sovereign of the lands of Iberia . . . and the Provinces of Armenia . . . Sovereign of the Circassian and Mountaineer Princes . . . Lord of Turkestan, Heir of Norway, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein . . . of Oldenburg, etc. etc.'

When Shulgin and Gutchkov stepped down from the royal car and entered their own to hurry back to expectant Petrograd, they left him plain 'Colonel Nicholas Alexandrovich Romanov.'

The Provisional Government was unusually meticulous in the matter of the Tsar's titles and saw to it that letters and newspapers reaching him in his prison should bear only the title 'Colonel.' The Tsarina's name on her mail and newspapers was likewise corrected; the appellation 'Her Majesty'

was always scratched out and replaced by 'Alexandra Feodorovna Romanov.'

So, Louis XVI was called 'Citizen Capet' by his jailers. One of the Tsarina's ladies in waiting, Marfa Mouchanow, who shared her imprisonment at Tsarskoe Selo, tells us in her memoirs that this particular detail — the refusal of the Provisional Government to permit the Empress to retain her title — was of all her misfortunes the one that seemed most to have embittered her.

On March 16, the day following his abdication, Nicholas started, not to rejoin the Empress at Tsarskoe Selo, but for Mohilev, General Headquarters of the Russian army, to take leave of his troops. He remained there until the twenty-first, the day on which four representatives of the Provisional Government reached the camp and informed General Alexeiev that the ex-Tsar was under arrest and should be transported to Tsarskoe Selo. Nicholas had previously expressed his desire to retire to the Crimea, there to end his days on his estate at Livadia. The Provisional Government was unable to acquiesce. The Emperor obeyed, asking only one final privilege, to take leave of his army in a last 'Order of the Day,' which he composed as follows: —

8(21) March, 1917. No. 371

I address my soldiers, who are dear to my heart, for the last time. Since I have renounced the throne of Russia for myself and my son, power has been taken over by the Provisional Government, which has been formed on the initiative of the Duma of the Empire.

May God help it to lead Russia into the path of glory and prosperity. May God help you, my glorious soldiers, to defend the Fatherland against a cruel enemy. For two and a half years you have endured the strain of hard service; much blood has been shed, great efforts have been made, and now the hour is at hand in which Russia and her

glorious allies will break the enemy's last resistance in one common, mightier effort.

The unprecedented war must be carried through to final victory. Anyone who thinks of peace or desires it at this moment is a traitor to his country and would deliver her over to the foe. I know that every soldier worthy of the name thinks as I do.

Do your duty, protect our dear and glorious country, submit to the Provisional Government, obey your leaders, and remember that any failure in duty can only profit the enemy.

I am firmly convinced that the boundless love you bear our great country is not dead within you.

God bless you and may Saint George, the great martyr, lead you to victory.

NICHOLAS

The inexplicable mentality of the Provisional Government, its confused indecision which finally lost itself in the maze of oratory and hesitation that accelerated Bolshevism, forbade the publication of this touching farewell to the army. It was suppressed, despite the fact that it was obviously a sincere appeal to support the new authorities and probably would have strengthened their hand to a notable degree. Whether the decision to pigeonhole it was motivated by fear or exaggerated prudence or old resentments, it was the first injudicious step of a most injudicious régime.

A passing flash of pathos comes slanting across the sombre scene at this juncture. As the clouds gathered over the head of the doomed monarch, while friends and erstwhile supporters were dropping away like banqueters from a Timon of Athens, as regiment after regiment went over to the revolutionists, — one of them led by the Tsar's own kinsman, the Grand Duke Cyril, — there arrived from Kiev one whose loyalty never faltered and on whose bosom the weary, uncrowned head might rest as it had reposed there in complete confidence when an infant.

The first of his family to take her place by Nicholas's side after his fall was his mother, the Dowager Empress Maria. She remained with him until the twenty-first, when he was conducted under arrest to Tsarskoe Selo.

They were never to meet again. The broken-hearted queen mother found refuge in Denmark, her native land, whence she had departed as the lovely Princess Dagmar to wed Alexander III in 1866. During that half century she saw the political face of Europe transformed; saw dynasties flourish and fall; saw a resurgent Poland outlive the three mighty empires that had sinned the sin of the ages in partitioning that land and people among themselves as the spoils of war; finally, she saw the country over which she had ruled as joint sovereign descend into the very Valley of the Shadow. But, with the indomitable faith which seems to seize upon and sway the imagination of all who fall under the spell of Russia's mysticism, she clings imperiously to the vanished sceptre, refuses to believe that her royal son is dead, and so forbids the customary prayers for his soul.

Though the name of Nicholas Romanov has been deleted from the *Almanach de Gotha*, the social register of nobility, to his exiled mother he is still Tsar of all the Russias and will one day return to resume the great Russian crown which the Bolsheviks keep in the Gochrana, within the Kremlin, and exhibit on occasions to privileged visitors. With the other crown jewels this dazzling accumulation of diamonds, pearls, and precious metals is preserved in a massive steel box. On its domelike top rests the blazing Peking ruby, big as a pigeon's egg, surmounted by a cross of rarest diamonds, aggregating in all twenty-eight hundred carats. The head that last wore it was desecrated by a fiendish executioner, who poured sulphuric acid

over it, then smashed it into an unrecognizable pulp and burned the bones to ashes.

Beside this may be seen the Tsarina's crown, described by one who saw it recently as 'an exquisite flowerlike creation, all a-shimmer with perfectly matched diamonds and pearls—a mass of iridescent fire. It was fashioned for Catherine the Great by Pauzier of Geneva, who was the Cellini of his day.' The last head that wore this sign of royalty was, as we shall shortly see, likewise beaten into fragments at Ekaterinburg. The aged Dowager Empress, brooding now over the mysteries of life in her retreat outside Copenhagen, had also worn it in the days of pomp and glory. It has been replaced on her brow by that other diadem which mothers so often inherit:—

. . . A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

March 22 was a dark and dreary day, as March days can be in Russia. At eleven in the morning the Emperor, accompanied by Prince Dolgoruki, Marshal of the Court, arrived at Tsarskoe Selo and went straight to the Tsarina, who was waiting in strained suspense. He was never to be separated from his family again, except for the brief moment at Tiumen during the transfer from Tobolsk to Ekaterinburg.

In the meantime, before the arrival of Nicholas, General Kornilov, Commander of the Military District of Petrograd, had waited on the distracted Tsarina to inform her that she was under arrest. Witnesses of that extraordinary scene record that the silence which followed the General's laconic announcement was that of the tomb. It was revolution in its starkest reality. The Empress, having entered the audience chamber and seated herself with her accustomed formality and air of royalty, was stunned to hear

Kornilov say, 'I must request you, madame, to stand up and listen with attention to the commands I am about to impose on you.'

'Commands'! It was the first time in three hundred years that mortal had addressed this word to a Romanov.

But commands came with military directness. She was to consider herself under arrest; she was forbidden to send or receive letters without the permission of the officer in charge of the Palace; she was not to walk alone in the park or about the grounds; she was to execute immediately any further orders signified to her. Count Beckendorff, Master of the Palace, who was in attendance, showed by his countenance that he felt there was nothing left but for the earth to open and swallow them all. Little did he or the Empress seem to realize that in Petrograd, not more than fifteen miles away, an infuriated mob was parading through the streets of the capital bearing placards that called for the immediate trial and execution of the Empress as one guilty of high treason.

In April 1922, the writer of these lines made a trip to Petrograd and was permitted by the Soviet authorities to visit the spots where these revolutionary episodes were enacted.² If my memory and notes do not deceive me, on the wall of the Tsarina's room in the Alexander Palace, in a corner near a window, hung a large tapestry,

² Among other rooms, we visited the study of the Tsar, which has been preserved unchanged by the Soviets. Another American, Mr. Newman, who is at present giving entertaining travelogues on Russia, enjoyed a similar privilege within the past few months. Someone must have been 'spoofing' Mr. Newman, as his remarks and photographs, published in a New York newspaper, depict 'the desk at which the Tsar signed his abdication' and show the actual pen he used. This should not be mistaken for authentic history. The Tsar signed his abdication in a railway car at Pskov, some one hundred and fifty miles distant, and used a pencil.—AUTHOR

depicting in life-size proportions Marie Antoinette and her children. It is said to be after Madame Vigée Lebrun's famous painting and was presented by the French Government. The ill-fated queen of France, in all the classic beauty that Burke perpetuates in his vivid word portrayal of her charms, sits in regal splendor with her children grouped around her, one on her knees. The Empress of all the Russias, herself a foreign princess, as was the Austrian consort of Louis XVI, passed the latter years of her private life under the shadow of that mute warning. The fate of Marie Antoinette, though longer deferred and immeasurably more brutal when it came, was never far away from Alexandra Feodorovna.

Their careers were cast in almost identical moulds.

The daughter of Maria Theresa came as a young girl to France from a Teutonic court. Vienna of the latter eighteenth century was more a stronghold of the Hapsburg dynasty than the capital city of a distinct nationality. The Empress of Russia came from a German principality, too, though a far less brilliant one—that of Hesse. Marie Antoinette journeyed to Versailles to be bride to a Dauphin destined to rule a kingdom already in the throes of incipient revolution. His ancestors had made themselves absolute personal monarchs—and passed the final reckoning on to him. Alexandra came to Russia to assume a rôle particularly congenial to her character in the most autocratic court of Europe. Marie Antoinette never fully lost her foreign bearing and accent. Neither did Alexandra—French and English were her preferred tongues. It is said she never spoke Russian except when obliged to—and quaintly at that. Marie Antoinette was destined to follow her husband to the death of a common criminal. So was Alexandra.

Enmity and jealousy pursued the *Autrichienne*. Alexandra, from the first day of her arrival, moved through a deepening atmosphere of suspicion and distrust. The day of her coronation was marred by the tragic accident at the Chodinka field where thousands of innocent citizens were trodden to death in a sudden panic that ensued when the crowds of waiting spectators broke through the police lines. The customary state ball went on as usual that night, though there were death and mourning throughout Moscow. It was regarded as an evil omen.

Marie Antoinette cherished a passionate yearning for a son, but was long denied the bliss of motherhood and was bitterly disappointed when the first child was a girl. Alexandra lived in morbid anxiety until, after four daughters, a son and heir was born who proved to be at once her joy and her undoing. Marie Antoinette was publicly accused of treasonable traffic with the enemies of France. Alexandra's name was placarded in the streets of Petrograd as a traitor and accused Germanophile. Marie Antoinette was the victim of domestic calumny and legends of debauchery circulated in the Paris coffee shops. Alexandra had Rasputin and a similar undeserved stigma. Marie Antoinette never fully understood — in fact, mildly disdained — her adopted people. Alexandra never quite fathomed the Russian masses or sympathized with them. She was paid back in like coin.

Marie Antoinette exercised a disastrous political influence during the five years that preceded the fall of the Bourbons. In her salon gathered the forces of intrigue and reactionary opposition to Parliament. The States-General she contemned. Her 'New Order' was regarded as a despotic invasion of popular rights. The Tsarina lent aid, comfort, and counsel to the

invisible influences and fell victim to the dark forces that ruined the Romanovs. Marie Antoinette put Necker in power: the mob rose and chased him out. Alexandra sponsored Sturmer and Protopopov: Petrograd hoisted the red flag. Marie Antoinette was held hostage in the Tower. Alexandra passed sixteen months in an imprisonment which was mild and dignified at first, but which swept with furious crescendo to its hideous termination. Marie Antoinette worshiped her son, the Dauphin, with the entire devotion of her being. The Tsarina would not permit herself to be separated from the Hope of the Throne even in their common death.

As Marie Antoinette mounted the steps of the guillotine shortly before noon on October 16, 1793, the advance of the rescuing counter-revolution was halted and routed at Maubeuge. As the émigrés and Bourbon nobles retreated with the banners of monarchy, her head fell into the basket. Kolchak's White Army and the Czechoslovak troops were on the point of taking Ekaterinburg as Alexandra Feodorovna sank to the floor of a cellar, riddled by the murderous fire of Lettish executioners.

III

There now followed five months of a relatively easy and mild imprisonment in the Summer Palace. The Tsar spent his time mostly in physical exercise, digging in the garden, clearing away the snow, walking in the park, or sawing wood in the fields. The Tsarina occupied herself in the care of her children. Three of the Grand Duchesses were ill and the Tsarevitch was stricken with measles, complicated by a recurrence of his hereditary disease. In her free moments she worked unceasingly making garments and bandages for the Red Cross. The two

ex-rulers were not allowed to meet or converse together, even at meals, without an officer of the guard at their elbow.

The Palace was guarded as a beleaguered fortress. On one occasion a sentry caused a wave of excitement by firing a shot to summon the commandant in order to inform him that signals, with red and green lights, were being made from the Tsar's apartments. Visions of secret code and possible rescue rose before the commandant's mind. He rushed into the house and ordered an investigation. The mystery was soon explained. The Grand Duchess Anastasia and the Tsar were sitting in the same room, the Emperor reading while his daughter, ensconced on the window ledge, was doing needlework. Her workbasket was on a table near by. As she stooped to pick up the things she needed she was alternately covering and uncovering two different lamps, one with a green shade, the other with a red, by the light of which the Tsar was reading.

The young Tsarevitch, Alexis, played in the garden and received regular instruction from his private tutor, Pierre Gilliard, a Swiss professor who was permitted to remain with the family until very near the end. His testimony, extending through thirteen years and reaching to Ekaterinburg, furnishes source material of prime historical importance. Nowhere else is it more clearly demonstrated how fatally the destiny of Russia was determined by such a pathetically human consideration as the health of the only son. In the person of that frail, winsome child you have the explanation of the Empress; you have the reason for Rasputin; you have the key for the abdication in favor of Michael and the subsequent attempted withdrawal by the Tsar; you have one of the redeem-

ing traits in both Tsar and Tsarina. They jeopardized an empire to save one delicate boy from the clutches of a congenital disease which she, all unwittingly, had transmitted to him.

Mr. Kerensky, Procurator-General in the Provisional Government, visited the Palace frequently. On April 3, his first visit, after shaking hands with the royal family, he said to the Tsarina, 'The Queen of England asks for news of the ex-Tsarina.' Pierre Gilliard records that the Empress blushed violently. It was the first time that she had been addressed as 'ex-Tsarina.'

The British from the outset manifested a desire to assure the physical safety of the dethroned monarchs. An offer of asylum in England was made through Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador at Petrograd, and it was understood that the German Government had agreed to permit one English ship to pass through the submarine zone without attack to meet the imperial family at Port Romanov. The benevolent design proved abortive, and around the failure has grown up an acrimonious controversy. Princess Paley, widow of the murdered Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovich, accuses the British Ambassador of having deliberately foiled the plan of King George to rescue his cousin. Sir George Buchanan defends himself vigorously in his published memoirs and blames the Provisional Government, who 'were not masters in their own house.'

This version is undoubtedly correct. In an interview with the author, Mr. Kerensky confirmed the report that such an offer had been made by the British Government, but so strong and hostile was the Soviet of Workmen at Petrograd that the Provisional Government did not dare to take the necessary steps. The Bolsheviki threatened to tear up the rails before the train should the Government attempt to move the

imperial family. It might have been possible at a later date, but Mr. Kerensky left me under the impression that the ardor of the British Government seemed to cool. He intimated that Lloyd George's policy had changed.

In the course of the interview in question Mr. Kerensky was asked if he cared to comment on the following incident as currently reported in Russia.

During one of his visits to the Summer Palace on a tour of inspection, Mr. Kerensky was accosted by the young Tsarevitch:—

'Are you Mr. Kerensky?'

'Yes.'

'You are Minister of Justice. Will you answer me a question?'

'Yes.'

'Did my father have the right to abdicate for himself and for me too?'

Kerensky paused, then replied, 'As your father, he probably did not; as Emperor, I think he had the right.'

The boy seemed satisfied with the hairsplitting and returned to his play.

On hearing my story, Mr. Kerensky laughingly tossed it off as a monarchist fabrication.

During the captivity day followed day with monotonous similarity. Nicholas adapted himself to the new conditions with an amazing ease and with an air of indifference that was in marked contrast to the sullen resentment of the Tsarina. Her bitterness was directed as much against the Tsar as against her fate. She could not soon forget that double abdication. 'There must be a mistake,' she had cried out on first hearing the news. 'It is impossible that Nicky has sacrificed our boy's claim.' Her rage became uncontrolled when at last the truth was inescapable, and she exclaimed, 'He might at least in his fright have remembered his son.'

Her intuition, always sharper than

that of Nicholas, seemed to realize the danger to their lives. 'They will put us in the fortress,' she confided one day to Marfa Mouchanow, 'and then kill us as they did Louis XVI.' To her youngest daughter, the Grand Duchess Anastasia, who was stunned and thrown into tears by the sudden reversal of fortune, Alexandra said, 'It is too early to cry yet. Keep your sorrow for another occasion.' In the words of an eyewitness, the reprimand was given 'in a hard voice.' It was only the lapse of time and the growing hardship of their common misfortune that softened her animosity toward the husband whom she considered a weakling.

The Tsar, for his part, seems to have abdicated in spirit and in truth. Though following with keen and intelligent interest the progress of the war and the movements of the Russian army, he never attempted to exercise political influence or indulge in critical comment. He accepted obscurity with the same fatalistic confidence he had shown in clinging obstinately to his waning autocracy.

Did he ever, in those long and lonely days, fall into revery that was something more than mere regret, or seek to determine, in his own mind, the historical responsibility for the processes that had culminated in this almost solitary confinement? Four years previously, in February 1913, Russia had commemorated, with all the pomp and Oriental pageantry her court excelled in, the Tercentenary of the Romanovs, and celebrated the achievements of the three hundred years that had elapsed since his ancestor, young Michael Romanov, son of the Patriarch Philaret, had ascended the throne and founded a powerful dynasty. But yesterday the word of a Romanov might have stood against the world; to-day there were only a handful of servants and a few aged

courtiers to do him reverence. The ease with which the monarchy fell, and the swift, utter abandonment of the Emperor by friends and people alike, should have furnished ground for salutary meditation.

The three hundred and four years of Romanov rule which had come to such an anticlimactic end would yield for his speculations an unfolding panorama of bewildering complexity, unending political tumult, and vast geographic expansion. It records a race between education and disaster. Disaster won easily. Now that the sinister voice of his mentor, Pobyedonostsev, was stilled, and with nought save the measured tread of jailers outside his door to influence his prison thoughts, the ex-Emperor may have seen in their true bearing the terrible realities which so many ardent spirits sought in vain to make him understand. Truths which in the warm glow of prosperity and security one is apt to consider as unpleasant annoyances, mere jeremiads of the hypercritical, become sombre revelations in the cold, pitiless light of adversity.

IV

I know of no figure in the history of fallen empires more tragically ironic, in the Greek sense, than the dethroned Master of Tsarskoe Selo, already marked to atone in blood for the sins and imbecilities of three centuries of misrule.

The capital error committed by his ancestors who controlled the destiny of Russia and moulded the forms of her political life lay in their failure to create in the minds of the people a consciousness of national solidarity. Historically, Russia developed into two entities, distinct, antagonistic, and perpetually at odds with each other. Government was not conceived as a delegation of power to be exercised

for the common good by a responsible trustee, but as a vested right to be jealously safeguarded and administered for the aggrandizement of a favored minority. Rulers and ruled were never fused into a single, unified community.

To be sure, there once existed a strong democratic tradition in Russia. Ancient Slav civilization, as represented in the early republics of Novgorod and Pskov, was gay, boisterous, full of color, intensely individualistic, and vociferously independent. These city-states were as jealous of their freedom as were ever Florence and Ghent. Novgorod's 'Court of Jaroslav' held popular assemblies (the *Véché*), summoned there by its great bell for legislative deliberation six hundred years before the Mayflower set sail. Its Declaration of Independence was drawn up five centuries before the Philadelphia document — and was much shorter, too: 'If the Prince is bad, into the mud with him.' And it was often acted on — so frequently, in fact, that in the course of a single century the chronicles record how the freemen of Novgorod drove out as many as thirty princes whose rule did not please them, an average of one every forty months. In 1136 Prince Vsevolod Mstislavich was summarily deposed and expelled by the hard-headed burghers because he was 'too fond of sport and neglectful of his duty.'

But these native tendencies, though cropping out sporadically in later centuries, were systematically suppressed by the Emperors, — particularly during the reign of the Ivans and Peter the Great, — as each succeeding Tsar reverted to the belief that the Russian land and the Russian folk were the private asset of the sovereign, his *otchina*. By the close of the seventeenth century the democracy that flourished in Novgorod was a legend.

Then, too, the Tatar domination had left its imprint on Russia's soul as definitely as the Norman invader left his mark on Anglo-Saxon civilization. Two centuries of vassalage under Eastern despots of the school of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane could not fail to modify enormously the social and political structure of Slavic communities. The taint spread from the head downward, from prince to peasant, as each learned from the Mongolian overlords the full manual of Asiatic callousness, ruthlessness, and absolutism. The foreign yoke was lifted with the fall of the Golden Horde in 1502. Slavery ended, but the slave driver remained. Did the Master of Tsarskoe Selo ever philosophize? He would have discovered a reproachful symbolism in the fact that the Russian term *naigaku*, 'the knout,' is one of the purely Tataric words still remaining in the Russian vocabulary. He had himself often invoked it.

Still other ghosts would rise to plague him. There were the 'reforms' of the first Peter, called by the Westernizers 'the Great,' but by the Slavophiles 'Antichrist.' He built a Colossus of the North, but its feet were of clay and the whole structure was, at that moment, tumbling down in Petrograd, fifteen miles away. Was it not this same Peter who drove Russia into strange paths unsuited to her historic traditions? He had forsaken Holy Moscow and built himself an abomination, named in vainglorious egotism 'Peter's City,' among the fogs and bogs and marshes of an alien territory. He let loose swarms of officials, clerks, and other *tehnovniki* to batten on the substance of the people; rushed them into foreign wars and intrigues, drove his subjects to domestic revolt by extravagant taxation, ordered men to defile the image of God by forcing them to

shave off their beards, and even ordained the cut of the clothes they should wear. Did he not persecute the Church of Christ by abolishing the Patriarchate? Did he not murder his own son? Verily, he had opened his 'window to Europe,' but opened it on to a swamp exuding miasmatic effluvia. He exposed the pure soul of orthodoxy to the blighting infection of atheism and deism from France and made Russia's poor brain reel with the dizzying wisdom of Prussia.

What the Tatars began the Ivans, both Great and Terrible, continued, Peter perpetuated; and Nicholas was paying the penalty. The final expiation was beginning in the very palace that had become, in popular imagination, a symbol of isolation and estrangement. It was to Tsarskoe Selo that Nicholas and the imperial family fled in 1905 when the thousands of petitioners, led by Gapon, marched to the Winter Palace to seek redress of wrongs from 'the little Father' — and were massacred by his waiting Cossacks. Bloody Sunday marked a turning point in Russian history and sealed the doom of the ruling dynasty. Hilaire Belloc has a brilliant essay in support of his thesis that the French Revolution became inevitable on the day and in the hour when the Commons, excluded from the Council Hall at Versailles, rushed in indignation to the Tennis Court and there held a separate Convocation, in defiance of king, nobles, and clergy. Did Nicholas Romanov realize that the Russian Revolution became inevitable when the first peaceful petitioner fell that Sunday afternoon before the Winter Palace? Only once in eight years did the royal family reside in Petrograd — and that for four days only, on the occasion of the Tercentenary. They lived in virtual seclusion at Tsarskoe Selo, the fifteen miles to the capital

constituting a moral chasm between them and their people.

And here he was, an actual prisoner in his favorite retreat, this well-intentioned and urbane, but woefully weak and indecisive, monarch. Harassed and crushed by the weight of an inherited responsibility too heavy for his shoulders, wearily answering 'Yes' or 'No' to importunate counselors who knew how to play shrewdly on his fears, his prejudices, and his superstitions, he had lived, as it were, a phantom king in a haunted palace. On the very day of his coronation he had succumbed publicly to exhaustion when entering the Cathedral of the Holy Archangels at Moscow. Fatigued by the weight of the ponderous crown, and staggering under the heavy ceremonial robe of cloth of gold fringed with ermine, he let

the sceptre he was carrying slip from his grasp to the ground. In the impressionable minds of those who witnessed the incident, it remained an evil omen. The court gossipers recalled the ill-fated Louis XVI complaining, during his coronation at Rheims, that the crown was too heavy and was hurting his head.

Never master of his own will, Nicholas spent his life awaiting the judgments of the Pobyedonostsevs, the Sturmers, and the Protopopovs who surrounded him, and of the Empress who ruled him. Mr. Kerensky was to convey the next decision of Russia's newest master, *Monsieur le peuple*.

On August 10, the Premier of the Provisional Government waited on the ex-Tsar and announced a momentous resolution. The imperial family was to be transferred to Siberia.

('The Murder of the Imperial Family' will appear in the March number)

POP'S PLOUGHING

A TRUE STORY OF FORTY YEARS AGO

BY FRANCES HULBERT RARIG

SARAH sat upon the doorstep in the warm darkness of the summer evening, with her nephew's head in her lap. The little boy had fallen asleep.

'He looks so much like his father when he was six or seven,' she said quietly to the little boy's mother. 'It reminds me of the time —'

She broke off. After a pause Jennie, the boy's mother, said, 'Reminds you of what, Sarah?'

Sarah did not answer at once. Then she began: 'It was a long time ago and

I've never told you about it. Pop's been dead, though, these three years and I'd kind of like to tell you.

'It happened the summer I was fourteen years old. For a long time I could n't forgive my father and I never felt quite the same toward him again. We were living on this very farm, and I tell you it meant work. As fast as we got one mortgage about paid off Pop bought some more acres with another mortgage on them. It was get up at sunrise and hustle all day, milking

cows, baking bread, churning butter, feeding the pigs, and washing, scrubbing — there was n't anything I did n't do to help Mother.

'I was the oldest of the children and there were four younger: Billy, who was eleven; Tom and your Jim, who were six and seven; and little Susan, who was just a year old. Mother'd been planning all spring to go home to her mother's for a visit when harvest was done. Then one day Pop came in and said, "I guess you'd better put off that visit for a while. I'm going to buy that forty acres of Tuttle's that joins ours and we'll be a mite short."

'Father had a soft voice and spoke kind of easy, but when he said something we knew he meant it. Mother just turned sort of white and looked as if all the starch had gone out of her. We set dinner on the table, but she could n't eat. I was blazing mad, but I did n't say anything then. After Pop had gone back to work I said to her, "You're going to have that trip. You can have my ten dollars in the bank and you take all the butter and egg money, and you're going!"

"Oh, Sarah, do you think I can?" says Mother, and she sat down and cried. I'd never seen her really cry before and I was scared. Right in the middle of it Pop came in for something he'd forgotten and I guess he was scared, too. Anyway, it was n't long after that when Mom started on her trip.

'Of course, the baby went with her and she took Billy, too, to help take care of Susan, she said. I was to look after Tom and Jim and do the housework. But I did n't mind. I was young and strong and used to housework. Besides, I was pleased that Mother could go.

'But the very next day after she left if those two youngsters, Tom and Jim, were n't ailing! They fussed and

lay round and said they did n't feel good. That night they were restless and by morning I was sure there was something wrong. I wanted to send for the doctor, but Pop said, "No. Give 'em some castor oil." But I'd already done that, and by noon the boys were so flushed that he said if I could get word to old Doc Hanley perhaps he'd better drop round.

'That was leave enough for me, and it was n't long before old Doc Hanley was there. He looked at the boys' throats, and hemmed and hawed and asked where Mother was. I told him about the trip and he said, "Well, that's nice. We won't send for her yet, anyway."

"Send for her!" I exclaimed. "What's the matter with them?"

"It's early yet to say, but it looks like diphtheria. There's some round."

'I went ice cold all over and my knees shook so I could hardly stand. It would have been bad enough with Mother at home, but without Mother! That was before the days of antitoxin, and to me diphtheria spelled just one word — death. There'd been a family living near us two or three years before that had three little girls, as pretty little things as you ever saw. They lost them all inside two weeks, and they did n't even come back to the house after the last funeral. Just left everything and went. We never saw them again and their farm sold for next to nothing.

'I did n't know what fainting meant, but perhaps I came near to it. Anyhow, old Doc Hanley saw something was happening and set me down in a chair.

"Now, Sarah," he said, "don't you get fussed. You can look after these boys just as well as your mother. And anyway, it may not be diphtheria. I'll look in again in the morning and see."

'He kept on talking cheerfully and pretty soon I began to think things

weren't so bad. He told me what to do, and said to have Pop bring a bed downstairs to the parlor, where it was cooler. The bedrooms upstairs were low and it was blistering hot up there.

'Pop was n't much of a hand to help around the house. He came of German stock, you know, and in German families the womenfolk do the work unless they can't get out of bed, and then they get a neighbor woman in to help. I was kind of scared to tell him about the parlor, but to my surprise he did n't make any objection at all. Brought the bed downstairs and then carried down the boys. Kind of joked with them, too, about what Mom would say about their sleeping in the parlor. Then he spread some comforts on the floor and told me to go to bed. He'd stay with the boys.

'I was surprised, but I went to bed. I thought I would n't sleep at all, but the next thing I knew it was five o'clock and Pop was calling me.

"You'll have to get up now, Sary. I got to get to my ploughing. If the doctor says to send for your Mom you get Jake's boy to take a telegram in."

"Send for Mom? What for?" I asked. I was so dead asleep I had forgotten everything. Then it all came rushing back and I hopped out of bed and hurried into my clothes. When I got downstairs I found that Pop had had his oatmeal and coffee and was out harnessing the team.

'I don't like to remember that day even yet. When the doctor came he said, "Well, I guess you'd like to have your mother here to help you. When could she get here?"

"I could telegraph her and she could get here to-morrow afternoon," I said, trying not to tremble. I knew it meant the boys had diphtheria.

"You do that," he answered, cheerfully. He stayed quite a while that morning and explained carefully all

that he wanted done. But all that day the boys got sicker and sicker. They did n't talk or cry much, but that scared me all the more.

'That night Pop and I took turns sitting up with them, giving them water and tending to their medicine. But when five o'clock came Pop said, as he did the day before, "I've got to get to my ploughing."

'About seven a neighbor came in. She was an old woman who talked continually. I was too tired and anxious to pay much attention to her. She shook her head over the boys.

"If they get real bad, Sary," she said, "you dose 'em with coal oil. That's what I did with my Pete when he had the quinsy." And she went on to tell a long story about Pete. I scarcely heard her, for I was watching the road for the doctor.

'Old Doc Hanley did n't do very much for the boys when he came that morning, but he was very gentle with them and with me.

"Where's your father, Sarah?" he asked.

"He's ploughing," I said.

"H'm. Well, Sarah, listen to me. I can't stay very long this morning because Mis' Brown over on the hill road is getting her baby to-day and I've got to get back to her. When will your mother get here? Four o'clock. Well. Now, Sarah, it's likely that before that time these boys will bleed some at the nose. It's kind of frightening, Sarah, and I'd stay with you if I could. I'll come back as soon as I can, but there really is n't any use sending for me because—" He stopped, and then said, "Because there is n't anything more I can do."

'I knew what he meant, all right, but I had hold of myself and I said, "You wait just a minute, will you, doctor? I want to get Nell and tie her by the back door so I can get Father if—"

"You do that," he said. 'I'll wait a bit."

'I ran to the pasture gate and whistled to Nell. She was our pet horse. We children had raised her from a colt and she'd follow us round like a dog. Now she came running up, expecting sugar. I jumped on her back and in a minute was tying her at the back door.

"Now I feel safer," I said to old Doc Hanley.

"Good. You're all right, Sarah," he said, and drove away.

'But I did n't feel all right. If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget that morning. Except for their hard breathing and little moans now and then, the boys were quiet. The house was quiet. Everything was quiet except Nell, stamping outside. I sat by the bed in the parlor where the two lay, watching, watching, and trying to ease them.

'It was just eleven o'clock when Jim had a choking spell and then began to bleed. The next moment I was on Nell, out of the yard, and galloping down the road to the field where Pop was ploughing. He saw me coming and stopped the team.

"Pop, come quick!" I screamed. "Jim's bleeding and the doctor said—"

'I could n't go on. Pop got white under his tan, but he said sternly, "What did Doc Hanley say?"

"He said it was n't any use to call him because there was n't anything more he could do if they started bleeding!"

'I can see Pop standing there as plainly to-day as I could then. He had a strong face, meant to be kind, but hardened by years of unending work—sunrise to sunset, sunrise to sunset. His faded, neatly patched shirt was open over his chest and his overalls had shrunk above his ankles. He had taken off his shoes and with his bare toes he

made crosses and circles in the dusty earth.

'After a moment he gave a sigh and gathered the reins closer in his hands.

"If old Doc Hanley can't do anything more," he said, "I guess I can't. Giddap!"

'For a moment I was stupefied. Then I cried, "But, Pop, *are n't you coming?* Jim's maybe going to *die!*"

'But the horses were moving on.

"I've got my ploughing to tend to," said Pop.

'I don't remember how I got back to the house. I was blazing with anger, and as I rode a determination just as fierce grew within me. Mother was n't going to come home and find Jim dead! She was n't!

'That was a house of terror when I got back. Tom had been bleeding as well as Jim, and they were plainly worse. I got warm water and washed their faces. I rubbed their hands and their legs. I gave them sips of water with a spoon, and as I did so I suddenly remembered what the old neighbor woman had said.

"If they get real bad, dose 'em with coal oil!"

'I flew to the woodshed and got the can of kerosene. I got a spoon, and with hands that shook so that I spilled a good deal I put a spoon of kerosene to Jim's lips. But he would not open his mouth.

"Water, Jim," I said, and as his lips parted I slipped in the kerosene. Then, before my courage failed me, I gave some to Tom, too.'

Sarah stopped talking.

'Did they die?' asked Jennie, breathlessly.

Sarah laughed shortly. 'Hardly. Jim's your husband and Tom's your brother-in-law.'

'I was so interested I forgot,' said Jennie. 'Go on.'

'That was a horrible time. I thought

for a while I *had* killed them. But, whatever else the coal oil did, it loosened the membrane in their throats. I helped them, and we got it out.

'Pop brought the team in at noon, and after he had taken care of the horses he came into the kitchen. There was no dinner. He tiptoed to the parlor door and looked in. I was busy with the boys and did not look up. Neither of us spoke. Then I heard him moving round the kitchen, getting something to eat. Pretty soon he went back to his ploughing.

'If the morning had gone slowly, the afternoon flew by. I did everything I could think of to make those boys comfortable and to help them clear their throats. After a while they began to doze, and at last the doctor drove in. He came quietly up to the bed and felt the boys' pulses.

"What have you done to them, Sarah?" he asked.

'I thought, "I *have* killed them and he knows it!" but I managed to answer, "I gave them coal oil."

"Coal oil!" he exploded. "Coal oil!" And then he laughed. "Well, Sarah, I would n't have dared! But they're better. They'll get well, I think."

'At that, something let go inside me, and I started crying and could n't stop. Old Doc Hanley hustled me into the kitchen, and the next thing I knew

there was Mother with her arms round me. Of course, finding me crying like that, she thought someone was dead.

"Is it both of them, Sarah?" she whispered, holding me so hard it hurt.

'That brought me out of it in a hurry. "It is n't either of them," I gulped. "They're all right. I gave them coal oil."

"Coal oil!" exclaimed my mother. "Coal oil! Well, there's nothing better if you can stand it! Now, you go to bed. I'll tend to the boys."

Again there was silence. Jennie wiped her eyes. After a bit Sarah continued.

'No, I never felt quite the same toward Pop again. Of course, for a long time I just thought he was afraid to see Jim die. But since I've really been grown, and especially since I've had this farm to work, I've known it was n't just that. Perhaps it was n't that at all, for certainly Pop had been up two nights with the boys and had been very anxious about them.

'But for years Pop had never let anything interfere with the farm work. Whether the weather was blazing hot or stormy cold, he worked. If he felt well he worked, and if he felt sick he worked. I don't think any death in the family except Mother's could have stopped him.

'No, Pop had his ploughing to tend to, and he tended to it.'

SPECULATING IN HOMES

BY ARTHUR C. HOLDEN

I

MANY and loud have been the protests, not only against the rents which American families have to pay to-day, but against the quality of the homes supplied. In spite of the phenomenal activity in the building industry since the war, we are most of us still haunted by the spectre of high rents. A few of us, by stretching a point, can afford to live in the new houses, but the family whose income averages no more than \$2500 a year faces a predicament. It has been variously contended that this group, admittedly the largest in the country, represents anywhere from 40 per cent to 70 per cent of the population. The homes which are being built to-day simply do not come within the range of this \$2500 group. For if a family in these circumstances is to be even reasonably fed and clothed, and to enjoy only the simplest forms of recreation, it cannot safely apply much more than one fifth of the budget to rent. This means very little over \$40 a month, or \$10 per room (including heating) for a four-room house or apartment. Four rooms are cramped quarters for a family of five; yet there are no apartments available at this price except in the very oldest buildings. No wonder these families seize every possible opportunity to escape to the street, and that investigators of the causes of delinquency and crime mention, in case after case, the 'lack of a suitable home environment.'

A few individuals, inspired by what has been done in Europe, have declared

that, since private enterprise has failed to rid our cities of the plague spots of rickety shanties and dark tenements, the time has come for the State to step in and replace these blighted areas with low-rental housing in which the lower-paid group of workers can afford to live. But this is an admission that industry cannot afford to house its workers in decency, and a challenge not alone to our industrial system but to democratic government itself. Surely it is time to investigate conditions as they exist and to see whether some less extreme solution cannot be found.

II

One would naturally suppose that, with building costs as high as they are, practically all of each dollar expended for 'housing' would go to pay for construction. Such, however, is not the case. The cost of the construction alone accounts for only about half of it, ranging as high as 64 cents to as low as 41 cents out of each dollar of the cost of the finished product. With the rest of the dollar the land must be paid for, the streets must be paid for, the sewer, water, gas, electricity, grading, and other improvements must be paid for; lawyers must be paid; in addition, the privilege of using money must be bought and paid for, and the cost of selling the finished product must be included.

Of course conditions vary amazingly

in different parts of the United States, but, to take an average, of each dollar spent for the finished home product the division is approximately as follows:—

To labor at the job.....	\$0.26½
For materials delivered at the job.....	.25
To promoters and financiers.....	.27
For land and its improvement.....	.21½
	\$1.00

To most of us these figures are surprising. Few of us have tried to analyze housing costs. We instinctively think in terms of brick, lumber, steel, and other materials, and of the labor required to put them in place. It seems incomprehensible to us that the cost of promotion should run higher than the cost of all the complicated materials which we see delivered to the job. And we have been so used to blaming labor for high costs that we refuse to believe that the cost of promotion usually amounts to more than the total cost of all labor at the job. Yet it is a fact that, for the average brick structure, out of each dollar of the total cost only 26½ cents is paid to labor at the job—of which only 8½ cents goes to the grasping carpenters, 5½ cents to the mercenary bricklayers, and 4½ cents to the profiteering plasterers and hod carriers together! Plumbers on an average get no more than 2 cents, surprising as it may seem to the professional wits, and electricians ⅔ of a cent. So much for the arguments of those who would make labor the one and only scapegoat for expensive housing.

When America was a wilderness and the first colonists were constructing their farms and villages on the Atlantic seaboard, the cost of a house consisted almost entirely of the labor of the craftsmen who built it. Stone for the foundation was at hand, and timber was standing near by. To-day what a

difference! Although our mechanics receive wages which are unbelievably high when compared to former standards, the percentage of the total cost which the men at the job now receive is infinitely less. The modern workman at the job does not do many of the things his predecessor used to do. He no longer cuts his own timber, he no longer smooths it into beams and planks, he no longer fits much of it together into sash and frames. These things are done in far-away lumber camps, in sawmills, in shops. Some of the heaviest items of cost to-day were unheard of by our forefathers. Transportation and overhead must be paid for as part of the cost before a mantelpiece or a bathtub is delivered at the job to-day. Thus the total charge for materials mounts up to 25 cents in the housing dollar, or virtually as much as the charge for labor at the job.

The numerous and complex processes represented by this charge for materials are not always as efficiently done as they might be. There are often waste and lost motion. Who has not seen plasterers idly waiting for carpenters to get out of the way, while the carpenters in turn are waiting for the arrival of the kitchen window frames that were promised last week by express? But even if such inefficiency were eliminated the saving would not amount to more than a few cents on every dollar of housing cost. We must accomplish this and more too. We must look further for the answer to our problem.

The most significant factor in the high cost of housing is the great increase in the proportionate amount spent for *things other than construction*. This amount used to be negligible; now it has grown to over half of the production cost. Without diminishing our efforts to reduce the present waste in labor and materials, we should

realize that we are paying even more dearly for the use of land and for the use of money. Why are these items in the housing bill so large?

Out of each dollar that the average owner spends for his house, he pays 27 cents to promoters and financiers. Naturally, we admit, the builder requires capital to pay his men and to purchase materials; we expect him to have to pay interest upon it and to pass along the charge to the future owner. But 27 cents looks on the face of it like a payment of something more than the market rate for the use of capital. Furthermore, this figure represents the average; the promotion charge often runs much higher. For example, in the type of small frame bungalows in South Brooklyn which are being extensively sold for from \$5600 to \$5800 apiece, as much as 43 cents out of each dollar goes for promotion. In the case of this class of house in this particular neighborhood the cost of promotion frequently exceeds the total cost of construction itself, including *both* labor and materials. Promotion obviously includes some extraordinary costs over and above the prevailing interest rate usually paid for the use of investment capital. To promotion may be assigned (besides the interest and carrying charges) discounts, bonuses, profits, overhead, sales costs, advertising, and other expenses incident to the use of money. As we examine the figures more closely we begin to see where the trouble lies. The charges for funds used in housing are to a great extent upon a speculative basis rather than an investment basis.

It is difficult to say why the finance of housing is so different from ordinary commercial finance. It is usual to think of certain merchants or manufacturers as good credit risks and others as poor risks. Men with high credit ratings

can borrow on easy terms, while those with undesirable ratings will find that credit is not so easy to obtain except at high cost. In housing, on the other hand, the method of extending credit is very different. It is assumed that the first half of any housing enterprise is a good risk and that the last half is a speculation. Money is loaned accordingly. The situation is almost analogous to what it would be in the grocery business if one half of the capital needed to do business were loaned to anyone who desired to enter the grocery field, while the rest of the necessary capital were left to the speculators to supply at exorbitant rates. Such a policy assists the fly-by-night operator at the expense of the conservative business man. It provokes ruthless and disastrous competition instead of healthy competition.

But the housing industry differs from all others except farming in that it cannot exist without the use of land, and land is of all things in the world the greatest temptation to speculation. Twenty-one and one-half cents out of each dollar of final cost goes, on an average, to pay for land; the range is from 35 cents for the land on which the tall fireproof apartment is built down to 11 cents for the sliver of ground on which the Philadelphia row house stands.

Now there are certain plain facts about the economics of land which we must understand if we are to realize why land prices behave as they do. Land depends for its value principally upon the fact that it is all owned already, and that a growing community cannot acquire land for necessary new uses without buying it. When land is sold it is, therefore, usually sold at a profit. The new owner has to pay the old owner for his original costs and also for the various expenses he may have had in carrying the land. If, in

addition, the old owner has been enjoying an income from the land, the new owner will also have to offer enough money to make it worth while for him to part with it. And finally, if the old owner realizes that the land is increasing in value and that it would be worth his while to keep possession of it, but decides to sell on the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, he may include in his price a fat sum representing the possible future profits that he is handing over with it. One deduces from this that the price of land is made up of two factors, the first representing the capitalized value of its past costs, the second the capitalized value of its possible future earning power. This is equivalent to saying that land usually sells at a premium. Each succeeding purchaser is left with the task of making good whatever guess he may have made as to its value.

The public is convinced that land is getting scarcer all the time, and is apparently willing to buy anything that can be called land. One can scarcely blame the subdividers for keeping at their job. The public pays the bill. Less than a year ago one of the most reputable of the subdividers operating in Chicago made the statement that at that time sufficient land had already been subdivided to take care of the estimated growth of Chicago for twenty years to come, but that notwithstanding this fact the process of subdivision was not diminishing and that the public was taking the new lots off the promoters' hands. The same thing is going on in and about New York: for example, in the Long Island section between Patchogue and the city limits enough land has already been divided into lots to accommodate the entire present population of the five boroughs of New York. Around the city of Detroit there

extends a belt of land from three to six miles wide already divided into lots and waiting for the building boom to catch up with it, and meanwhile piling up carrying charges. Here again the speculative nature of building adds to the expense which the ultimate owner will have to bear.

The figures I have given represent only averages. Depending upon local conditions and different types of housing, there are great variations in the proportions of the dollar which go to pay for the factors of labor, materials, promotion, and land. It is reasonable, however, to say that for new work roughly a quarter of the dollar is required for each. When a home is sold for a profit after its completion, however, the effect is to change this four-fold division of the dollar. The profit is added to the financing costs, and very frequently additional discounts increase still further the proportion that goes to promoters and financiers. As time goes on, the original cost of producing the house is lost sight of completely. What remains is the market price of the land and the costs of financing.

III

Not so long ago an eminent tax assessor was questioned by one of his city-hall chiefs as to why he had raised all the assessments in one of the poorer sections of his city, where the people owned their own homes. 'That's the very reason,' he replied. 'Those people like high assessments. It helps them prove the damn little boxes have some value when they want to sell them.' The politician was still puzzled and ventured a remark about the people not being able to keep their homes. But the assessor said, 'Don't be a ninny! Don't you realize that most people don't want a home? They want a speculation!'

So it is with all those who put money into real estate. They want a speculation. They desire to put in as little money as possible and get it out as soon as possible. If a house originally worth \$10,000 can be sold for \$11,000, it is only an increase of ten per cent in the price, but the operator who has been clever enough to buy the house with only \$1000 in cash and the rest in mortgages makes 100 per cent on his cash payment. It is an attractive gambling game, the buying and selling of real estate, and there are enough trying their hand at it to keep the price of apartments and homes steadily advancing even while the buildings themselves depreciate.

Is not the anomaly in the situation clear? Here is a whole industry operating upon a speculative basis — to such an extent that a share in the earning power of real property is practically unmarketable. Yet the supply of homes and shelter is one of the stable needs of the community. Nearly a sixth of the national income goes to pay for shelter. What an extraordinary thing that the satisfaction of this great human need does not yet offer one of the greatest and most conservative fields, not for speculation, but for investment!

The reason is simple. It is because with buildings the equity behind the stock represents little except the right to 'manipulate' the property.

During the period when steel mills and railroads were manipulated, when they were bought and sold for a profit, their securities were not sought after as an investment. It was only when corporations were formed large enough to buy up and hold chains of mills and railroads for the sole purpose of operating them efficiently and profitably that the outstanding bonds and stocks of these companies began to have a very considerable investment value. Building and real estate stand to-day

where the railroads stood in the period of frenzied speculation and expansion following the Civil War. The railroads and industry in general have passed through the stage in their development where great fortunes were made overnight by manipulation. To-day the public may invest in the bonds or the stock of seasoned railroads, industrials, or utilities with reasonable certainty that these are steady income-producing investments. The preferred stock of the United States Steel Corporation, for example, which pays 7 per cent and no more, is so sought after that the price of the stock ranges from \$120 to \$135 a share. Who ever heard of anyone paying a premium to buy the preferred stock in any building?

It is a matter of grave concern how soon self-interest will compel operators in real estate to follow the example of other industries and combine to secure the regular profit due to efficient operation. With speculation in housing rampant as it is to-day, it is small wonder that money is expensive to get. High rates of interest and exorbitant discounts are to be expected. We have seen that the expense of original financing and promoting runs as high as 27 cents on each dollar. The burden of financing costs is felt most keenly, however, in the annual financing charges. For the usual operation annual charges average between 9 and 11 per cent. On some of the subordinate mortgages the charges for interest and amortization run as high as 35 to 40 per cent annually. A reduction of two points in the average interest has more effect upon rents than a reduction of 10 per cent in construction costs.

The American home owner suffers financially in more ways than one from being the unwitting victim of a speculative industry. Ultimately the cash to pay for the risks of speculative building and of speculative real-estate operation

comes out of his pocket. Are we to be surprised that he protests at the amount called for?

IV

Within the past few years there has been a slow awakening to the significance of the cost of speculative housing. There has accordingly been a change in the nature of the legislation aimed to protect the public. It has become less mandatory and more constructive. Instead of attempting to limit by law what the landlord may and may not do, the recent New York law has been framed with the hope of attracting low-interest money into the field of housing. The idea has just begun to germinate that investments in housing may be made safe, if through no other means, by putting them under the supervision of the State.

It was a curious situation which brought this idea home to many of us. Under the New York law the power of condemnation was brought to the assistance of the housing companies for the purpose of assembling entire city blocks for large-scale operation. Such powers were so subject to abuse that they could not be granted without proper regulation and supervision. A State Board of Housing was therefore created, with powers of supervision, regulation, investigation, and research. The nation has been watching the New York experiment, but the pot has not yet come to a boil. A year after the legislation was passed we have the spectacle of a State Board set up to supervise the operation of the investment housing companies with no more than one company of the type having come into existence to be regulated.

Happily the Board has been free meanwhile to exercise its powers of research and investigation. The paradox is none the less apparent. The conserv-

ative type of investment housing companies, when they begin operation, are to be regulated by the State. All others who wish to operate in the field of housing are free to speculate, manipulate, skimp on construction, or do anything within the law that will bring the quickest return.

Yet it is with these others who at present dominate the field of housing that the investment companies must compete for their capital. For all capital comes from the same money market. Generally speaking, there are two kinds available: capital for investment, to be had in large quantities and at low rates of interest; and capital for speculation, to be had in smaller amounts for the highest return obtainable. The speculator in housing is at present tapping both of these reservoirs of capital. He gets as much investment capital at low interest as possible, and for this he gives a first mortgage. For the balance he draws upon speculative funds, giving subordinate mortgages for which he pays heavy discounts, but keeping control of the equity for a short period himself until he can 'get his money out,' as the saying goes. What matters it to him whether the thing he builds is uneconomic, wasteful, or short-lived, so long as he can 'unload' it for a profit upon someone else?

The money that goes into housing runs the risk of this sort of manipulation and mismanagement. Is there small wonder that housing stands discredited from an investment point of view? Is it at all likely that investment housing companies can at once win the public confidence in the face of such a situation?

If ever governmental regulation is justly called for it will be to curb financial manipulation in housing and real estate. It will be quite logical if the same pressure of public opinion which set up such an agency as the

New York State Board of Housing to regulate the investment housing corporations compels the extension of the regulatory powers of the Board to include the supervision of all housing finance. It is as certain that this step must be taken in New York and elsewhere within the next decade as it was certain twenty years ago that a governmental agency was needed capable of curbing the type of unchecked financial manipulation which caused the panic of 1907. If those who produce the best product in an essential industry are to be protected from the unscrupulous, and the industry itself fails to give the protection or to curb manipulation and speculation, then the Government must be called upon. The Federal Reserve Act brought the Government into the banking field in the interest of high standards of banking and the proper uses of credit. It assured the even flow of investment funds for the needs of the nation's business and prevented speculation from seriously draining upon those funds. What the national Government has done in the regulation of banking can and should be done by the individual states to regulate an industry so essential to the well-being of their citizens as the provision of proper shelter.

V

Let us not, however, pin too much hope upon governmental regulation of housing finance. It is inevitable in the end, but should it come too soon, and should it be applied without understanding, it might cause a reaction which would delay relief for many years more. What can be done in the meantime?

To begin with, we need to recognize two important facts. The first is that it is not necessary for the mass of mankind to live in rickety hovels and

sunless cells. If intelligence is applied, the same amount of money that at present is going into the construction of these makeshift dwellings may be used to produce homes which will have permanent sunlight and ample recreation space, and in which it will be a joy to live. The second fact is that homes of this type will not depreciate as rapidly as those which we now build, and that they may therefore be financed far more cheaply, entirely from investment and not from speculative funds. As a result the public will be able to live in homes far better than they have yet known for less money than they now pay.

But how shall we persuade the skeptical business world that these are indeed facts? No mere assertion will convince them. We must rely on demonstration. Somebody must come forward with a well-devised plan for conservatively financed housing,—somebody who combines technical information and experience with a knowledge of just how much can be accomplished,—and make a bold experiment. He must procure capital without paying heavy discounts for it in advance of the demonstration. He must seek this capital from investment, not from philanthropic sources. Up to date much harm has been done by talk about philanthropy and semi-philanthropy. Then he must prove by the successful accomplishment of his experiment that housing can be made conservatively profitable for the men who control investment as distinguished from speculative money, and who at the present moment have no conception whatever that housing has investment possibilities.

Surely it should not be difficult to persuade these men, once an experimental project has been successfully launched. All over the country business on an investment basis is to-day more

stable than it has ever been before. In spite of the fact that wages have steadily risen, we find that the prices of manufactured commodities, disturbed by the war, have begun an appreciable decline. Housing is practically the single exception. So far as new construction is concerned, every year we are offering smaller quarters for more money. This cannot be kept up indefinitely. The building industry has very much to learn from industry in general, but most of all to learn from the automobile manufacturers. Twenty-five years ago no one would have believed it possible that the automobile would come into broad popular use and that the man of small means would find it within his means to ride about in his own little car. Henry Ford has achieved one of the marvels of the age — the broadening of the market for an article which he produced. He achieved this by standardizing and stabilizing production and introducing the most efficient methods possible. It was done by cutting down production cost and taking a small profit on a great quantity of cars produced. Large-scale production on a similar basis will be the salvation of the housing problem.

It must be preceded by large-scale conception. Those who would undertake large housing projects on the new basis must develop a new technique of planning and of management. They must not subdivide land faster than it can be used economically. They must reduce the number and expense of streets with service and transportation lines so that the cost of building and maintaining them will not be more than the houses which front on them can afford to carry. They must learn

that units of housing must be self-contained; that they must not be dependent upon undeveloped adjoining property for light and outlook. They must concentrate the open spaces, providing a few big ones rather than a lot of little ones, so as to secure recreation areas large enough for all but the older children. They must avoid wasteful planning, do away with narrow dark courtyards and unlighted rooms, and avoid unnecessary repetition and duplication of stairs, hallways, and other service features. They must learn to standardize both materials and methods of construction for the sake of economy, and, with the coöperation of labor, to turn the functional subdivision of various trades (often so productive of disastrous waste on a small job) into an asset for increasing the efficiency of labor on large-scale work. If they do all these things, we may be confident not only that they will produce houses and apartments which will be economical and comfortable and attractive to purchasers and tenants, but also that they will, with proper efficiency of operation, make a steady profit sufficient to attract low-interest money.

Slowly as the world moves forward, it must move toward the realization of such a programme. Civilization means nothing more than the organization of mankind to control its destiny. The spectre of the High Cost of Living has, after all, the same single purpose as has any ordinary spectre or 'bogie man.' They all exist to frighten us. Let us hope that this spectre may frighten us into action, so that we may come into a better understanding of how to satisfy the fundamental human need for shelter.

ONCE, ONLY ONCE

BY LAURENCE BINYON

ONCE, only once, never again, never,
The idle curve my hand traces in air,
The first flush on the cloud, lost in the morning's height,
Meeting of the eyes and tremble of delight,
 Before the heart is aware
Gone! to return, never again, never!

Futurity flows toward me, all things flow
Full-streaming, and ere a pulse beat they are bound
In fixity that no repenting Power can free;
They are with Egypt and with Nineveh,
 Cold as a grave in the ground:
And still, undated, all things toward me flow.

Why is all strange? Why do I not grow used?
The ripple upon the stream that nothing stays,
The bough above, in glory of warm light waving slow,
Trouble me, enchant me, as with the stream I flow
 Lost into the endless days.
Why is all strange? Why do I not grow used?

Eternity! Where heard I that still word?
Like one that passing through a foreign street
Has felt upon him bent from far some earnest look,
Yet sees not whence, and feigns that he mistook,
 I marvel at my own heartbeat.
Eternity! How learnt I that far word?

VANZETTI'S LAST STATEMENT

Monday, August 22, 1927

A RECORD BY W. G. THOMPSON

[THE following document, which is not printed to prolong an argument, has no bearing upon the official record of the tragic case to which it forms the natural epilogue. But in human records its extraordinary character gives it a place unlike any other known to us.

— THE EDITORS]

Sacco and Vanzetti were in the Death House in the State Prison at Charlestown. They fully understood that they were to die immediately after midnight. Mr. Ehrmann and I, having on their behalf exhausted every legal remedy which seemed to us available, had retired from the active conduct of the case, holding ourselves in readiness, however, to help their new counsel in any way we could.

I was in New Hampshire, where a message reached me from Vanzetti that he wanted to see me once more before he died. I immediately started for Boston with my son, reached the prison in the late afternoon or early evening, and was at once taken by the Warden to Vanzetti. He was in one of the three cells in a narrow room opening immediately to the chair. In the cell nearest the chair was Madeiros, in the middle one Sacco, and in the third I found Vanzetti. There was a small table in his cell, and when I entered the room he seemed to be writing. The iron bars on the front of the cell were so arranged as to leave at one place a wider space, through which what

he needed could be handed to him. Vanzetti seemed to be expecting me; and when I entered he rose from his table, and with his characteristic smile reached through the space between the bars and grasped me warmly by the hand. It was intimated to me that I might sit in a chair in front of the cell, but not nearer the bars than a straight mark painted on the floor. This I did.

I had heard that the Governor had said that if Vanzetti would release his counsel in the Bridgewater case from their obligation not to disclose what he had said to them the public would be satisfied that he was guilty of that crime, and also of the South Braintree crime. I therefore began the interview by asking one of the two prison guards who sat at the other end of the room, about fifteen feet from where we were, to come to the front of the cell and listen to the questions I was about to ask Vanzetti and to his replies. I then asked Vanzetti if he had at any time said anything to Mr. Vahey or Mr. Graham which would warrant the inference that he was guilty of either crime. With great emphasis and obvious sincerity he answered no. He then said, what he had often said to me before, that Messrs. Vahey and Graham were not his personal choice, but became his lawyers at the urgent request of friends, who raised the money to pay them. He then told me certain things about their relations to him and about their conduct of the Bridge-

water case, and what he had in fact told them. This on the next day I recorded, but will not here repeat.

I asked Vanzetti whether he would authorize me to waive on his behalf his privilege so far as Vahey and Graham were concerned. He readily assented to this, but imposed the condition that they should make whatever statement they saw fit to make in the presence of myself or some other friend, giving his reasons for this condition, which I also recorded.

The guard then returned to his seat.

I told Vanzetti that although my belief in his innocence had all the time been strengthened, both by my study of the evidence and by my increasing knowledge of his personality, yet there was a chance, however remote, that I might be mistaken; and that I thought he ought for my sake, in this closing hour of his life when nothing could save him, to give me his most solemn reassurance, both with respect to himself and with respect to Sacco. Vanzetti then told me quietly and calmly, and with a sincerity which I could not doubt, that I need have no anxiety about this matter; that both he and Sacco were absolutely innocent of the South Braintree crime, and that he (Vanzetti) was equally innocent of the Bridgewater crime; that while, looking back, he now realized more clearly than he ever had the grounds of the suspicion against him and Sacco, he felt that no allowance had been made for his ignorance of American points of view and habits of thought, or for his fear as a radical and almost as an outlaw, and that in reality he was convicted on evidence which would not have convicted him had he not been an anarchist, so that he was in a very real sense dying for his cause. He said it was a cause for which he was prepared to die. He said it was the cause of the upward progress of humanity, and the

elimination of force from the world. He spoke with calmness, knowledge, and deep feeling. He said he was grateful to me for what I had done for him. He asked to be remembered to my wife and son. He spoke with emotion of his sister and of his family. He asked me to do what I could to clear his name, using the words 'clear my name.'

I asked him if he thought it would do any good for me or any friend to see Boda. He said he thought it would. He said he did not know Boda very well, but believed him to be an honest man, and thought possibly he might be able to give some evidence which would help to prove their innocence.

I then told Vanzetti that I hoped he would issue a public statement advising his friends against retaliating by violence and reprisal. I told him that, as I read history, the truth had little chance of prevailing when violence was followed by counter-violence. I said that, as he well knew, I could not subscribe to his views or to his philosophy of life; but that, on the other hand, I could not but respect any man who consistently lived up to altruistic principles, and was willing to give his life for them. I said that if I were mistaken, and if his views were true, nothing could retard their acceptance by the world more than the hate and fear that would be stirred up by violent reprisal. Vanzetti replied that, as I must well know, he desired no personal revenge for the cruelties inflicted upon him; but he said that, as he read history, every great cause for the benefit of humanity had had to fight for its existence against entrenched power and wrong, and that for this reason he could not give his friends such sweeping advice as I had urged. He added that in such struggles he was strongly opposed to any injury to women and children. He asked me to remember

the cruelty of seven years of imprisonment, with alternating hopes and fears. He reminded me of the remarks attributed to Judge Thayer by certain witnesses, especially by Professor Richardson, and asked me what state of mind I thought such remarks indicated. He asked me how any candid man could believe that a judge capable of referring to men accused before him as 'anarchistic bastards' could be impartial, and whether I thought that such refinement of cruelty as had been practised upon him and upon Sacco ought to go unpunished.

I replied that he well knew my own opinion of these matters, but that his arguments seemed to me not to meet the point I had raised, which was whether he did not prefer the prevalence of his opinions to the infliction of punishment upon persons, however richly he might think they deserved it. This led to a pause in the conversation.

Without directly replying to my question, Vanzetti then began to speak of the origin, early struggles, and progress of other great movements for human betterment. He said that all great altruistic movements originated in the brain of some man of genius, but later became misunderstood and perverted, both by popular ignorance and by sinister self-interest. He said that all great movements which struck at conservative standards, received opinions, established institutions, and human selfishness were at first met with violence and persecution. He referred to Socrates, Galileo, Giordano Bruno, and others whose names I do not now remember, some Italian and some Russian. He then referred to Christianity, and said that it began in simplicity and sincerity, which were met with persecution and oppression, but that it later passed quietly into ecclesiasticism and tyranny. I said I did not think that the progress of Chris-

tianity had been altogether checked by convention and ecclesiasticism, but that on the contrary it still made an appeal to thousands of simple people, and that the essence of the appeal was the supreme confidence shown by Jesus in the truth of His own views by forgiving, even when on the Cross, His enemies, persecutors, and slanderers.

Now, for the first and only time in the conversation, Vanzetti showed a feeling of personal resentment against his enemies. He spoke with eloquence of his sufferings, and asked me whether I thought it possible that he could forgive those who had persecuted and tortured him through seven years of inexpressible misery. I told him he knew how deeply I sympathized with him, and that I could not say that if I were in the same situation I should not have the same feeling; but I said that I had asked him to reflect upon the career of One infinitely superior to myself and to him, and upon a force infinitely greater than the force of hate and revenge. I said that in the long run the force to which the world would respond was the force of love and not of hate, and that I was suggesting to him to forgive his enemies, not for their sakes, but for his own peace of mind, and also because an example of such forgiveness would in the end be more powerful to win adherence to his cause or to a belief in his innocence than anything else that could be done.

There was another pause in the conversation. I arose and we stood gazing at each other for a minute or two in silence. Vanzetti finally said that he would think of what I had said.¹

¹ It is credibly reported that when, a few hours later, Vanzetti was about to step into the chair, he paused, shook hands with the Warden and Deputy Warden and the guards, thanked them for their kindness to him, and, turning to the spectators, asked them to remember that he forgave some of his enemies. — W. G. T.

I then made a reference to the possibility of personal immortality, and said that, although I thought I understood the difficulties of a belief in immortality, yet I felt sure that if there was a personal immortality he might hope to share it. This remark he received in silence.

He then returned to his discussion of the evil of the present organization of society, saying that the essence of the wrong was the opportunity it afforded persons who were powerful because of ability or strategic economic position to oppress the simple-minded and idealistic among their fellow men, and that he feared that nothing but violent resistance could ever overcome the selfishness which was the basis of the present organization of society and made the few willing to perpetuate a system which enabled them to exploit the many.

I have given only the substance of this conversation, but I think I have covered every point that was talked about and have presented a true picture of the general tenor of Vanzetti's remarks. Throughout the conversation, with the few exceptions I have mentioned, the thought that was uppermost in his mind was the truth of the ideas in which he believed for the betterment of humanity, and the chance they had of prevailing. I was impressed by the strength of Vanzetti's mind, and by the extent of his reading and knowledge. He did not talk like a fanatic. Although intensely convinced of the truth of his own views, he was still able to listen with calmness and with understanding to the expression of views with which he did not agree. In this closing scene the impression of him which had been gaining ground in my mind for three years was deepened and confirmed — that he was a man of powerful mind, of unselfish

disposition, of seasoned character, and of devotion to high ideals. There was no sign of breaking down or of terror at approaching death. At parting he gave me a firm clasp of the hand and a steady glance, which revealed unmistakably the depth of his feeling and the firmness of his self-control.

I then turned to Sacco, who lay upon a cot bed in the adjoining cell and could easily have heard and undoubtedly did hear my conversation with Vanzetti. My conversation with Sacco was very brief. He rose from his cot, referred feelingly though in a general way to some points of disagreement between us in the past, said he hoped that our differences of opinion had not affected our personal relations, thanked me for what I had done for him, showed no sign of fear, shook hands with me firmly, and bade me good-bye. His manner also was one of absolute sincerity. It was magnanimous in him not to refer more specifically to our previous differences of opinion, because at the root of it all lay his conviction, often expressed to me, that all efforts on his behalf, either in court or with public authorities, would be useless, because no capitalistic society could afford to accord him justice. I had taken the contrary view; but at this last meeting he did not suggest that the result seemed to justify his view and not mine.²

² I afterward talked with the prison guard to whom I have referred in this paper. He told me that after he returned to his seat he heard all that was said by Vanzetti and myself. The room was quiet and no other persons were talking. I showed the guard my complete notes of the interview, including what Vanzetti had told me about Messrs. Vahey and Graham. He read the notes carefully and said that they corresponded entirely with his memory except that I had omitted a remark made by Vanzetti about women and children. I then remembered the remark and added it to my memorandum. — W. G. T.

INDEPENDENCE OR ISOLATION?

BY H. H. POWERS

I

SOME four years ago I was privileged to present in the *Atlantic* some considerations on the League of Nations. I stated the original intent of the League, as I understood it, and my uncompromising hostility to it. I noted the complete change in the character of the League as evolved in the first five years of its existence, the obsolescence of Articles X and XVI, the repudiation of force, the reliance upon investigation and moral suasion, and the varied and useful service rendered in the field of common consent. In view of these developments, so different from what its founders intended and some of us feared, I expressed the conviction that America should participate in its activities, either by entering without reservations, entering with reservations, or cooperating without entering. As to which of those methods was best I had at that time no opinion.

I have an opinion now. The past four years have furnished abundant food for thought. The League has continued its wise policy of forbearance, inquiry, and unostentatious service. Germany has entered; Argentina, Brazil, and Spain have withdrawn. The little nations have invaded the Council, appropriating and diluting its concentrated authority. Locarno and Thoiry and the 'hotel talks' have played their supplementary or rival rôle. Above all, the World Court has been instituted, has made its appeal to

us, and has rejected our too qualified acceptance of its invitation. This important series of events is my excuse for again presenting, not the question of the League, but the larger question of international coöperation as related to our nation.

The refusal of the signatory Powers to admit the United States to the World Court on the terms proposed by our Senate marks one more decisive step in the determination of American policy. How far these unsuccessful attempts disclose fundamental American tendencies and how far they have themselves created those tendencies it is difficult to determine. The tendencies themselves are clear. We are not going at present to enter into any association or agreement which restricts or seems to restrict our national liberty of action.

There can be little doubt that the moment most favorable to such association was that immediately following the war. The war had given us several years' experience of international co-operation, and, if we had experienced something of its difficulties and chafed under its friction, we had had the clearest evidence of its necessity and of the futility of separate action.

Even so, however, we refused to join the League. Why? The answer is perfectly simple. All will recognize it as soon as Wilson and Lodge are forgotten. That will require some time yet. The contemporaries of the

great antagonists will continue to explain the current as due to those straws that floated upon it. A later generation will view with astonishment this explanation of our action as due to the animosity of Lodge—as though his were the only animosity—and will speculate with amusement as to what the attitude of Democratic Senators would have been if the League proposal had come from Roosevelt or Taft. They will recognize in this factitious line-up the play of ephemeral political forces which often obscure but seldom modify the action of the deeper forces of our national life. If personalities and adventitious influences counted in this decision it was not all on one side or chiefly in the negative. Such influences are always present and are always overestimated. The amazing thing is that in the present instance they came so near to a seeming victory over the basic tendencies of American life. The victory would have been but seeming if it had been won. Form and appearance would have been different, but not substance. Life takes its own course with little regard to garments. Wilson may have been the prophet and Lodge the politician, Wilson right and Lodge wrong in the final accounting, but it was Lodge and not Wilson who represented the present tendencies of American life. This is the plain lesson of subsequent events. Lodge did not make these events. Had he done differently he could not have changed them appreciably. Or, conceding that he could, we have still to explain why he instead of one of different temper was sent to represent his State. Envisage it as we will, these men are straws and we have still to explain the current.

What, then, are the present basic tendencies of American life as regards this question of international relations?

This article is not concerned with the final accounting. Between here and there stretches a vast expanse of concrete situations to be met by temporary measures, each finite and of limited validity, but significant because of that ideal to which they are the only possible stepping-stones. It is with the nearer of these situations, these intermediate steps, that we are here concerned, and with those tendencies of our national life which must of necessity determine those steps.

Why, then, did we refuse to enter the League?

There are two possible explanations, two principles or instincts of action, principles related and easily confounded, but in essence quite distinct. They are isolation and independence.

II

There can be no question that isolation has a strong attraction for the American mind. Despite our national passion for travel, very few Americans know any other country than their own and not all who travel entertain a favorable opinion of what they have seen. Visual familiarity with foreign lands is compatible with any degree of ignorance of their essential character. Americans, traveled and untraveled, entertain to a remarkable degree a complacent view of their own country as contrasted with all others. With perfect equanimity they declaim against the wicked imperialism of European countries, unmindful of the fact that we have annexed territory more often and for less cause than any European nation. Unconscious of the territorial problems of divided Europe, European dissensions are attributed to inherent quarrelsomeness, and our own immunity to peaceableness of temper. Advantages of situation and natural resource thus assume the guise of moral

superiority to our eyes. Provincialism is thus in its very nature supercilious and self-sufficient. As a determinant of national policy it inevitably favors isolation.

It is difficult to say how far this is the temper of the American people, but that it is widespread and influential hardly admits of doubt. It is in general the attitude of the unintelligent, though there are able and thoughtful exponents of the policy of isolation even in its extreme form. I remember such a man, a business man of large interests and great wealth. He believed in emphasizing to the utmost the self-sufficiency of our own country. He would raise the tariff on imports to a point where we should be compelled to produce all needed articles for ourselves. The beet-sugar industry should be developed to the point where it would displace entirely the sugar of the tropics. Synthetic rubber should replace natural rubber, or if necessary we should annex rubber plantations of our own. Intercourse between ourselves and other nations should be minimized.

Such extreme views are doubtless exceptional, but they are the views of some able and influential men. They derive their chief significance, however, from the fact that they give countenance to the temper of arrogant provincialism. Thus reënforced, the policy of isolation is at all times potent in our national affairs. A striking though by no means unique illustration of this influence is to be found in the niggardliness and churlishness manifested toward our diplomatic service, our disparagement of international amenities, and our willingness to condone if not to approve affronts toward foreign Powers. Doubtless much is chargeable to simple ignorance, but the note of insolent self-sufficiency is often unmistakable. It

is not so much boorishness as indifference. We are not nice to them because we feel no need of them and care little what they think.

There can be no doubt that this temper was partly responsible for our refusal to enter the League. Before the time of decision came, the psychological moment had passed. The proceedings of the Peace Conference did not encourage the spirit of coöperation. Every returning soldier contributed to the reaction toward the national policy of isolation. Consciously and unconsciously men in public life were influenced by the reaction. We do not need to assume sycophancy on the part of Senators to account for their action. They were influenced by the same forces that influenced others and that swept the country in the election of 1920.

But there could be no greater mistake than to construe the vote of either Senate or people as an endorsement of the policy of isolation. There may have been Senators, as there certainly were citizens, who endorsed that policy, but they were not representative. Isolation was not the policy of Lodge or Harding or Hughes. I do not believe that it is the policy of Coolidge or Kellogg or Moses or Borah or Johnson. It is doubtful if any of these men desired to limit our intercourse or coöperation with foreign Powers. Their policy—and the policy of our intelligent citizenship everywhere—has been a policy, not of isolation, but of independence.

The distinction is most important. Isolation means that we refuse to coöperate. Independence means that we coöperate to any desired extent, but on our own terms. It implies no unwillingness to coöperate, no necessary assumption of superiority or self-sufficiency. The assumption is simply that we can and should decide when

and how we will coöperate. It does not mean that we will make no concessions, that we will insist upon having exactly what we want. It permits of any degree of devotion to the coöperative principle, any degree of concession and conciliation. It merely retains the right to decide in each instance what coöperation is feasible and what concession is to be made.

What I wish to make clear is that independence is no enemy to coöperation. It may seek coöperation with assiduity. It is doubtless a policy best suited to nations that are very necessary or very self-sufficient; but we are both — hence our instinctive choice.

We may safely dismiss, therefore, from our discussion the policy of isolation. The stars in their courses fight against it. No considerable body of intelligent opinion favors it. To declaim against it is to attack a man of straw. The American policy is not isolation, but independent, unpledged coöperation.

Strange as it may seem, the outstanding exponent of this policy is Woodrow Wilson. Under his leadership we carried out the largest scheme of international coöperation in our history, but always under conditions of complete independence. Who does not recall the oft-repeated formula, 'the allied and associated Powers'? Who does not recall the constant assertion of our independence during the war and above all during the peace negotiations? Committed to the principle of coöperation, he would hear nothing of an alliance. From beginning to end no precedent, no usage, no logic of the situation, ever restrained his carefully guarded independence of action. In all this he was indubitably American. In his later proposal that we surrender that independence of action he was not.

III

The period following the war has been remarkable for its reconciliations and its amicable adjustments. It began with a peace which was in the highest degree inauspicious. It bristled with grievances, with unwilling unions and unsought separations, with economic embarrassments and fictitious independences. The coercion of its adoption and the resentment which it aroused were notorious. This is not saying that it was not the best peace possible. He would be a brave man who would undertake to plan a better. The situation was desperate. Versailles merely registered that situation. But the spiritual *malaise* which followed was unmistakable. To a remarkable degree this situation has improved. The relation between France and Germany was as bitter in 1919 as in 1871, but while in the earlier case that bitterness continued with little abatement for forty years, to-day the two Governments are seemingly upon the most cordial footing. The pitiless Poincaré follows meekly the pacific leading of Briand, while Stresemann holds even the Nationalists in leash. Both these peacemakers retain their places through all cabinet changes by the unmistakable will of their peoples.

What a change in the few brief years since Briand was thrown from power because of a suspicion of friendliness, not toward a former foe, but toward a present ally! Hardly less significant is the changed feeling between America and Japan, a change much more marked in the latter country than in our own, and effected in spite of what was regarded as a great national affront. Less dramatic but not less real is the change of feeling between England and France, England and Germany, and other less familiar relationships which long threatened the

peace of Europe. To a very large extent these improvements rest upon concrete adjustments involving valued concessions and difficult sacrifices. Other changes seem rather to be in the domain of feeling and to reflect the more reasonable temper of the world.

This period of accommodation and friendship is the period during which the League of Nations has been in existence. Is there any connection between these facts? Has the new world temper been due in any degree to the new world association? It is permissible to assume that such has been the case. I confess that as I try to imagine the nations of Europe in the condition in which they were after the Congress of Vienna, each living an essentially isolated life, formulating its policies alone and exclusively from the national standpoint, and using its diplomatic agents as spies and tools of partisan nationalism, I find it difficult to conceive such a development as now seems to have taken place. Possibly Briand, Chamberlain, and Stresemann would have triumphed under less favorable conditions. It is possible, too, that their present triumph is less real than it seems; possible, finally, that without the League of Nations conditions would have been more favorable than a century ago. But when all is said it is reasonable to believe that the League has contributed to this gratifying result.

The other services rendered by the League are enormous and beyond question, but do not concern us here. The question is simply how far the League has contributed to the reconciliations and adjustments which we have noted. It would seem that its contribution, though intangible and indirect, is considerable.

But of direct contribution there seems to have been almost nothing.

The League has created atmosphere and promoted acquaintance, but the definite accords reached have been effected by other agencies and independent action. The only concrete result in the direction of disarmament — a prime purpose of the League — was effected by the Washington Conference, which was initiated by a nonmember and carried through without the aid of the League. The recent refusal of France and Italy to join in a second conference, with their expressed preference for action through the League, is hailed with exultation by partisans of the latter. Its real meaning is that France and Italy are opposed to the proposed reduction of naval armaments and are confident that they can resist the pressure of the League more easily than that of a five-Power conference. While not opposed to ultimate disarmament, they enjoy a present advantage through which they hope to attain still unrealized national ambitions — security and dominance in the case of France, and expansion in the case of Italy. Their preference for the League is a doubtful compliment.

But the outstanding case is Locarno. Why Locarno instead of Geneva? All sorts of evasive answers were given to this question, such as the nearness of Locarno to Italy and the convenience of Mussolini. The real reason was to get away from Geneva. As one of the chief actors said in private: 'We are tired of having the representative of Guatemala tell us what we may do.' This hits the nail on the head. The inherent weakness of the League, as well as its potential strength, is its comprehensiveness. In an effort to establish universal jurisdiction it was necessary to invite the coöperation of nations utterly unsuited to the high responsibilities of League membership. Ingenious efforts were made to

render the membership of the nation-ettes innocuous, but with scant success. These nations — of which Guatemala was chosen at random as a representative — are simply meddlers in the major transactions of the associated nations. No prudent Power can entrust its interests to their arbitrament. And yet no League transaction can wholly escape their influence. Hence Locarno instead of Geneva, and the probability of a like decision in every important case.

The League may influence these outside decisions as it did in the Corfu case, but it cannot as yet enforce its direct jurisdiction. There are too many meddlers and incompetents in its membership. The Council, the refuge of the advanced Powers, has yielded to the pressure of the Assembly and enlarged its membership, with consequent loss of prestige. As a result the major Powers have virtually withdrawn from the Council. Their much criticized 'hotel talks,' in which they meet behind closed doors and agree upon common action before entering the Council, are simply a means of recovering that paramount influence of which the enlargement of the Council threatened to deprive them. This enlargement of the Council may have been inevitable; it may ultimately justify itself. But the immediate result of this dilution has been to weaken its authority. Any attempt to give the little nations an influence out of proportion to their size, wealth, and intelligence only drives the responsible Powers to independent action. This policy has admittedly produced a crisis in the League. Able representatives of little Powers say that it is a waste of their time to go to Geneva to rubber-stamp the decisions of the 'hotel talk.' League enthusiasts like Jouvenel and Cecil resign because their Governments refuse to submit

major problems to League decision. Locarno is superseding Geneva. Indeed, the League at its recent meeting seems definitely to have committed itself to the policy of encouraging and multiplying these Locarno pacts, these outside and local agreements, as furnishing the only means of creating that sense of security upon which its hopes of general disarmament and world peace must be based.

IV

What would be our relation to the League had we elected to become a member? One of the ablest representatives of the League was recently asked this question. He replied that our presence would have immeasurably increased the power and usefulness of the League. This is the natural conclusion of a League enthusiast. I believe it to be a proposition requiring a careful scrutiny. Beyond a doubt, if the League ever becomes a genuine superstate and acquires real jurisdiction over all other nations, there will be very serious reasons for our sharing its power and responsibilities. But that is far from the present fact. The question may be put narrowly thus: Would our presence in the League during the last eight years have helped the League? Would it have helped America? I am inclined to answer both questions in the negative — this, of course, without prejudice to the quite different question of what our later membership might mean to us or to others.

First, would it have helped the League if we had been a member during the last eight years? More definitely, would it have helped Europe and hastened that reconciliation which we have noted as the outstanding achievement of the period?

Let us recall the conditions which

prevailed after the close of the war. Germany, after much manœuvring, settled down to a policy of dogged passive resistance to the payment of the indemnities imposed. This aroused France, under the belligerent leadership of Poincaré, to the desperate policy of coercion in the Ruhr. This estranged England, already at variance with France on grave matters of policy and much more interested in the restoration of her trade with Germany than in the collection of indemnities of which she received but a minor share. Before the Peace of Versailles was three years old there had developed a general deadlock, accompanied by the bitterest feeling, in which the animosity between former allies was more conspicuous than that between former enemies.

This was a critical period for the League of Nations. Conceived by a doctrinaire and forced by a strange freak of chance upon reluctant statesmen who regarded it with skepticism and misgivings, it was without prestige and was powerless to break the deadlock. Yet it had potentialities that statesmen could not ignore. It may safely be said that no responsible statesman of Europe during this period thought ever so remotely of turning over the destinies of his country to its keeping. Yet it presented opportunities for combination and intrigue which he must needs watch and of which he might find it necessary on occasion to take advantage.

What would have happened if the United States had been a member of the League during this period? At the time when the League was formed it would not have been easy to answer this question. It would have been impossible to forecast the attitude of Germany, the policy of Poincaré, the comeback of Turkey, and the defection of France from the Allied policy in the

Near East. Almost certainly, however, these things would have happened just the same had we been a member of the League, all of them being due to forces outside of League control or influence. To-day it is a matter, not of speculation, but of inside knowledge that our presence would have disrupted the League. There were those who fervently desired our intervention as the only means of breaking the European deadlock. This we could not have done without taking sides, in some degree, with one party or the other. There were moments when it was clear what policy the American people would have favored in European affairs. There was the intensest jealousy of our influence on the part of those opposed to this policy. It is stated on the highest official authority, authority which I do not feel at liberty to name, that, after the advent to power of Mussolini and Poincaré, Italy and France stood ready to withdraw from the League if we entered it as the possible and probable supporter of the policy advocated by Britain. When we remember the lightness with which Argentina, Brazil, and Spain have since withdrawn from the League, and the fact that both Mussolini and Poincaré have shown scant sympathy, not to say open contempt, for its mediation, we may accept this statement as wholly probable. Of course the withdrawal of two major Powers, both permanent members of the Council, would have shattered the League beyond repair.

It is easy to see, too, that the intervention of the United States in European affairs, though eagerly welcomed by any Power as an ally in extremity, would be resented by opposition or neutral opinion as meddling. There is as yet hardly the beginning of what we may call a world consciousness in Europe or elsewhere. There is, how-

ever, a decided beginning in Europe of a European consciousness — that is, a consciousness that Europe has certain common interests which are not shared by non-European nations. The function of the League of Nations is in part to develop this world consciousness. But for the present it must chiefly depend for maintenance upon such sense of common interest as now exists. This does not mean that there is no place in the League for non-European nations, but it does mean that these nations must be extremely circumspect with regard to European problems. Outside intervention, however legal and covenanted, will be felt to be meddling, will perhaps *be* meddling. Nothing is more encouraging in the present situation than the fact that the nations of Europe have made up their quarrel by themselves. We might conceivably have helped them to a speedier settlement, but the settlement would not have been a reconciliation.

More likely we should not have helped even this far, but should have wrecked the League in our effort to do so. Had we been in the League, there would have been a determined effort on the part of those who hoped for our support to make the League the arbiter of European affairs. And there would have been an equally determined effort on the part of their opponents to prevent this even by withdrawal and disruption of the League, if that proved the only means to the accomplishment of their purpose. As it is, the League has been saved for future service by restricting it during the incubation period to functions politically colorless and to a membership that had a consciousness of reasonable community of interest.

The conclusion is, therefore, that our presence in the League during the period under consideration would

not have helped the League or contributed to the recent European settlement.

Would it have helped America?

V

It is difficult to limit this part of our inquiry, as we have done the other, to the brief period thus far elapsed. These years have not been critical or abnormal with us as they have been for Europe. It is just conceivable, to be sure, that if we had been a member of the League the question of interallied debts might in some way have been brought before that body, and it is again barely possible that, if this had been done, we might have been saved the most serious mistake that we have made in a hundred years. But it is unlikely in the extreme that either of these things would have happened. It could hardly be argued that these debts were likely to be a cause of war, and, failing this, the League had no excuse to intervene. If it had intervened it is hardly conceivable that it would have risked a decision unwelcome to us even had it reached such a decision.

Failing action on this subject, it is difficult to discover any special opportunity for help or harm during these years. The period has been for us essentially a normal period, and our inquiry resolves itself into the general question as to the value of the League connection to the United States. The question may well be answered in a different way as time goes on. No permanent validity is claimed for the present partial answer. I merely enumerate certain reasons which lead me to doubt whether such a connection would be valuable to us at the present time. I am not in the least questioning the value of League activities or the desirability of our participating in them. I am simply raising the question

whether we had better adopt the Wilson proposal of membership and collaboration under collective authority or continue the Wilson practice of 'allied and associated Powers.' I emphatically believe in our doing our part.

The obvious weakness of the League lies in the political incapacity of a large part of the member States. States that have never made even an approximate success of governing themselves can hardly contribute helpfully to a world-governing council. But their inclusion is necessary if the League is to accomplish its purpose, and there can be no inclusion without a share in control. It is needless to discuss the clever devices for conferring while yet withholding this share in control. The Council of Nine was to represent the five Great Powers in perpetuity and the others in rotation. This was naïvely urged as a guaranty that control would always rest with the Great Powers. The trifling possibility that the five Great Powers might disagree among themselves seems not to have been contemplated, nor yet the possibility, already realized, that the number of minor Powers might be later increased. To remove still further any lingering fear on the part of the Great Powers, it was ordained that all matters of consequence should be decided by a unanimous vote. Thus, it was argued, no combination could possibly work harm to any member, since each was protected by its veto power.

It is amazing that the real danger lurking in this arrangement should have been so easily overlooked or ignored. It is true that, if we had a veto upon all League action, the League could do nothing that we did not like. But it is also true that we could do nothing that it did not like, nothing that even one of its members did not like. Theoretically this is an almost ideal device for creating uni-

versal deadlock. If it has not yet done so, it is because the opposition has not used its power. If it has not used its power, it is because it has not mastered the technique of obstruction. I venture the opinion that the rôle of obstruction is destined to be much larger in the near future than it has been to date, and increasingly so if more vital questions are submitted to League decision. The act of Brazil in holding up action with which she was wholly in accord, in an effort to secure that to which she was nowise entitled and which she knew she could get in no other way, is suggestive of possibilities in this connection.

Of all nations the United States has the most to fear from the jealousy and obstruction of the minor Powers. We are the only great nation upon the Western Hemisphere, which is otherwise parceled out among a score of minor nations, one of which is by tacit understanding always to be found upon the Council, armed with the inevitable veto power. There is but one of these nations in whose friendliness and competency we can have much confidence. Latin America is sure to be represented on the Council by a nation that we do not control and whose jealousy is virtually assured. It is entirely within the bounds of probability that Mexico will ultimately sit on the Council. If she enters the League, she will have a strong claim to represent Latin America in her turn. Nay, this is likely to be the very bait that will tempt her in. Yet it is certain that, at any time since the fall of Diaz, Mexico would have been disposed to put a spoke in the American wheel if opportunity offered. The same is hardly less true of other Latin American countries. All hope of permanently removing this jealousy is fatuous. It inheres in the situation. Tact and consideration may lessen it or withhold occasions for its

manifestation, but they can never remove its permanent causes.

What are these causes?

The first is our size and power. Every Latin American country knows that it is helpless if we choose to assert our power. Our naïve assumption of benevolence is an assumption that history does not warrant and that they do not share. We are sure that we do not want anything that they possess. They argue from history that we want everything in sight. On the face of it, they have the better case. The worst of it is that our further development is certain to justify their contention. The statement of the London *Spectator* that it is our manifest destiny to control everything down to the Canal, including the Caribbean area, is obvious to all but ourselves. Twelve Latin American countries see their fate in that inevitable advance.

The second cause is our irresistible economic penetration. If our political overlordship threatens, our economic domination is an accomplished fact. Mexico has awakened to the fact that Americans have invested a billion and a half in her great extractive industries and that her own people have invested nothing at all. She has conceived the naïve plan of recovering her economic independence by confiscation. This plan is as futile as it is hazardous, and the plan of stirring up revolt in American protectorates hardly less so. Both advertise to all Latin America the danger of American encroachment, a danger which is real and which no will of ours can avert. Conceding, for the sake of argument, that our political advance may be arrested and the safety of the Canal assured by other means than our own power, — a very hazardous assumption, — the same cannot be said of our economic advance. Unless the present economic organization of society is totally changed and

the incentives to exploitation quite destroyed, that advance will be continued. It is an economic impossibility for countries without capital to exploit their own resources in competition with highly financed exploitation elsewhere. Mexico may drive out foreign capital, but, if she does, her minerals will remain in the ground until some later administration invites foreign capital in again. That is only a matter of time. You may change the tempo, but you cannot change the tune.

In other words, we have encroached upon Latin America and we are doomed to encroach further. We are unconscious and she is conscious. We are friendly and patronizing and she is jealous and hostile. The difficulty can be mitigated, but it cannot be removed. It inheres in matters beyond our willing. We may will not to protect the Canal, but when danger comes we will protect it and will engulf half of Latin America if necessary in doing it. The work is half done already and we don't know it. They do.

These are some of the reasons why America will find it more embarrassing and hampering than any other nation to enter an association in which the Latin American nations are represented. Without insisting upon their low political development and their preposterous overrepresentation, due simply to their lack of political cohesion, our situation is peculiar in that it ensures their permanent jealousy and hostility. No other nation has a like handicap, a like reason for retaining its independence of action.

These considerations, very imperfectly formulated in American thought, are crystallized by historic accident in the Monroe Doctrine, the warning of 'Hands off America!' It is our doctrine, a doctrine in the highest degree unwelcome to Latin Americans, whom it purports to protect. There

is little doubt that some of these States would welcome European intervention against the United States at any cost to themselves. If Germany could have reached the Caribbean during the late war, it is all but certain that Venezuela or another would have granted her a submarine base with alacrity. It is we, not they, who utter the warning, 'Hands off America!'

It was the clear intent of the founders of the League that it should supersede the Monroe Doctrine and include all American interests in its keeping. The instant outcry of America led to the inclusion of the doubtful reservation in favor of 'regional understandings,' by which inappropriate term the Monroe Doctrine was understood to be designated. There can be little doubt, however, that full recognition of the League, with an inclusive membership, would in fact abrogate that doctrine. The American people have shown little inclination to accept this or any other substitute for their self-assumed guardianship of the Western Hemisphere. Why?

Simply because we have more confidence in ourselves than we have in the collective nations of the world. We have more confidence in our intelligence, in our political stability, in our power, even in our fairness and disinterestedness, than in those of other nations individually and collectively. Whether this confidence is justified is not now the question. It is a fact. We believe in ourselves. First of all, we believe in our judgment of our own interests. That belief is common to all peoples and always has a measure of justification. But it is not too much to say that we are more justified than our neighbors, more justified than most nations of the world, in that confidence. But to a far greater degree we are confident in our power. We have territory, resources, wealth, organiza-

tion, and, above all, isolation. It is folly to expect a people to forget its advantage when it holds such cards in its hands.

But the American people believe in themselves as more than the guardians of their own interests. They believe in their fairness and even in their generosity. The strong may not be generous, but only the strong can be. If Old World nations were disinterested, their judgment would be fairer, but they are not. They are as biased as we are and their bias is less justified by human interests. When a foreign nation takes sides with Venezuela or Mexico against the United States, it is difficult to believe that it does so in the interest of civilization.

In some such way the American reasons half unconsciously to himself. And, in spite of all its speciousness and sophistry and conceit, is n't there something to it?

Be that as it may, these are the reasons, the generous as well as the selfish reasons, for our policy of 'Hands off America!' It seems to me that a man must have a lot of the doctrinaire about him to declare this policy wrong and the reasoning behind it false. In any case it is one of the realities with which the architects of the new order will long have to reckon. America may coöperate in matters of common interest, but not to the extent of surrendering interests that she believes to be primarily her own or safe only in her keeping.

VI

The World Court has again raised the issue and again defined the American position. In principle the World Court was the realization of a policy consistently advocated by the United States. No compulsory jurisdiction was proposed. It merely provided machinery for the handling of *justiciable*

cases with the consent of all parties involved. The machinery was admirably adapted to its purpose and was a monument to American genius. It seemed to infringe no principle of American policy. Hence the recommendation of two successive presidents that we coöperate.

But the constitution of the Court contained what is technically known as a joker. The function of the Court was not limited, in accordance with Anglo-Saxon usage, to the adjudication of actual cases submitted to its jurisdiction. Provision was made for the rendering of 'advisory opinions' on cases *not voluntarily submitted to its jurisdiction*. These opinions were to be merely opinions; they were to have no binding force on anybody. But it is clear that the advisory opinion was a weapon of terrible power. So far as Court decisions were concerned, we had nothing to fear. We did not need to appear in Court unless we wished. Matters that we chose to reserve to our own decision remained wholly within our power. But the advisory opinion was another matter. That could be called for at any time and on any question. To illustrate, there can be little doubt that, with this system fully established, some Latin American country would have called for an advisory opinion on our recent difference with Nicaragua. Theoretically we could ignore that opinion, but practically we could not. If adverse, it would mobilize the sentiment of the world against us in a way that it would be difficult to resist. This, indeed, is precisely the purpose of this unusual provision. As Lord Robert Cecil says with surprising candor, it was a device for smuggling into the League the essence of compulsory arbitration at a time when the nations of the world were not prepared to accept that principle.

The World Court put the American policy to the severest possible test. We had always stood for the judicial determination of international disputes, and to reject it now seemed peculiarly inconsistent. But we had always reserved the Western Hemisphere as a field for our independent action, and to submit its issues to advisory opinions whose moral validity could not be ignored was inconsistent with this policy, in turn. We preferred the former inconsistency, or the imputation of it, to the latter. Hence the reservations with which we hopelessly encumbered our acceptance of the League invitation. The first three reservations were innocent enough. The fourth reserved our right to withdraw at will and stipulated that the protocol should not be amended without our consent, thus giving us a veto accorded to no other Power. The fifth stipulated that no request should be entertained for an 'advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest' without our consent. The whole was capped by a resolution reaffirming our traditional policies of aloofness from Old World problems and 'Hands off America!' Surely our position is left in no doubt.

Had these reservations limited only our own participation, they would doubtless have been willingly accepted. Our participation, however hesitant and grudging, was desirable, and it was a legitimate expectation that, once in the Court, our reservations and misgivings would be forgotten. But to give us a veto upon all amendments and upon the functioning of the League in one of its most hopeful capacities was to place its fate almost wholly in our hands. We could not consistently demand less if we were to maintain our traditional policies, nor could the nations consistently grant our demands

if the Court was to preserve its impartial and international character. From the standpoint of international coöperation we were profoundly unreasonable, but in matters American this is not our standpoint. If we are to preserve our traditional independence, we did the only possible thing.

Let me remind the reader again that we are not discussing general principles or seeking ultimate solutions. We are concerned with the working adjustments of the next few decades. These adjustments are evidently not to be based, so far as we are concerned, upon collective judgments. We are going to do our own thinking, our own deciding. We are in a far more favorable position to do this than any other Power. We appreciate and exaggerate this advantage. Any other nation in our place would decide as we have decided. To expect any other decision, now or in the near future, is the height of unreasonableness.

Yet the imperative need of coöperation remains. The world moves toward an inevitable synthesis. National independence is already half fiction. As an ultimate goal of human organization, it is an idle dream. But it cannot be willed away or legislated out of existence. It inheres in the situation or not, as the case may be. In default of world consciousness, with the poverty of human sympathies and the limitations of human intelligence, the joint determination of world policies presents difficulties and involves risks which justify the extreme of caution on the part of nations that have the interests of an advanced civilization in their keeping. At such a time to insist on a formal commitment to international coöperation is to ignore the lesson of all political evolution. The human synthesis does not come that way. Political institutions are little more than codified habits. If we ever

enter the family of nations without reserve, it will be by coöperating first and formulating afterward. There is nothing to prevent our coöperating with the League of Nations to any extent that we choose. We have been coöperating with it, in fact, ever since its organization. We are now represented — unofficially, but really and actively — upon a majority of its most important committees, and our experts are in exceptional favor for its special inquiries. When we have long been a habitual and conscious participant in fact, it will be time enough to talk about formal membership. It is upon the outcome of individual acts of coöperation that the ultimate relation will be based.

There is nothing in these American decisions to discourage those who favor a policy of international coöperation. America has at no time decided against coöperation, either in principle or in practice. We have decided simply that under present conditions we can better trust our own judgment as to when and how than we can trust that of the collectivity of nations. Considering our situation, our development, our power, our intelligence, and that of the others concerned, is that an unreasonable decision for a cautious people to make? As a lifelong advocate of international coöperation, I cannot feel that it is. The line of advance for the present is to encourage the practice of coöperation instead of insisting upon its formulation.

Let the friends of coöperation stop talking about our entering the League. It only stiffens the opposition. Above all, let them cease all efforts to trick us into the League or the Court — such, for instance, as the preposterous proposal of Miss Lape in a recent issue of the *Atlantic*. Proposals to circumvent by technical interpretation the perfectly plain intent of senatorial

and national action tend to destroy our most valuable asset, confidence in our fairness and good faith. America is entering the League in the only possible way, the only way that is safe for America and safe for the League. It may be a hundred years before we sit in the Council. No matter. By that time the Council may not be necessary and habits of coöperation may have created organs better suited to their

purpose. Perhaps it is the 'hotel talk,' rather than the Assembly or the Council, that is destined to survive, perhaps something still unborn. Meanwhile the League affords, both to members and to nonmembers, the opportunity for that coöperation which is its end and aim, an opportunity of which our nation should be encouraged to avail itself within the limits set by national caution and foreign sensitiveness.

IS INDIA DYING?

A REPLY TO 'MOTHER INDIA'

BY ALDEN H. CLARK

IN *Mother India*, a book which has received remarkable attention both in England and in America, Miss Katherine Mayo presents India as 'a sick man growing daily weaker, dying body and brain, of a disease that only himself can cure.' What this disease is she states in the following way: 'The whole pyramid of India's woe, material and spiritual . . . rests on a rock-bottom physical base. The base is simply this, his manner of getting into the world and his sex life thenceforward.' To support this contention Miss Mayo marshals a mass of quotations, tells vividly of her own investigations during some months of feverish activity in India, and makes some startling general assertions, which, if true, would go far to establish her claim.

A perplexed Western public is naturally asking, 'Are Miss Mayo's charges true?' I shall attempt in this article to prove, beyond any reasonable

doubt, that her basic assertions are not true, that she has leaped with magnificent agility from one-sided and limited evidence to her general conclusions, and that India remains the same land of mingled sorrow and hope, darkness and vision, weakness and strength, that she was before Miss Mayo made her very American, whirlwind tour. Above all I hope to show that India is on the upward road, with her face toward the morning.

Miss Mayo's chief sin against India was her almost complete blindness to every evidence of health and progress and her morbid overemphasis on every evidence of sickness and decay. The pity is that she has gathered material which, used discriminatingly, might have stung India to the speeding up of reform. It seems to me that she had a fresh and very powerful message on the baleful effects of sex exaggeration and on other prominent abuses, if

only she had been able to present it in a balanced and friendly way. If she had pictured the encouraging aspect of things with the same emotional effect which was given to the evils that still exist, we, who have been working for decades for India's physical and social progress, would have welcomed the book as an ally. As it is, *Mother India* has struck a blow both against truth and against interracial understanding and good will. By its extreme attack on Indian life it has stirred Indians to bitter defense and has opened the door for similar muck-raking attacks on America and Europe. Indian writers smarting under this 'Drain Inspector's Report,' as Mr. Gandhi well calls it, are opening before the eager eyes and noses of the Indian public the noisome drains of our own divorce statistics and night life. It is only human if, profiting by Miss Mayo's example, they draw unwarranted generalizations from specific instances and do all in their power to cheapen Western civilization in Indian eyes. The influence of this book is, indeed, calculated to lower the tone of civilization by stimulating people in both East and West to interpret each other by whatever is indecent and beastly.

I

Now let us go to the facts. In so doing we shall emphasize those that form the first third of the book and the heart of its argument — those regarding sex and motherhood. Still, in passing, one cannot forbear to point out that the latter part of *Mother India* is marred by the same emphasis on everything negative and neglect of everything positive that make the first part an offense. Omissions, mis-statements, and misunderstandings that everyone who has lived in India must recognize bob up so frequently

that if one were to hit them all he would have to be a ten-armed Irishman with a shillalah in every hand. Take, for example, the problem of food for cattle, dealt with at some length in Chapter XVII. Miss Mayo speaks of grazing lands and the feeding of rice stalks, which have little food value, and clearly implies that, aside from some green fodder in some districts, this is all that the cattle have to live upon. 'By January,' she declares, in regard to India's cattle, 'starvation begins in earnest.' This statement entirely ignores the millets which are reaped in October and February and which, as the *Indian Year Book* for 1924, page 265, rightly says, 'constitute one of the most important groups of crops in the country, supplying food for the poorer classes and fodder for the cattle.' Sorghum, which is the principal millet, has large, thick stalks that make splendid fodder. In the farmers' eyes the fact that this is a fodder crop is as important as the fact that it is a food crop. It seems impossible that a traveler in India could avoid seeing mile on mile of fields full of waving millet. In the villages no one could fail to note the great stacks of this fodder. In good seasons farmers sell much to the towns and store enough for two years' use by their cattle. That many Indian cattle are sadly neglected is a fact. That many more are well fed is also a fact.

It seems to me in keeping with the accuracy of other parts of the book that, in speaking of the food of cattle, it wholly neglects to notice that Indian farmers devote about forty million acres to good fodder crops and that the chapter in question closes with the assertion, 'They will not raise food for their mother, the cow.' In Western India, to my personal knowledge, the farmer and his family have an affection for their cattle, each one

of which is named. In times of scarcity the family deprives itself in order that the cattle may be fed. The concluding chapter avers that this book states living facts and that 'these can easily be denied, but they cannot be disproved or shaken.' But it must be plain that the general assertion that 'they will not raise food for their mother, the cow' has been very easily disproved. Nor do I recollect a single one of the twenty-nine descriptive chapters which does not create its sombre impression by a similar method. In one the author presents a quotation from Rabindranath Tagore as though in it Tagore expressed his approval of child marriage. To give this impression she suppresses the two all-important words, 'said India.' Tagore was, as these words clearly indicate, presenting not his own, but the orthodox Hindu view. Later in the same essay he gave his own exalted conception of marriage, in which he accorded to woman a position of absolute equality with man. Again, Miss Mayo tells the story of the mixing of filtered and unfiltered water in Madras, as a clear indication of what can be expected from Indian control of affairs. How could she have heard this story without learning the striking fact that this water was universally known as 'Molony's Mixture,' that Mr. J. C. Molony, the Municipal Commissioner of Madras, was primarily responsible for it, and that he was backed in this war measure, which was so carefully managed that it had no bad effect, by the Europeans of the municipality? These facts Mr. Molony himself has made public. The case against Indian political control is indeed in a desperate state when the prosecution is driven to use 'Molony's Mixture' to bolster it up! In this manner throughout the book Miss Mayo has ignored and minimized the great mass of favorable evi-

VOL. 141 — NO. 2

dence that lay ready to a writer's hand, and the ugly and the noisome have been made to dominate the picture.

Let me turn now to the general presentation of the questions of sex and motherhood. The kernel of the matter is found in the 'Argument,' when the author declares:—

Take a girl child twelve years old, a pitiful physical specimen in bone and blood, illiterate, ignorant, without any sort of training in habits of health. Force motherhood upon her at the earliest possible moment. Rear her weakling son in intensive vicious practices that drain his small vitality day by day. Give him no outlet in sports. Give him habits that make him, by the time he is thirty years of age, a decrepit and querulous old wreck — and will you ask what has sapped the energy of his manhood?

It is clear that this is intended as the typical picture of Indian sex life and as the source of most of the ills of 'Mother India.' Let us look at a few of the statements in detail.

Take a girl child twelve years old, a pitiful physical specimen in bone and blood.

I have traveled in North India and South India, but know best the villages and towns of Western India. I remember vividly the first impressions of the village women of Western India, formed by my wife and myself in 1904. We were surprised by the fine physical development and carriage of most of them. Many of our American visitors have expressed the same idea. The frontispiece of *Mother India* shows an untouchable woman, probably of North India. So far as one can judge by the picture, she is a perfect physical specimen, with the light of health on her face and in her eyes. Indeed, it is singular that the illustrations throughout the book fail to indicate a weakly race. Risley and Gait, the joint authors of the census of 1901, say:—

No one who has watched the sturdy Jat women lift their heavy water jars at the village well is likely to have any misgiving as to the effect of their marriage system on the physique of the race. . . . Among the Rajputs both sexes are of slighter build than the Jats, but here again there are no signs of degeneration.

The vigorous work engaged in by a large proportion of Indian women, grinding grain, bringing water, working in the fields, helps to offset their great, but decreasing, physical handicaps. That there are in India millions of weak girls is an awful fact. That there are also millions of strong, healthy girls is also a fact, testified by the census officials and by many observers. Characteristically this second fact is ignored in the sweeping generalization that the Indian girl is a 'pitiful physical specimen in bone and blood.'

But let us go on to the succeeding sentence in the charge:—

Force motherhood upon her at the earliest possible moment.

This is a theme much emphasized and reiterated in *Mother India*. Indeed it seems to be the heart of the indictment. On page 22, for example, are the words:—

The Indian girl, in common practice, looks for motherhood nine months after reaching puberty, or anywhere between the ages of fourteen and eight. The latter age is extreme, though in some sections not exceptional; the former is well above the average.

The statement that motherhood at eight is in some sections not exceptional is simply fantastic. No proof or even evidence for such an assertion is offered. The earliest case of motherhood that the author either saw or gives any record of is of a girl twelve years old. If a child mother of eight years was to be found it is very clear that Miss Mayo would have gone a long way to

see her and describe her condition. Even the credulity of the most uncritical readers will scarcely swallow this sheer, unbuttressed assertion.

Probably it has been made on the basis of stories which have arisen because, as the Census of 1921 states on page 127, 'There is a strong inclination (in giving ages) to favor certain numbers, such as 2, 8, and 12. . . . Owing to the obloquy incurred by Hindu parents who have failed to marry their girls before puberty, there is a strong inclination to understate the age of unmarried girls who have reached this age.' In this matter the author may well have been the victim of parents who blandly stated to some troublesome inquisitor that their daughter was eight years old.

To prove the general charge of very early motherhood the book recounts a number of interviews with unnamed medical witnesses, quotes from speeches in the Legislative Assembly, describes a few cases seen by the author herself, and, most important of all, quotes from an essay forming Appendix VII of the 1921 Census, which contains the sentence:—

It can be assumed, for all practical purposes, that every woman is in the married state at or immediately after puberty and that cohabitation, therefore, begins in every case with puberty.

With this material before her it is not altogether strange that Miss Mayo should have come to the conclusion that fourteen is well above the average age of first motherhood. Yet here, as elsewhere, her generalization goes beyond the reliable evidence. The author of Appendix VII says only that cohabitation begins with puberty. Later, on the same page, she might have found that his Punjab investigator discovered that 'in the majority of cases the first child is born in the third year

of effective marriage.' Apparently he is the only census investigator who studied this question, but there is no reason to suppose that his finding would not be true of other parts of India. This would bring motherhood in most cases to the fifteenth year at the lowest. Indeed I myself have examined the record of the Maternity Hospital of the Seva Sadan in Ahmednagar, in the Bombay Presidency, for the years 1923-27. Early marriage is more prevalent in this presidency than in any other part of India, and is the rule in Ahmednagar; yet of ninety cases of first motherhood of Hindus treated by the staff of this hospital, both in the hospital and in the homes of the people, none was younger than fourteen, only one was fourteen, and the average age of first motherhood was 18.3 years. Seventy-eight per cent of the cases were classed as 'normal.' These facts go beyond those of the Punjab investigator in indicating that, even in cases of child marriage, first motherhood comes at an age when it can generally be normal.

Miss Mayo and the author of this Appendix would have done well to study more carefully the tables of statistics that form the body of the census report, which, of course, take precedence over a simple statement by a census officer in a supplementary essay. In Volume I, pages 164-5, are figures that show that only 399 out of every 1000 Indian girls are yet married at the end of their fifteenth year. About 60 per cent of Indian girls are thus almost seventeen before motherhood is possible for them. They are seventeen or eighteen before it is probable. Mrs. Margaret E. Cousins, Honorary Secretary of the Women's Indian Association, enumerates the different classes and castes in India among whom marriage later than the age of sixteen is the rule, and estimates that the total is 200,000,000. This corresponds roughly with the

census figures of 60 per cent not married till the completion of their fifteenth year.

These census figures confirm the only scientific investigation into the age of first motherhood that has yet been made public in India. Dr. M. I. Balfour, M.B., of Bombay has been gathering data on this subject for two years. She herself kept a record of 304 Hindu mothers of Bombay delivered of their first babies, and has gathered the regular reports of the Madras Maternity Hospital for 1922-24 and of several hospitals in other parts of India. She gives figures in the *Times of India* for October 10, 1927, of which the following form a brief abstract. Of 6580 cases of mothers with first babies from many parts of India covered by these statistics, none was under thirteen years old, 7 were recorded as thirteen, and 35 as under fifteen. The average age for first motherhood in Bombay was 18.7 years and in Madras 19.4 years. Both in Bombay and in Madras, between 85 and 86 per cent were over seventeen years old. This is exactly what the census figures would lead us to expect. I have consulted an American woman doctor of twenty-four years of Indian experience in regard to the applicability of these statistics to India as a whole. She thinks that the average age of mothers with first babies in such maternity hospitals would be at least as low as that of those in the ordinary Indian home. Maternity cases are brought to hospitals only in extreme need.

Of Dr. Balfour's attested cases from many parts of India less than one per cent were mothers before they were fifteen and none before they were thirteen. The last census shows over 60 per cent of the girls of India not even married till they are sixteen or older. In the face of these facts the assertion that in some sections eight years is not

an exceptional age for motherhood, while fourteen is well above the average, does not warrant much confidence. It must be admitted, I am sure, that first motherhood at eighteen years or even sixteen years has an absolutely different complexion from motherhood at an average of under fourteen years. It is too young, but the entire physical vitality of the race is not menaced by it. Thus the investigations of Dr. Balfour and the census figures of 1921 disprove the contention on which the main argument of *Mother India* largely rests. And this disproof should make clear what Miss Mayo declares to be a mystery to her—namely, how the Indian race survives at all. It survives in part because first motherhood below fifteen is unusual, and first motherhood at seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen is the rule.

And bear in mind the fact, pointed out in the Census of 1921, that the age of marriage is steadily rising. The figures show that in 1911 there were 555 girls per thousand unmarried at the end of their fifteenth year, while in 1921 there were 601. The movement for still further progress is constantly gaining strength. Here is what Mrs. Cousins has to say on the subject:—

The awakened women of India have for the past ten years, through their organizations, been asking the Government to raise the age of consent; the Social Reform Conferences have been doing the same since Raja Ram Mohan Roy's day. Ten thousand women for one district alone have sent a petition to Government to raise the age of consent. The representatives of over seven thousand more women, who had assembled to discuss educational reform, also asked Government to enact legislation making marriage before sixteen years old for a girl a penal offense. All these facts Miss Mayo fails to note. . . . She says, 'The bill for raising the age of consent to fourteen was finally thrown out, buried under an avalanche of popular disapproval.' There was

not a meeting held all over India to express disapproval of the raising of the age of consent. The facts of the matter were that on the first voting on the bill the section referring specifically to the raised age was passed by a majority of two, even against government opposition, and it was disagreement regarding the amount of punishment and Assembly tactics that broke the majority for the bill as a whole.

II

Again let me turn to a sentence in the 'Argument':—

Give him no outlet in sports.

What traveler could fail to see the little children all over India with their tops and marbles, their kites and their various ball games? Did no one give Miss Mayo an opportunity to witness the wild excitement aroused by a wrestling match in village or city? Wrestling is India's favorite sport, in which the children and youth of every class but the highest freely participate. Did Miss Mayo nowhere come upon some town at the hour when schools close in the afternoon and see every available open space crowded with children and young men at play at football, cricket, and other games? Was she not taken to see the fine, enthusiastic Scout troops of boys and even of girls and groups of 'Cubs' that increasingly flourish in almost every town? Did she not visit any of the supervised playgrounds maintained by the Indian Municipalities of Bombay, Lucknow, and Madras? I opened a little playground in a thickly peopled portion of Bombay into which an average of a hundred children a day crowded. Within two blocks of us were two other much larger playgrounds which were well used, and even then the streets around us contained their swarms of playing children. It is doubtless true that Indian children

play less than Western children, but they practically all do play, and millions of them play hard. It is as difficult for me to believe that any observant person could go through India without coming into contact with the great and fast-growing athletic development of her youth as it is to think that an interested traveler saw none of the forty million acres of fodder crops. Yet, in a book supposed to deal primarily with the health of India, the only reference to this subject is this statement in the Argument: 'Give him no outlet in sports.' Such a statement requires no denial; it falls by its own weight.

Give him habits that make him, by the time he is thirty years of age, a decrepit and querulous old wreck — and will you ask what has sapped the energy of his manhood?

Every summer I play in tennis matches against two South Indian princes. As Miss Mayo rightly says, rajas are unusually tempted to exaggerated sex life. These men are fifty-two and fifty-six years old respectively, yet they play well through all the matches and tournaments of the season and have the ruddy look of health on their faces. In my own town of Ahmednagar I belong to the principal tennis club in the city. Here we have a pair of Brahmins, — a class among whom early marriage prevails, — one forty-eight years old and the other fifty-five, who can beat any pair from among the British military officers and civilians of the town, young or old. Up to the time when he was forty-five, I have never had a partner to equal the older of these men for steel-nerved play when the score was badly against us. There are plenty of active players among the Brahmins in our club who are over forty years old. I have to do with an Indian who is still hale and

hearty, an active force in the community, who goes daily about his business. He was reared in an ignorant Indian home and has always lived in the common atmosphere of India, but, at eighty-two years old, he to-day gives no signs of physical break-up.

Almost anyone with experience in India could indefinitely multiply such facts as I have here given. That in India old age often comes on too soon and that sex exaggeration probably plays a part in this I freely admit. But I personally have never met any 'decrepit and querulous old wreck' of thirty, unless there were some definite disease like tuberculosis to account for his condition. The Census of 1921, Volume I, page 128, shows that out of every 1000 of the Indian population 114 men and women in almost equal numbers were over fifty years old. The corresponding figure for the United States is 141. The number of Indians in this group is increasing, but even now is about 80 per cent of that of Americans and is an indication of fair vitality. It must be plain from these facts that the charge that the Indian man of thirty is a decrepit and querulous old wreck is grotesque.

Thus the paragraph which is the key of Miss Mayo's 'Argument' falls to the ground. Its main contention is definitely disproved by statistics. Its most offensive statement the author has wisely made no serious attempt to prove. Its sentence about 'no outlet in sport' is obviously untrue. I have offered strong evidence that every other sentence is greatly exaggerated. With this key paragraph naturally fall similar reckless statements of the book, such as the astonishing assertion about the early sexual impotence of a large proportion of the Indian people. If Miss Mayo has been so wide of the truth in matters that are easy to verify, such as the age of first

motherhood, what claim has she to credence when she makes similar extreme statements about matters wherein either proof or disproof is impossible? The pity is that such charges, however unsupportable, tend to remain in the mind of the reader, and, almost in spite of him, to poison his thought.

III

Should I now add to my argument the weight of the most reliable opinion? Miss Mayo has guarded herself against any effect of expert opinion in India by disposing summarily of us all. We missionaries are looking to our support at home and to the effects of our statements upon Indians, and so cannot tell the truth. The position of the official imposes 'the policy of the gentle word.' Indians see the problem only partially. India is a dying man with 'no one, anywhere, enough his friend to hold the mirror up and show him plainly what is killing him.' Miss Mayo regards herself as the only one left to do this, and so, single-handed, she shouldered the task. Yet let me venture to call attention to what a few, who know their India well, think of her effort. Mrs. Cousins, who is neither a government servant nor connected with official or missionary circles, and who for twelve years has lived in intimate friendship with the women of India, says, in an article in the October *Young Men of India*: —

While my experience corroborated a large number of her facts and illustrations regarding sex, health, untouchability, and the treatment of animals, I aver that the total impression she conveys to any reader, either inside or outside India, is cruelly and wickedly untrue. Unless read in conjunction with supplementary books on other aspects of India's life and culture . . . it will create nothing but race-resentment. . . . All the sins of India which Miss Mayo

marshals with such weight of depression are balanced by her own sins of omission.

Next turn to one of the ablest of India's missionaries, Miss M. M. Underhill. In the *International Review of Missions* for October, 1927, she says:

The book shows throughout a lack of any background knowledge of India; and, what is more serious, it shows a lack of appreciation — one might almost say of power to appreciate — in face of a civilization foreign to previous experience. For example, Miss Mayo quotes freely from Mahatma Gandhi, but has completely failed to understand either the man or what he stands for in India. One cannot help asking, 'Does Miss Mayo know even now much more of India than she did before going?' We doubt it.

The Executive Committee of the National Christian Council of India, including leading men and women, Indian, British, American, with one of India's ablest woman doctors as a member, has issued a statement on *Mother India* over the signatures of the Reverend Dr. Macnicol, well-known writer and authority on India, Mr. P. O. Philip, an honored Indian leader, and Miss A. B. Van Doren, who has spent over twenty years in close association with Indian girls and women. Here are a few extracts from this statement:

Yet we, representing a body of men and women who are in close touch with the people and are conversant with their everyday life, unhesitatingly assert that the picture of India which emerges from Miss Mayo's book is untrue to the facts and unjust to the people of India. . . . Beauty and culture, kindness and charm, religion and piety are to be found alike among the highest and the humblest. Miss Mayo leaves no room for these in her picture. . . . If this unsympathetic recital of evils, which are deep-seated enough, but not universal, as the book seems to imply, leads to despair of any progress or to embitterment of the relationship between the Indians and Europeans or to any weakening of the joint efforts being

made for the betterment of the people of India, the result will be disastrous to both India and the West. We have faith in India and India's future. We have faith that she will be able, strengthened by the spirit of God, to obtain deliverance from these evils. We earnestly desire that East and West should coöperate to this end in a spirit of love and understanding. Our fear is that this book may, by its lack of understanding, its exaggeration, and its unfairness, make such coöperation more difficult for both sides.

I will cite only one more opinion. It is that of the acknowledged leader of the Social Reform Movement in India, Mr. K. Natarajan, editor of the *Indian Social Reformer*. Those of us who have worked with him or followed his work for a generation know him as a strong fighter for truth and progress, a man of great understanding and balance, and a consistent promoter of the cause of Indian womanhood. That an author should think of studying the condition of Indian women without consulting Mr. Natarajan is itself a remarkable fact. In spite of Miss Mayo's generalizations about the Indian disregard for truth, I scarcely think that Mr. Natarajan's integrity will be questioned. It is the effect of *Mother India* on this man that is to me most interesting. Because he thought that it was calculated to injure the cause of social progress in India he devoted a long series of careful articles to it. In these articles he points out such errors as the inexcusable misrepresentation of the position of Rabindranath Tagore, the misquotation of Gandhi and Miss Bose, and the general unreliability of certain evidence and stories; but most of all he controverts by figures and facts the picture of India as dying of sexual corruption.

This man, whose great life purpose Miss Mayo professes the desire to serve, is stirred by the book to such

feeling as I have never known him to show before. In his eyes Miss Mayo reveals 'mortal aversion to things Indian.' In the 'palpable fiction' of her story of the narrow-chested students and fly-blown Russian leaflets he sees a purpose 'to excite prejudice as much as possible in order to make her readers receptive to her horrors.' Her statement about the rearing of children in intensive vicious practices he denies with impressive vehemence. He says, 'Not only has Miss Katherine Mayo grossly exaggerated the extent and nature of actual evils, but she has, as we shall show, freely indulged in half-truths and untruths, without any attempt to verify them.'

I cannot see how, if the testimony even of this brief paper is read with an open mind, it is possible to resist the conclusion that Mr. Natarajan and the other friends of Indian progress who have resented Miss Mayo's attack are substantially right. Her assertions about the average age of motherhood are proved to be inaccurate both by census figures of marriage and by carefully gathered medical data. Her statement about the absence of sport from child life is only a glaring instance of what pervades the book. India is not a human beast dying of her indulgences and her corruptions; she is a great people whose remarkable vitality has carried her through many evil customs and mistaken ideals to a new day of hope and renewed vigor of life, in which she is beginning to purify herself for her great part in future world service.

Interracial understanding is of all things to be cultivated at this juncture of Indian progress. Those of us who know India can give assurance that her response to open-mindedness and good faith is as immediate, as warm and whole-hearted, as her present bitterness is deep.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CHOOSING A VOCATION

FOR some years serious students of pedagogy have complained that in the two most important decisions of a man's life, choosing a wife and choosing a vocation, young men are often led by mere chance. They drift into marriage; they drift into a job. This ought not to be. As for marriage, that can wait. But serious students of pedagogy have been much concerned about the matter of vocation; they have grieved about it; they have set out to remedy it. They have instituted courses of vocational training; they have created vocational advisers.

Meeting with some encouragement in the colleges, they have extended the system downward to the high schools. It is a poor high school nowadays that does not boast a vocational adviser. They have extended the system downward to the grades, down almost to the kindergarten. 'The child,' I quote from any recent book on pedagogy, 'should in his earliest years be urged to choose his future vocation in life and should commence definite preparation for that vocation. The choice cannot be made too early.' Children in the kindergarten and in the lower grades are taken about by their teacher to view men engaged in various occupations and are asked to make choice of their life's work. Says the teacher: 'Children, here is a carpenter. He wears pretty blue overalls and he has a shiny saw and a hammer and he builds houses. How many of you would like to be carpenters when you grow up?' Then all the boys who decide that they want to be carpenters

when they grow up learn in school how many feet of lumber it will take to build a workbench and how much twenty-four pounds of nails at five cents a pound will cost. And the fathers and mothers come to visit the school and go away rejoicing that education is now so practical and that their sons are being so well fitted for a life work. And we read in the books written by those serious students of pedagogy that the boys go on through the years still yearning to be carpenters and still figuring with boards and nails and writing paragraphs about building houses, and finally they leave school all ready to become carpenters. You understand, of course, that at the same time their friends, who years ago made *their* vocational choices, are being likewise educated, each along the line of his own vocational needs. And the beauty of the whole scheme is that absolutely no education at all is wasted.

How does it actually work out? Well, William, a young man in whom I have for years taken a particular interest, has for some months past been concerned about his future calling. William, in accord with the best pedagogic principles, chose his vocation early in life. Up to last year, in common with many of his friends and, I think, most of his contemporaries, he cherished the hope of becoming a fireman. The life of adventure appeals to youth. And William was only ten. Suddenly, last winter, he changed his mind. As he was only ten, perhaps that was to have been expected. Serious students of pedagogy, however, fail to recognize such a possibility. One day last winter William announced

to his family that he had given up the hope of becoming a fireman and had decided instead to become a cartoonist. I have the feeling that a visit to the movies preceded this important decision. I know that next day he laboriously copied a newspaper cartoon entitled 'Have you talent?' and sent it off to a correspondence school in the Middle West. I know that by return mail he received a personal letter from the president of the school congratulating him upon his work, assuring him that it revealed a talent amounting almost to genius, and urging him to take advantage of a special offer and enroll at once for the course. I know, too, that he wished to leave school and embark at once upon his career, and that his family had real difficulty in persuading him to delay for a few years. That was in January. Perhaps his family were unwise to dampen his ardor. For when I talked with him in July he had already lost his first enthusiasm for cartooning. But he had a new idea in his head. He still planned, he told me, to become a cartoonist at some time in the future and make big money (See the prospectus), but he had a scheme for making even bigger money. He was now intending to be a cartoonist on week days and a church organist on Sundays, thus combining two well-paying professions which he felt would dovetail together nicely.

In September, William announced that he had made another and a final choice. And I am in part, though unwittingly, responsible for that choice. But how could I have known? How could I have foreseen the consequences of lending William that old dog-eared 'Nick Carter'? It was a good yarn. I needed someone to enjoy it with me. The book told of the wonderful doings of the brave lads and the one lovely girl, Roxy, who were students at Nick

Carter's famous detective school. How William did enjoy that book! Good-bye, cartoons! Good-bye, church organ! This was the life for him! Were there any detective schools nowadays? Together we searched the magazines. Finally we came upon an advertisement of the Omaha Detective School. William wrote at once for a prospectus. Some day I shall be proud of him. He looks forward to adventurous years. He feels that he is peculiarly fitted for the life of a detective. He has a flair for the work. He told me that he had already had some experience in detecting (the details are vague) and that last year in school he wrote a detective story which was very good. I think he feels that these merits should entitle him to enter the school with advanced standing and enable him to embark upon his professional career at an even earlier age than did the incomparable Roxy. She was about sixteen, I believe, when she foiled the bank robbers and retrieved the emerald necklace. It certainly sounds like a brilliant future, but I know William, and I know William's family, and I doubt if he ever receives a degree from the Omaha Detective School.

In a few years more, William will enter high school. As a freshman, he will pursue a course called 'Civics.' I have read the textbook; I should call the course 'Vocational Opportunities.' Under duress, he will commit to memory statements concerning the advantages and the disadvantages, mostly pecuniary, of different occupations. Many of these statements are, I feel, erroneous. I have the feeling that William will know already, from his careful study of catalogues and prospectuses, quite as much along many vocational lines as did the author of the textbook. William will learn how many bricklayers there were in the United States at the time of the last

census, and what their average earnings were. He will again be prompted to chart his future.

Later on, William will go to Dartmouth, because that is his father's college. And he will decide not to become a lawyer, because that is his father's profession. As regards other vocations he will, I think, by the time he reaches college, be open-minded. In his freshman year at Dartmouth he will pursue an orientation course provided for college freshmen, and vocational opportunities will again be presented to him. Frankly, I don't believe the course will influence him much. Unless he has a more definite bent than I think he has, he will drift along for a year or two preparing for life in general and for no particular way of making a living.

And then, I think, I *hope*, something will happen to William. In his second or third year, or perhaps not until his senior year, William will, through the grace of God, meet some professor, perhaps some young instructor. He may not be a brilliant specialist or a technically efficient pedagogue, but he will be a man on fire with his subject. And, somehow, a spark will pass from teacher to pupil, and William, if the Lord is good to him, will have found his calling. And as he goes on in pursuit of that calling, I *know* that he will have a broader outlook on life, and a more sympathetic understanding of the other man's problem, because of the very fact that he failed to make permanent choice of his life's work at the age of ten.

'CALM PEACE AND QUIET'

'GRANDMA and Aunt Sallie and I are planning to run up to Bear Creek for a few days,' said the pleasant voice over the telephone, 'and we have an extra seat and want you to come along.

I'm going to take the pup, and we can just live in the woods and do nothing but tramp around. I'm sure the rest will do us all good.'

It did sound very inviting, and as I was tired, and loved restful life in the woods, I accepted the invitation. When the time came to start, I found that our party had been increased by several other relatives, in a second automobile. The pup was in our car; he was a large and active collie who had n't quite got his growth, and he liked to think he was a lap dog and sit or sleep in my lap. Grandma and Aunt Sallie drove steadily from the back seat; and with much determination, and after many detours, we reached our destination.

The next day we prepared to carry out our plan to live in the woods and do nothing more arduous than train the pup. The simple life materialized for almost fifteen minutes, and then a messenger arrived and breathlessly addressed me: 'I'm so glad we've found you at last! Miss Blank at the Inn is ill, and about a dozen people are looking for a doctor!'

It was too true; a very valuable and very tired woman had been taken ill suddenly, and for two days there were no more woodland rambles. The pup behaved beautifully during this lapse in his education, so he must have been just naturally good. On the evening when the patient improved and the tension was relaxed, a second excited messenger invaded our quiet.

'Doctor, there's a man, a guest at the Inn, lost in the hills! His wife is nearly distracted, and nobody will do a thing! Won't you come and help start something?'

Three of us tore down to the village in a car, and there in a garage, symbol of the village store, sat state troopers and other men, discoursing of crops, northern lights, the weather, and —

yes, they spoke of the lost man, too, as a matter of current interest; and, as the hours went by, someone opined, 'Ya-as, he's lost all right, I reckon; mebbe we can find him to-morrow.'

They could not be induced to make an immediate search. Two other women tried in vain to stir the village to action, and finally one of them, commandeering an extra car, drove to the next village, went to a moving-picture show, and asked for volunteers. She brought back a carload of active men, and in the second car a band of keen Boy Scouts, and at last things began to move.

The wife of the lost man, who had been getting more and more distraught because of the delays, had finally been persuaded to return to the Inn, and about midnight we went back with the good news that search parties were out and that fires were being kept burning by the Boy Scouts. As she was exhausted from anxiety and lack of nourishment, we prevailed upon her to eat something, and I went with one of the hotel officials to make tea. As we boiled the water over the furnace fire in the basement, my companion looked up and asked with demure interest, 'Doctor, did you come here to rest?'

Finally we all got to bed, but we were up early the next morning, ready to help. A telephone call from a distant point across the valley informed us that the lost tramp was safe, but utterly done up, after his harrowing experiences. He had been taken ill in the woods, had lost the trail, and had spent the night climbing down steep cliffs by the touch system, holding on to trees and bushes as he tested the footholds, or trying to keep warm in the jungle of

trees and underbrush. Would we come over in our car and bring him back to the Inn? So, breakfastless, we started off, and eventually returned the worn and weary traveler to his relieved wife.

Rambles in the woods, while still alluring, seemed less important than restful inactivity for the remainder of my stay. But later in the day someone asked, 'Doctor, won't you give us a little talk on Tibet this evening, in the drawing-room of the Inn? We should all like to hear about your trip.' I answered that they had chosen a place where I had never been, but that I would tell about some places I had visited near Tibet. Owing to a dull season, I had a full house at eight that evening, and in the midst of the question time after the little talk a note was brought to me. The patient whom I had seen on my arrival had had a relapse, and would the doctor come at once? The patient was better before long; and the doctor went to bed very late.

The next day was a busy one. There were plans for the welfare of the patient, and plans for the homeward trip. Decisions by certain members of the family were privately declared by other members of the family to be out of the question. Plans by the other members of the family were in turn privately termed impossible by the original planners. We did manage one brief tramp, for the pup's sake. Then Grandma and Aunt Sallie and the driver and the doctor and the pup were loaded in, together with plenty of gas, and presently were homeward bound, through lovely woods and beside beautiful lakes and rivers, to seek rest and calm and quiet in the busy homes and streets of a big city.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Earnest Elmo Calkins has found in business a life of adventure and wide experience. Its record is spread through his *Atlantic* papers of personal philosophy, of picturesque accounts of his youth in a prairie town, of his triumph over deafness, and more recently a series of business articles — 'Business Has Wings,' 'Insuring Insurance,' 'Beauty the New Business Tool,' to mention a few — which, with their understanding of the human and dramatic qualities of industry, have provoked a response unusual in the experience of the editors. These latter papers, vastly augmented, are soon to appear in an important volume published by the Atlantic Monthly Press. ¶The author of 'The Heresy of the Parochial School' is an American Roman Catholic clergyman of more than national prominence. He has held a high and responsible position in his Church, and for over thirty years has ministered to his large flock with gentle devotion and untiring zeal. He has been widely recognized as a deep student of human problems. A man of God and a lover of the people, he is esteemed by all who know him. **Elizabeth Stanley**, the young daughter of an *Atlantic* contributor, makes, we think, an impressive début in this number. She was one of William Beebe's associates on the Arcturus Adventure and has worked under Dr. Gregory in the American Museum of Natural History, but is now at home writing for all she is worth. **Eleanor Lattimore** is another young and far-traveled American. She and her husband planned a wedding trip along the ancient caravan routes to Chinese Turkestan. But — as described in the January *Atlantic* — they became separated and Mrs. Lattimore was compelled to travel alone for seventeen days, guided by Tatar sledge drivers, spending the nights in filthy Kazak huts that were buried in the snow, and living on frozen bread, brick tea, and bad mutton. 'At first,' she wrote us, 'I nearly froze to

death, but ended up by driving my own sledge through a blizzard because there were n't enough drivers.'

* * *

Formerly of Oberlin College, **Paul F. Laubenstein** is now teaching at the Union Theological Seminary. **Joseph Auslander**, a frequent contributor in the near past, has returned to his muse after an interval devoted to the preparation of a history of poetry. ¶It will be seen that **Lucy Furman** has her cause at heart. In a postscript to her paper she reminds us that in almost all of our states there is a statute which fines and imprisons anyone who 'tortures, torments, or cruelly kills any animal,' but that, like other prohibitions, it is seldom enforced. Miss Furman urges all who are interested to write to the Anti-Steel-Trap League, 926 Fifteenth Street, N. W., Washington. **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart's** studies of the captains of the Great War — shortly to be published in book form — would not be complete without the story of General Allenby, who was, as his critic says, the Last Crusader and the commander of one of the most romantic campaigns in history. ¶It appears that in the course of his editorial career **John O'Hara Cosgrave** has made friends with a certain wise man whom he describes as being 'very bitter about success salesmen, all forms of altruism, and heroes. He hates optimists, pessimists, headaches — the list could be continued indefinitely. His opinion about wines is unprintable, and when he talks about editors and journalism I blush for my hideous past.' In his 'past' Mr. Cosgrave has been editor of *Everybody's* and managing editor of *Collier's Weekly*. The **Reverend Edmund A. Walsh, S. J.**, vice president of Georgetown University, continues in this number his dramatic account of the fall of the Romanovs. Father Walsh originally went to Russia with Herbert Hoover; he remained there for years distributing the

immense relief fund raised by American Catholics, and during this period began to gather the materials for his authoritative story. ¶We quote the last paragraph of the letter that accompanied Frances Hulbert Rarig's manuscript:—

I still treasure a letter my brother wrote me when my first child was born, in which he said, 'You may have a son, Ike, but I have a story in the *Atlantic Monthly*!' If that pleasure is to come to me, too, perhaps I have more than my share.

Arthur C. Holden and his associates are now serving as consultant architects to the Temporary Commission to Revise the Tenement House Law of New York and have acted in a similar capacity to the New York State Board of Housing. Mr. Holden is the author of *The Primer of Housing*. Laurence Binyon, keeper of prints in the British Museum, is an English poet and essayist of a quality long since amply recognized. William G. Thompson has had a long and important career with the Boston bar. A conservative by nature and training, Mr. Thompson gave to this famous case a new and unique importance. It should be explained that he had withdrawn as active counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti prior to their last meeting, and therefore felt free to share with others the details of an extraordinary conversation. A line should be added concerning the reference made to one Boda. He was a radical acquaintance of Vanzetti and a traveling salesman, who lived in Bridgewater at the time of both crimes (December 24, 1919, and April 15, 1920). He was interviewed by the police on April 20, 1920, was not arrested, and has for several years been living with his family at a known address in Italy. Accusations at one time made against him of some complicity in both crimes were not substantiated at either trial.

* * *

To the knowledge of an economist, a sociologist, and a much traveled man, H. H. Powers adds a wide acquaintance with European affairs. Alden H. Clark is a graduate of Amherst and the Union Theological Seminary. For seventeen years he has worked as an educational and evangelical missionary in India. He has served on

the Executive Committee of the National Church Council of India and is now chairman of the oldest mission of the American Board.

* * *

The Prize Blunder

While A. Edward Newton's latest volume, *The Greatest Book in the World*, was in press, and when it was too late to make a correction, the author discovered a blunder. He promptly proposed a prize of twenty dollars for the first reader to discover the error, and the announcement was included in his Preface. In response over a hundred letters were received calling attention to a misprint on page 406 (line 5—'Peter' for 'Percy'), but only one reader, Mr. P. M. Stone of Waltham, Massachusetts, had the presence of mind to spot the prize blunder. It occurs on page 54, where the author says: 'Climb Ludgate Hill and as you approach St. Paul's, swing round to your *left*, make a turn or two, and get lost, and you will stumble upon the Dean's Garden.' As a matter of fact you won't do anything of the kind unless you go up the *right*-hand side of the street and turn to the *right* just one turn, when you will stumble upon the Dean's Garden—and it is not a particularly lovely spot.

* * *

Letters from our most distant correspondents, the Svensens, have previously been published in the Column. This one, forwarded to us by a mutual friend, is extremely touching.

KOKOMURUKI ISLAND, OVI HARBOR
GUADALCANAL, BRITISH SOLOMON ISLES

MY DEAR —,

This letter will no doubt be morbid, but I want you both to know exactly how we live, and the character of the people we come in contact with. About a fortnight ago there was a terrible outrage on Europeans and natives by the bush tribes in the Island of Malaita. All natives over about fourteen years (males) are taxed, also dogs. The Government District Officer who has charge of these Islands and his European assistant were on their rounds, collecting taxes, and at one bush village some four hundred natives had collected near the improvised office of the tax collector. To protect the white men there were fourteen native trained police boys, armed with rifles. Just as the D. O. was leaving, a native came

forward and handed him a tax receipt. As the D. O. was examining it, the fellow struck him with an axe. This was the signal for the native rising.

The bushmen swarmed about the native police, murdered twelve of them outright and mortally wounded the other four. The assistant was also murdered. Next they cut off the D. O.'s leg and the assistant's arm, and carried away the body of one of the dead police boys and a considerable amount of money. With this booty they slipped back into the bush, evidently for a cannibal feast.

At this juncture a ship coming along the coast to recruit labor happened to call, but not a bushman was to be seen. The captain of the ship carried the dead bodies into headquarters and reported the terrible crime. The D. O. was a fine fellow, understanding perfectly these savage tribes, but this crime was evidently planned for some revenge. The latest news I hear is that two men-of-war have been sent from Australia and there is to be a raid on these savage bush tribes. The tragedy has unnerved many of us, because it is such a bad example to the other natives. They are really all savages, subdued only by fear.

When I heard the news I was here alone and shall be alone probably for three more weeks. My husband is away, earning some ready money we need for our yearly taxes. I can hardly express what a gloom it has sent over everything and everybody. About a week before I heard of this terrible crime a big whaleboat came here with about forty natives from the Malaita Island, but they do not belong to the cannibal tribes. The boys came to buy pig they wanted for a big feast. I could not let them see I was in any way disturbed and keep Tommy and Jerry, my two watchdogs, near at hand. But to my horror they decided to camp on the island for the night, and it was impossible to make any objection. Just at dusk I let Jerry off his chain and he ran one of the boys right into the sea. He was only playing, but I told the boys he was a most savage dog. That night I never slept, but at six the next morning, to my great relief, the boys left.

These people never murder anyone if their women and children are about. It is always a bad sign if the women are sent away. My medical work protects me to a great degree, but I do not entirely trust anybody. I am always on my guard. Fortunately I have a fairly strong will power, but occasionally my nerves are highly strung and I have to take myself well in hand.

To-day I sent a boy for our mail, a journey of about thirty miles. I am always sure of a letter, etc., from your dear selves. You will never know what joy your letters and gifts bring to us. We love everything you have sent and we know they are selected with such loving care. The toys I have put away until Christmas. They will bring

lots of joy, I know. This year has gone so quickly.

We seem to have had continued attacks of influenza. My last attack was very severe. But I am much better now. I have so many little duties, resting is almost impossible.

(My cat has been sitting on this page — please excuse marks.)

Later. — I have just heard from a native boy that my husband has gone with the Government to help in the raid on the bush natives. Naturally I feel very anxious. The bushmen have also murdered a European missionary and his wife. It is so sad, as they were good people. Once these natives start, there is not much hope, as there are hundreds of them. A native is never your friend. His nature is too changeable. He is just led by the mob. The Government will have to take very drastic measures or the Europeans cannot remain, especially the women and children.

Excepting for my two watchdogs, I am on this island alone to-night. The Government evidently called at the station where my husband is doing duties, and there was not time even to write me a note. All I know is that he has gone with the raiding party.

I hear there is a man-of-war, the *Adelaide*, sent from Australia. The raid will probably last many weeks, as there are fourteen villages implicated in the crimes. The Government means to get the natives, alive or dead. It is time these people were subdued.

I am so anxious over my husband's safety, as I know he will go in any danger. He has heaps of courage. Will you both pray for him?

EDITH SVENSEN

* * *

In the December *Atlantic*, M'Cready Sykes asked the question, 'Shall we send our children to church?' He has been answered without hesitation, and for the most part emphatically in the affirmative.

ALBANY, NEW YORK

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have read the article, 'Shall We Send Our Children to Church?' in your December issue and it is typical of many that have appeared there and elsewhere in recent years. There is more or less truth in what the writer says, but, thank God, it is not all of the truth. The author is stated to be a New York lawyer and his brief against the Church is that there is a lack of intellectual integrity on the part of some of the clergy. It is doubtless true that this charge against some few clergymen could be substantiated, but the vast majority of preachers are confining themselves to the broad field of nonpolemical exegesis, where they speak with sincerity and authority.

There are hundreds of churches in New York City, where the author of that article lives, and

he would have no difficulty in finding among their many pastors and rectors one whose mental and religious attitude met his special requirements. I am assuming that is what he desires to do.

Let us apply the same argument to medical science. It has come down to us through the necromancy, ignorance, and superstitions of the distant past until to-day it is the ministering angel of every family in the land. It has made mistakes, and tremendous ones, in the past, and there will be more made in the future, but what a proud record of victories to its credit: smallpox, typhoid fever, yellow fever, and diphtheria stamped out and general well-being increased. Shall we scrap medicine because of the errors some of its votaries have made?

How about the legal profession? There have been perversions of justice, occasional venal judges, corrupt juries, etc., but what a wonderful and noble monument our system of jurisprudence is, and how safe and comfortable we feel under its shadow! Shall we scrap this institution and substitute in its place anarchy because of its occasional failures?

My own business is a modest one, but affords a satisfactory income so that I can support my family in reasonable comfort, educate my children, and have something left for others. I have made many errors in the conduct of the business and my employees are also subject to the usual human frailties, so that there are occasional periods of rough sailing; but shall I scrap the business for these minor reasons and deprive my family and myself of a means of livelihood?

I am not always in perfect accord with my own Church. Not all the pulpit utterances are in harmony with my own views, not all the brethren are personally agreeable to me, but shall I leave the Church for these trivial reasons and deprive my soul of that spiritual food which is an absolute necessity? One is not obliged to eat all the items on a table d'hôte menu, but can select those which best meet his need and still be nourished.

When we consider the history of the Christian Church down through the ages, how it has withstood the assaults of foes within and without, the carping criticism and bitter tirades of those without, together with the chill indifference and hypocrisy of many within its gates, how the army has marched on always brave and oftentimes pathetic, how it has transformed a dark, despairing world to one of light and hope in spite of our weak human teamwork, and in spite of bitter opposition from without, we know that it must be divine. The trouble is not with our divine leadership but with our feeble and indifferent coöperation.

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES N. GILBERT

TOLEDO, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I confess to a rather vigorous reaction to Mr. M'Cready Sykes's article in your December issue on 'Shall We Send our Children to Church?'

First of all, Mr. Sykes might have put his question in a more profitable form if he had asked, 'Shall we take our children to church with us?' It was the habit in old New England, both among Puritans and others, to take their children to church rather than send them. Undoubtedly if to-day any church has become really mentally obnoxious to parents such parents should not send their children to it. Such sending lacks the prime virtue of intellectual integrity for which Mr. Sykes pleads.

Again, it may be doubted if any church service, liberal or otherwise, intelligent or not, can regularly supply a service and instruction suitable or helpful at the same time for children and adults. If Mr. Sykes is conversant with the present problem of religious education he must know that this entire matter is now being wisely studied by experts, by the Religious Education Association of America, and by such men as Coe, Artman, Holmes, and many others. The simple fact is that no religious educator thinks in terms of 'sending children to church' as Mr. Sykes uses the phrase.

Now about 'the intellectual integrity' of churches and preachers. He pictures these agents as 'ringing the changes on formularies so utterly divorced from reality that their denunciations no longer terrify, and their promises no longer allure.' The reply is that we should rejoice that such a charmer no longer charms! From such teaching both children and parents may well remain away. It is certain that we can't act half-adult and half-child in our attitude; it is a case of all go or all stay away.

GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER
Minister, First Unitarian Church

ALHAMBRA, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Sykes's article in your current issue makes a conscientious mother very thoughtful, it is so reasonable.

I have raised an atheist, a behaviorist, and a postscript as yet half-baked in her ideas, and all of them have gone to church with me in their youth. To be sure, they are what I hoped the church would make them — viz., searchers for truth, lovers of humanity and of righteousness. But when they began to think for themselves (and surely I wish to encourage independent thinking), their thoughts went in three different directions, away from the church and all it stands for. They reason things out and think

them through until they arrive at their own conclusions, different from mine. So I am learning not to look, act, or even feel disappointed when they spend their Sundays out of doors or in study, and do not join us when we go to church. The children are independent entities. I cannot follow their lead. The church has implanted and nourished in me a joyous spirit that is standing up while the body breaks down. The whine at the beginning of a service is always followed by 'Oh, come, let us sing,' and 'Oh, be joyful in the Lord,' and 'The Peace of God' concludes the service.

The children don't expect an accident of nature or an illness to break down their bodies before old age comes upon them. But supposing they should fall from an airplane without becoming quite extinct? Then will the critique of pure reason or any other philosophy uphold their spirit, or will their portion be black despair?

If I could raise another set of children, I should take them to church with me as long as they were happy there — and abide by the result.

Yours sincerely,

A MOTHER

* * *

Misery loves company.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read Mr. Lewis's article, 'I Have My Doubts,' in the December issue. I know just what he means — I have also experienced that indecision. Unfortunately I am afraid he is not unique, even in America, as he thinks he is.

It seems to be a state of thought made of fear, self-condemnation, and lack of confidence. But it is a passing phase, unless one does not wish it to be so. I imagine it usually comes from taking a step toward open-mindedness and then biting off more than one can chew — if you will excuse the mixed metaphor.

The painful part of the situation is that we keep watching our reactions until they are almost obsessions, as a child, looking over his mother's shoulder, cannot keep his fascinated gaze from the object of his terror.

If Mr. Lewis's appeal is for a way out I can console him by saying that I was helped over the more unpleasant side of the trouble through the study of Christian Science. It seemed to give me a definite basis — a focal point for my straying opinions. If that would not appeal to him, psychology is doing wonderful things in that direction also.

On the other hand, I am sure he does not want to lose that ability to see both sides of a question

entirely. How much better is that than the man who is so dead certain that neither facts nor arguments even change him. He is completely crystallized.

The ideal method seems to me to be able to fix on a definite opinion at the time, but to be ready and willing to change whenever circumstances warrant it. Was it in the *Atlantic* that I read recently that the way to keep young is to be an eternal question mark?

(Mrs.) MARCUS L. OSK

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As misery loves company, I am thankful for Roger Lewis's article in the December issue. I too am a doubter, and until I read this article I felt that there was something abnormal the matter with me. But now I feel better about my ambivalence. (That is what a psychoanalyst told me the dreadful thing is.) I begin to wonder if some of the people who act as if they had sure and unvarying opinions are at heart as vacillating as Mr. Lewis says he is and as I have always been.

Why, I am a mush of concessions and uncertainties! To-night I will be convinced that I approve of a certain idea; to-morrow I wonder why I was ever sure that I felt like that. And this habit gets me into scrapes, for I have a fatal facility for seeing both sides of a question and sympathizing with both sides. In this day of divorce I have a hectic time — for my friend will tell me of her husband's faults and that she cannot live with him, and I can understand it entirely. Then her husband — also my friend — confides to me that while of course his wife is an excellent woman, and all that, yet certain things she does just scarify his nerves and he cannot stand her any longer — and I quite understand that, too. So I keep right on being sorry for both and sympathizing with both, and each one of them thinks I am disloyal! But I am not. Only I am never sure which one is right and which wrong. Honestly, I do not believe that either is either!

I am glad that when my time comes to die I probably shall not have to make a choice — but that it will be taken completely out of my hands. The thought that in that one journey at least I shall not have to choose the route or method of transportation robs death of some of its supposed terrors. One of the few things I am sure of in this life is that I shall never be sure that I am sure I am right.

So I thank you and Mr. Lewis for his reassuring article. I am actually sure that I like it.

VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER